

March 939

CHRISTIAN HERALD



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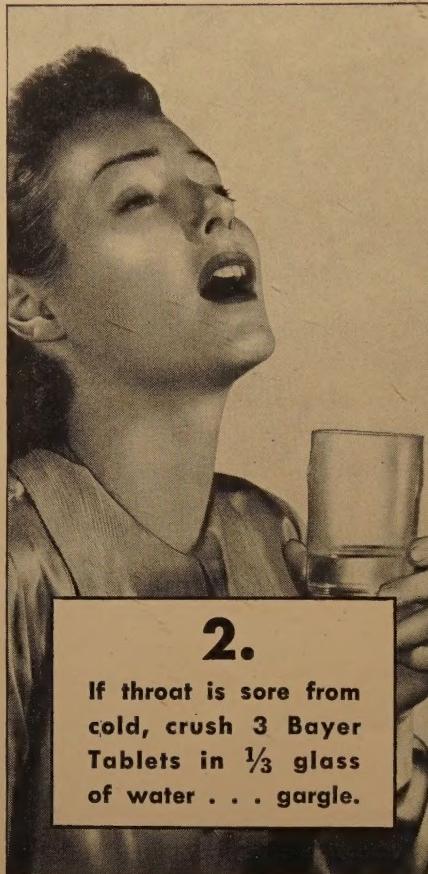
To Relieve Painful Discomfort of Colds

THIS SIMPLE WAY EASES DISCOMFORT AND SORE THROAT
ACCOMPANYING COLDS WITH AMAZING SPEED



1.

Take 2 Bayer Tablets —
drink a glass of water.
Repeat treatment
in 2 hours.



2.

If throat is sore from
cold, crush 3 Bayer
Tablets in $\frac{1}{3}$ glass
of water . . . gargle.



3.

If temperature does not
go down; if discomfort
is not quickly eased
—call doctor.

*Just Be Sure You Use Genuine BAYER Aspirin
Do It The Moment You Feel A Cold Coming On*

THOUSANDS WILL TELL you the simple way pictured above brings amazingly fast relief from the painful discomfort and sore throat accompanying colds.

Try it. Then — because any cold can lead to serious consequences — see your doctor. In all probability he will tell you to continue with the Bayer Aspirin because it acts so fast to relieve the painful discomforts of a cold. And to reduce fever.

This simple treatment, backed by scientific authority, has largely supplanted the use of strong medicines in easing cold symptoms. Perhaps the easiest, most effective way yet discovered . . . When you buy, ask for "BAYER ASPIRIN" — not just for "aspirin" alone. This way you know you get genuine Bayer.

PAINS — Fast-acting Bayer Tablets are used by millions on doctors' advice for prompt relief of Headache — also for pain from Rheumatism, Neuritis, Neuralgia.

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BELOW are the names of some of the most distinguished American families. Our research staff has, over a period of years, completed manuscript histories of each of these families. If your surname is listed, you should have your manuscript. We believe you will find it not only of keen interest, but a source of pride and satisfaction for yourself and your kinsmen.



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Each manuscript is a GENEALOGICAL and HISTORICAL study of the family from earliest times. It records the origin and growth of the family in Europe; its place among the gentry there; its part in the early settlement and subsequent history of America, including service in the Revolutionary War; and its achievements and leading representatives in this country. The derivation and meaning of the name are traced;

recurrent family traits are brought out; and genealogical data are set forth. A valuable bibliography is included, as well as the authoritative description of a family coat of arms.

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Look Also for Your Mother's and Grandmothers' Maiden Names

The Best in RADIO

Outstanding Programs on
March Airwaves

[All Time is Eastern Standard]

Columbia Broadcasting System—WABC, WCAU, and affiliated stations.

National Broadcasting Company—BLUE Network—WJZ, WFIL, and affiliated stations.

National Broadcasting Company—RED Network—WEAF, KKY, and affiliated stations.

DAILY

- 9:00 A.M. Richard Maxwell. Songs of Comfort and Cheer—CBS.
 9:45 A.M. Edward MacHugh. The Gospel Singer, except Fridays—RED and BLUE—Split Network.
 11:45 A.M. Getting the Most Out of Life. Dr. William L. Stidger—BLUE.
 12:15 P.M. Her Honor, Nancy James. Dramatic serial of a woman judge's fight against slum conditions—CBS.
 12:30 P.M. National Farm and Home Hour. Guest Speakers—BLUE.
 2:15 P.M. Irene Beasley's R. F. D. No. 1. Songs and comments of rural America—CBS.
 3:45 P.M. Between the Book Ends. Ted Malone reads poetry—BLUE.
 6:45 P.M. Lowell Thomas, commentator—BLUE.
 7:00 P.M. County Seat. Dramatic serial of a small-town druggist—CBS.

SUNDAYS

- 9:00 A.M. From the Organ Loft, with Julius Mattfeld, organist—CBS.
 9:30 A.M. Wings over Jordan. Negro spirituals—CBS.
 10:00 A.M. Church of the Air. Devotional services featuring men of every denomination—CBS.
 10:00 A.M. Radio Pulpit. Dr. Ralph W. Sockman—RED.
 10:30 A.M. Music and American Youth—RED.
 11:15 A.M. Chimney House. Dramatization for children—RED.
 11:30 A.M. Southernaires. Negro spirituals—BLUE.
 12:30 P.M. University of Chicago Round Table Discussions—RED.
 1:00 P.M. Irene Wicker, musical plays—RED.
 1:00 P.M. Church of the Air—CBS.
 Salutes to New York World's Fair, by leaders of countries participating. March broadcasts will come from Yugoslavia, Italy, Hungary and Poland—NBC-Red—CBS.
 2:00 P.M. Americans All-Immigrants All. Dramatizations of history and cultural contributions of different racial groups of America—CBS.
 2:45 P.M. Fables in Verse. Poetic plays of the animal kingdom—RED.
 3:00 P.M. Philharmonic Symphony orchestra of New York, directed by John Barbirolli—CBS.
 4:00 P.M. National Vespers. Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick—BLUE.
 4:30 P.M. The World is Yours. Dramatization program under auspices of Smithsonian Institution—RED.
 5:00 P.M. Words without Music. Half-hour of dramatized poetry readings, directed by Norman Corwin—CBS.
 5:30 P.M. Man from Cooks. Last minute reports on travel conditions in the world—BLUE.
 6:00 P.M. New Friends of Music. Chamber music concerts—BLUE.
 7:00 P.M. The People's Platform. Dinner table discussions, with Lyman Bryson as host—CBS.
 7:30 P.M. Seth Parker. Sunday night Get-togethers of the Jonesport Neighbors—BLUE.
 9:00 P.M. Ford Sunday Evening Hour. Eugene Ormandy directs through Mar. 19, Franco Ghione, from March 26—CBS.
 9:30 P.M. American Album of Familiar Music—RED.
 10:30 P.M. Kaltenborn Comments. H. V. Kaltenborn discusses the news of the week—CBS.
 10:30 P.M. Cheerio. Inspirational talk with music—BLUE.

MONDAYS

- 12:30 P.M. Opportunity. Dr. Daniel Poling—RED.
 2:00 P.M. Adventures in Reading. Purpose of program is to heighten interest of listening school groups in works of outstanding living American authors—BLUE.
 2:30 P.M. Frontiers of Democracy. Dramatizations of America's problems. Part of American School of the Air—CBS.
 2:45 P.M. Hymns of All Churches. Direction Joe Emerson—RED.
 3:00 P.M. Concerts by the Curtis Institute of Music—CBS.
 3:00 P.M. Rochester Civic Orchestra—Educational Concerts—BLUE.
 6:00 P.M. Science in the News. Dr. Arthur H. Compton, speaker—RED.
 8:00 P.M. Cavalcade of America. Dramatizations of lives of America's great men, with Thomas Hardie Chalmers as narrator—CBS.
 8:30 P.M. The Voice of Firestone. Richard Crooks alternating with Margaret Speaks—RED.
 9:30 P.M. Westminster College Choir—BLUE.
 10:30 P.M. National Radio Forum. Leading figures in the nation's life presented from Washington—BLUE.

TUESDAYS

- 12:30 P.M. Our Spiritual Life. Dr. John Sutherland Bonnell—RED.
 2:00 P.M. Science Everywhere. A junior science feature—BLUE.
 2:45 P.M. Hymns of All Churches—RED.
 3:00 P.M. Story of the Song—CBS.
 4:00 P.M. Highways to Health. Prominent doctors on various medical subjects—CBS.
 5:00 P.M. Current Questions Before the Senate. Different Senators talk on the problems before the upper house—CBS.
 8:30 P.M. Information Please. Clifton Fadiman in a stump the experts program—BLUE.

10:00 P.M. If I Had the Chance. Cal Tinney interviews outstanding men—BLUE.

WEDNESDAYS

- 8:30 A.M. Greenfield Village Chapel Choir—CBS.
 12:30 P.M. Homespun. Dr. William Hiram Foulkes—RED.
 2:30 P.M. This Living World. Dramatized presentation of current world events—CBS.
 3:00 P.M. Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra—CBS.
 4:00 P.M. Of Men and Books. Professor John T. Frederick reviews new books—CBS.
 6:00 P.M. Our American Schools. Dr. Belmont Farley conducts dramatization of the function of education and schools in a democracy—RED.
 9:30 P.M. Wings for the Martins. Educational drama—BLUE.
 10:30 P.M. It Can Be Done, with Edgar Guest—CBS.

THURSDAYS

- 12:00 Noon Southernaires—BLUE.
 12:30 P.M. Timeless Truths Made Timely. Dr. C. Jeffares McCombe—RED.
 2:30 P.M. New Horizons. Famous explorers discuss their expeditions with Dr. Roy Chapman Andrews of American Museum of Natural History—CBS.
 2:45 P.M. Hymns of All Churches—RED.
 5:00 P.M. Current Questions before the House. Members of the lower house discuss their legislative problems—CBS.
 5:15 P.M. Meet the New Hans Andersen. New interpretations of the famous fairy tales—BLUE.
 7:15 P.M. Adventures in Science. Interviews with scientists on developments in their fields—CBS.
 8:00 P.M. Parade of Progress. Facts about food—BLUE.
 9:30 P.M. America's Town Meeting of the Air. Dr. George V. Denny, Jr., moderator—BLUE.

FRIDAYS

- 12:00 Noon Southernaires—BLUE.
 12:30 P.M. The Inner Drama of Life. Dr. Lloyd Ellis Foster—RED.
 2:00 P.M. NBC Music Appreciation Hour. Dr. Walter Damrosch—BLUE.
 8:00 P.M. Cities Service Concert. Lucile Manner, soprano—RED.
 9:00 P.M. Campbell Playhouse, with Orson Welles and guests—CBS.
 10:45 P.M. Story Behind the Headlines. Cesar Saerchinger—RED.

SATURDAYS

- 10:30 A.M. Florence Hale's Radio Column. Talks on subjects of interest to parents and teacher—RED.
 11:00 A.M. Home Decorating. Betty Moore offers suggestions for improving the interior and exterior of the home through re-decorating—RED.
 1:55 P.M. Broadcast from Metropolitan Opera House—RED.
 5:00 P.M. What Price America. Dramatized story of America's natural resources—CBS.
 6:45 P.M. Religion in the News. Dr. Walter Van Kirk—RED.
 7:30 P.M. Lives of Great Men. Dr. Edward Howard Griggs—RED.
 Professor Quiz, with Bob Trout—CBS.
 Saturday Night Serenade, with Mary Eastman—CBS.
 10:00 P.M. NBC Symphony Orchestra—BLUE.

ON THE AIR

By Aileen Soares

INTO Paris subways, following the fire department as it answers calls, rushing through the streets of "Gay Paree" with a police car, visiting the homes of typical French families—the bourgeois, the aristocratic, and the worker—and listening in on political arguments in the Parisian boulevard cafes is America's privilege through a novel series of international exchange programs arranged by the National Broadcasting Company. (Tuesdays 6:05 to 6:30 p.m., EST, NBC-Blue Network.)

THE bitter battle of the United States to regain its priceless treasure in natural resources is the theme of the new series, "What Price America!" A series of dramatizations, it traces the story of the pioneers' westward trek, their amazement at the incredible supply of natural resources, and the thoughtless waste of this treasure. The story of the long fight to have the theory of conservation accepted will be told throughout the programs which are presented in collaboration with the United States Department of the Interior. (CBS, 5:00 to 5:30 p.m., EST.)

HIGH SCHOOL students showing the most interest, aptitude and originality will be considered for the forum panel of a new series on an NBC network in which students will question noted authorities on civic affairs. These programs of educational radio forums known as "Youth Meets Government" will cover such civic affairs as relief, civil service, education and public health. (Saturdays 5:15 to 6:00 p.m., EST, NBC-Red Network.)

THE series Fables in Verse will continue through March. The animal kingdom gets star billing in the series as all the characters in the dramas are animals who speak their various parts in simple ballad form. Through sparrows, mice and other little creatures the author dramatizes his thought on the foibles and troubles of mankind, and expresses his ideas on human frailties. (Sundays, 2:45 p.m., EST, NBC-Red Network).

A Debutante of 1949 can't start too early to protect her smile



**And already Sally knows
that Ipana and Massage
help keep gums firmer
—smiles brighter.**

LUCKY, lucky Sally! That smile, so winning now, has a mighty good chance of stampeding the stag lines in 1949. For Sally's dentist and Sally's teachers have taught her how to guard its loveliness. Already she knows the importance of *Ipana and massage* to healthy gums and sound, sparkling teeth—she knows, too, the warning and the threat of "pink tooth brush."

Modern gums need special care! Our

modern menus—our soft and creamy foods—rob them of the natural work they need for health. Naturally they grow tender, sensitive—and all too often your tooth brush flashes that warning tinge of "pink."

Never ignore "pink tooth brush"

Any time you see that tinge of "pink"—see your dentist. You may not be headed for serious trouble, but he's the one to decide. Very likely, however, he'll tell you that your gums have grown lazy from lack of vigorous chewing, that they need more work and exercise than modern soft and creamy foods provide. And as is often the

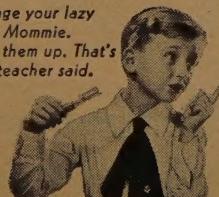
case, he may suggest the "healthful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

For Ipana is designed not only to clean teeth thoroughly but, with massage, to help the gums as well. Each time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana into your gums. As circulation quickens in the gum tissues, lazy gums awaken, tend to become firmer, healthier.

Don't risk trouble! Get a tube of economical Ipana Tooth Paste at any druggist's today. Start today with Ipana and massage—one sound, modern way to help yourself toward firmer gums and brighter teeth—a lovelier, more radiant smile!

Keep your Smile Brighter with Ipana and Massage!

Massage your lazy gums, Mommie. Wake them up. That's what teacher said.



My smile certainly needs help, Peter. I'll just try Ipana and Massage.



Marion, you have the loveliest smile here. Lucky, lucky fellow—that's what they're all saying.



Get the new **D.D.** Tooth Brush

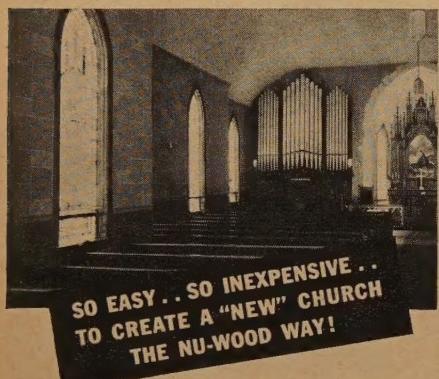
—The brush with the TWISTED HANDLE (see above). Designed with the aid of 1000 dentists to clean teeth clean and make gum massage easy.

Ipana
TOOTH PASTE





Does the interior of your church measure up to the standards you would demand in your home? Or do you tolerate cracked plaster—discolored and dingy decoration—bad acoustics—discomfort—in your house of worship? One wall and ceiling covering—NU-WOOD—will make your church a place of beauty—comfort—quiet. Nu-Wood, with its soft colors, provides permanent decoration, quiets noise and corrects bad acoustics. It also insulates, increasing comfort the year around!



Nu-Wood goes on easily, quickly. It is amazingly inexpensive—and remember, it eliminates the need for re-decoration. Today, the new Kolor-Trim Moldings—pre-decorated wood moldings ready to apply—lower the cost of Nu-Wood still further, since with Nu-Wood and Kolor-Trim complete interior decoration is done without "extras." You owe it to yourself—and to your church—to get all the facts about Nu-Wood. Mail the coupon!



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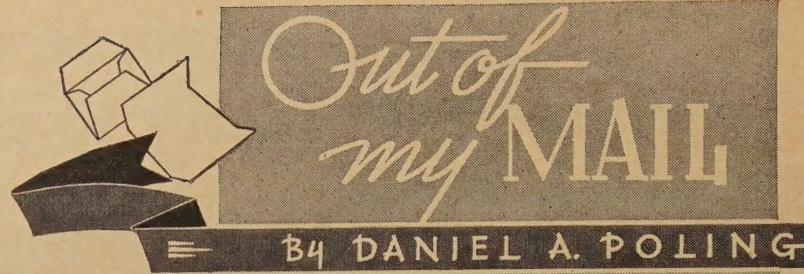
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New Construction Remodeling

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ORGANIZER AND LEADER OF THE NATIONAL

IS RELIGION GAINING OR LOSING?

In your opinion is religion gaining or losing in the world, particularly in the United States? Are these better or worse times than a generation or even a decade ago?

ESSENTIALLY this question was recently asked in a survey conducted by a popular magazine. Nearly ten thousand representative citizens throughout America were interviewed. Fifty per cent of these stated that, in their opinion, religion was losing ground; forty-five per cent affirmed that our moral standards are steadily worse; less than twenty-five per cent of those interviewed believed that religion was gaining ground; a few more than seventeen per cent thought that things were just the same.

What is your opinion? We would be glad to know. Put your answer on a postal card and mail to me.

One thing is above question: the church, you and I, should face the fact that multitudes of people, people all about us, are paying no attention or little attention to religion. Every person we reach for Christ and the church represents not only a personal victory but a victory for Christ himself.

DEPORT ALIEN COMMUNISTS

I note that Solicitor General Robert H. Jackson argues before the Supreme Court that membership in the Communist Party is a reason for deportation of aliens. What do you think?

I AGREE. I believe that aliens, including those who may have taken out their first papers, who declare themselves to be in favor of overthrowing the American form of government by violence if necessary, have no place in this country. The Communist Party is committed to such overthrow. And always keep in mind that the Communists, should they gain control of this country, would at once put an end to the very freedom of speech which they so loudly demand for themselves. Communism uses the guarantees of our civil liberties not only to bore from within, but to practice political sabotage and the destruction of the very liberties

the protection of which it claims.

Finland, perhaps the most democratic of all modern nations, has barred the Communist Party from its polls, has declared Communism illegal. Finland is, I think, fully justified in this action. Certainly Communism, anarchism and syndicalism must not be confused with socialism. Socialism is entirely another matter.

UNIVERSALITY OF THE GOLDEN RULE

Recently, I was told that the Golden Rule does not come from the Bible, that it is much more ancient and is found in Hindu writing. Is this true?

WHAT I know as the Golden Rule does come from Jesus. It is "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." But the equivalent of the Golden Rule, or the Golden Rule otherwise stated, was found in Judaism centuries before Jesus and is part of the writings of nearly every religion. Confucius states it negatively: "Do not do to others what you would not like yourself." Hinduism has it, "Do not to others what, if done to thyself, would cause thee pain." Buddhism: "Minister to friends by treating them as one treats himself." Sikhism: "As thou deemest others, so deem thyself." And the classical Hebrew, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

FORTIFYING GUAM

What do you think about the proposed fortification of the Island of Guam?

I THINK that it is a mistake and that it may become a tragic mistake. I have yet to find a recognized military authority which believes that there is even good military strategy in the proposal. As a defensive measure, unless the whole strength of the United States government is to be thrown into a military defense of the Philippine Islands, it is utterly indefensible.

Certainly, Japan has accepted the proposal as a direct challenge. Fortifying Guam would get us nowhere but into trouble and would be a challenge to peace everywhere.

BUSINESS AND EDITORIAL OFFICES, 419 Fourth Ave., New York

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YOUTH RADIO CONFERENCE

CHRISTIANS OUTSIDE THE CHURCH

Can a person who has the quality of a Christian be a saved person and a child of God, yet have no desire to become a church member?

CERTAINLY I am not to judge the essential Christian character of any person. If you know of someone who lives the Christian life, manifests the Christian graces, reveals the Christian spirit, but who does not attend church on Sunday and does not seem to have a desire for church membership, then I suppose your own sound sense must lead you to a conclusion. But do you know such a person?

I feel, and feel strongly, that every Christian should belong to a church; indeed must belong to the church in order to realize the most out of the Christian life and put the most into the Christian life.

POLIOMYELITIS

Dr. Poling, do you know anything about the nature of infantile paralysis, or is it still a mystery? Do you believe in the present campaign in this field?

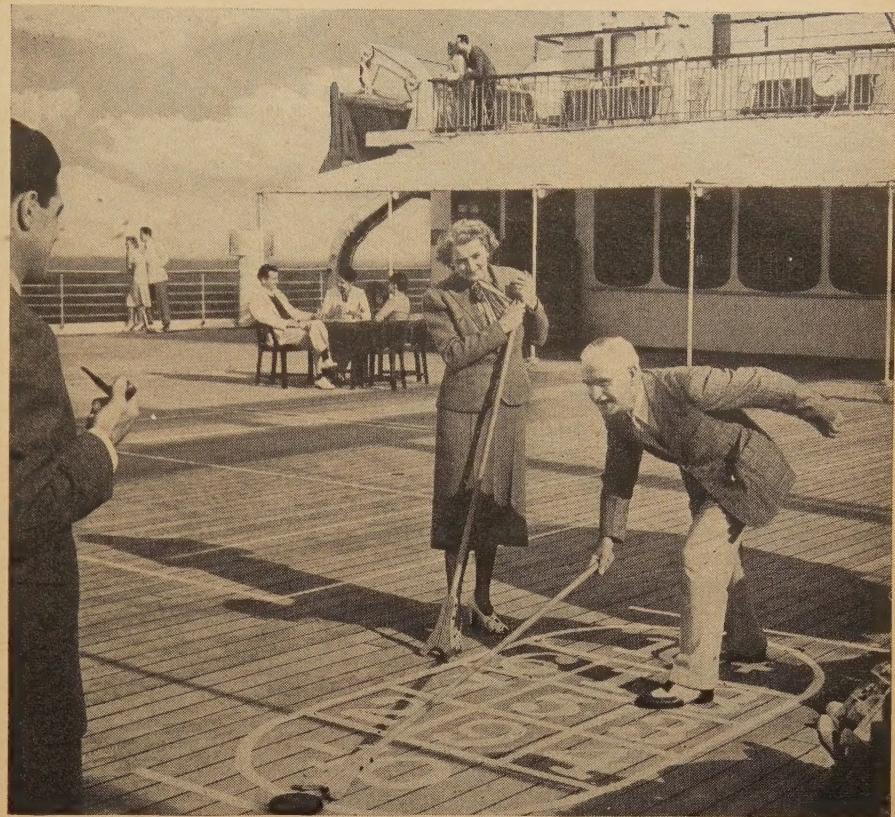
INFANTILE paralysis is still pretty much a mystery. Science is asking these questions:

What is this mysterious virus?
Are the germs all alike or do they vary?
How does the vicious bug get into the body and how does it leave?
Why does one in a thousand get the disease while the rest escape?

How can it be controlled?
How can it be prevented and cured?

Certainly I do not have the answer, though daily I would join my prayers and support to those who search for it in the laboratories of the world. It has made cripples of over 350,000 people in the United States since 1908.

The National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis has become the recognized leader in the war against this twentieth century plague. Preparations for epidemics have been made. Dimes and dollars contributed to the "Fight Infantile Paralysis Campaign" will help win this war on four fronts—research, epidemic first-aid, proper care and treatment of after effects, and education.



Here are two remarkable people

THEY are remarkable because they did one thing which the great majority of men and women never do.

They discovered in time that the will to accumulate money is seldom as strong as the desire to do so. They discovered in time that by haphazard, put-and-take ways of accumulating money they were not accumulating money and that the end of each year was finding them no farther ahead than its beginning.

And they decided to do something about it. They adopted a *Living Protection* plan—a plan requiring them to put aside part of their earnings regularly and persistently—a plan with a fixity of purpose—a plan that could not be abandoned without a financial loss to them as well as an evasion of a responsibility.

The thing they did, almost everyone can do. Let an Investors Syndicate representative explain this plan to you.

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come and can be sure of making regular and continuous payments over a period of years. By means of this plan people with 10 or 15 years of earning power left can accumulate \$5,000, \$10,000, \$25,000 or more. Money to travel, to buy a home or farm, to put a boy or girl through college, to retire and do the things you've dreamed of doing.

The *Living Protection* plan is backed by an institution nearly half a century old, with a record of having met every obligation on time, when due. More than 250,000 people are now following this plan.

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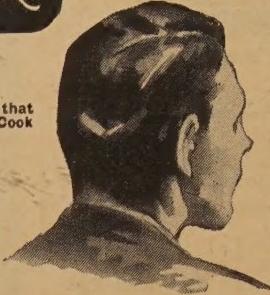
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NEWS DIGEST *of the month*



A DEPARTMENT OF INTERPRETATION AND COMMENT ON THE MONTH'S CHIEF EVENTS

This Is Our Hour

IN THE Church and out of it we hear men sobbing, "The Church has fallen on evil days. She stands with her back to the wall." They are right. She does. But we can't understand why they are sobbing about it. They should be glad. It takes a crisis to make a man. Out of her moments of crisis the Church has always generated her greatest strength.

Bishop Tucker, presiding prelate of the Protestant Episcopal Church, put his finger on it recently when he said that this present crisis was not produced by the Church but by conditions that play right into the Church's hands: "Pressure of slaughterous war and inspired hate have forced it. Ugly oppression has forced it. Stark want and bitter suffering have forced it. Crass materialism and bold totalitarianism have forced it." Then he goes on to say (mark this and mark it well): "There are unmistakable signs of a spiritual awakening." There you have it: the crisis has forced men back to think of God, back to the Church and reliance on the spiritual.

What are we sobbing about? Why do we

moan? This is no time for that. Pounding on the very doors of Holy Church are multitudes convinced against their errant wills that the way of Christ is the only way out. It is the greatest challenge that has faced us since Calvary. This is our hour! What shall we do about it?

Bishop Tucker tells us what to do about it: "Go out to feed and nurture these spiritual sparks which flash about us, lighting up the skies." Go out! Go ye! Sit not sulking in your tent while the battle rages. This is the hour for which the Church was made!

The world needs God as it never needed Him before—and the world realizes it. The dictators and the Godless and the materialists and the oppressors, striving furiously to convince man that he needs not God but more guns, have succeeded only in driving him back to God. And here stands the Church of Christ, guarding the Bread mankind is begging for, the only waters that will slake his awful thirst. What shall we do with it? Bury it under the bushel of a blasé despair, or give it out to this reeling world?

Thank God for the Crisis. It was made to order for the Church.

A T H O M E

OPEN DOOR: President Roosevelt is worried about the policy of the Open Door in China; he insists that it be kept open. But can it be?

The present Roosevelt has probably read the words of that other Roosevelt (T.R.) who said bluntly that while the Open Door was all right in theory, it was impossible in practice because we just couldn't keep it open if some other strong nation decided to close it. Japan has not only closed it; she has now slammed it in our faces.

F. D. R. is in an impossible position. He is committed to the Open Door, yet the greatest powers in this country are not at all anxious to see him keep it open. We refer to business, commercial, trade powers. From 1931 to 1935, forty-three per cent of American trade with the Far East was with Japan; fourteen per cent of it was with China. From 1912 to 1935 our investments in the Far East rose from 100 million dollars to 750 million dollars; of these investments, 387 millions was with Japan, 132 millions was with China. So the Open Door, so far as our commerce and trade are concerned, is a bad policy. It will, say those who profit, in the end destroy our commercial relations with Japan.

Pity the President! He has to think of trade, whether he wants to or not. What he must decide now is whether trade is more important than truth; whether it is better to stand by outraged China in the name of ordinary decency and humanitarian honor, or let China sink for the sake of trade. It is a bitter decision he must make, and a vital one.

WISCONSIN: Turn about is fair play, says the new Republican-Democratic coalition now come to power in Wisconsin. They are turning things about with a vengeance. They have dedicated themselves to the task of "wiping off the books" all the Progressive legislation put in effect by the former La Follette regime. Every last line of it, they say, must go. It probably will.

All this is a splendid example of the inevitable caprices of the American democratic system; also it is an illustration of the manner in which the public benefits—or suffers—under that system. The new rulers of Wisconsin are determined that never again shall the "dictators" of the La Follette group come to power in the state; the question remains as to whether they in their turn

shall not become dictators. Those who smarted most under the crack of the whip of Phil La Follette are now cracking the whip with devastating effect, themselves. And all poor John Public can do about it is to dodge the whip, as best he can.

VERMONT: There's a little expensive humor in the action of Vermont in defying the flood-control program of the Federal government in their state. They want to regulate their own floods in their own way. The spirit of the Green Mountain boys rides again! Ask the embattled Vermonters, "Whose state is this, anyway?" And thereby they raise an old, sore question: the question of States' Rights.

While they are doing this, other states are doing something else. The citizens of Quoddy, Down East in Maine, are all excited over the prospect of a renewal of Federal efforts—and the influx of more Federal money—to finish their uncompleted power project. Maine's senators and representatives are "on the spot" over this question; they are wondering how to vote. And Florida is excited over the prospect of more money for the much-mooted Florida ship canal. Some want it and some don't.



AN OPPORTUNITY—WILL THE CHURCH TAKE ADVANTAGE OF IT?

Money talks a dangerous lingo, even yet. Federal money. Even in Maine and Vermont, the most stubbornly anti-New Deal states in the Union!

BOOKS: The American Institute of Public Opinion gives us a report on what America is reading. Having asked thousands, the Institute reports that one out of every five named the Bible (adults named it oftener than youth); all classes of readers seemed to show an overwhelming preference for historical and romantic fiction.

The twenty most popular books named in 1938 are, in order of preference: The Bible, Gone With The Wind, Anthony Adverse, How to Win Friends and Influence People, The Good Earth, Ben-Hur, Northwest Passage, Little Women, Tale of Two Cities, Les Misérables, Magnificent Obsession, Tom Sawyer, Treasure Island, Count of Monte Cristo, Robinson Crusoe, Ivanhoe, The Green Light, David Copperfield, and The Call of the Wild.

Study that list carefully. Note that there are three religious books in the list. Notice also that there is not one smutty, sexy, "sophisticated" book in the whole lot.

NEW JERSEY: A year ago New Jersey put into effect a law making twice-yearly automobile inspection compulsory. There were kicks, growls, and in some quarters downright rebellion. But the law was the law, and that was that.

Last week it was reported that automobile accidents in one New Jersey city alone had declined fifty-seven per cent from the previous year's record. The decline is attributed to the cooperation of the public, the work of the junior safety-patrols in the public schools, and the compulsory inspection of brakes, lights, and equipment which last year revealed more than 2,000,000 defects in motor vehicles.

It's a nuisance, and sometimes costs money. But a fifty-seven per cent saving in auto-trouble is worth more than it has cost, to date. We wonder why every

state in the union doesn't pass such a law.

WAGES-HOURS: The good faith and cooperative spirit of United States business is being demonstrated in the unexpectedly smooth working of the Wages and Hours Law. Mr. Elmer F. Andrews, Administrator of the Law, has completed an inspection trip of 8,000 miles, and he says that observance is general.

So general, indeed, that it is hard to find an employer anywhere who will be willing to test out the law in a court action; employers complained against by the employees have, almost one hundred per cent, shown their willingness to make adjustments. And a Gallup poll indicates that seventy-one per cent of those approached favored the law, while only twenty-nine per cent opposed it.

American business has a heart as well as a head.

SHARE-CROPPERS: The plight of the share-cropper is causing more and more anxiety in Washington, the South, and the cotton business. Those Missouri "croppers" who recently put on their public demonstration, brought the whole issue to a focus; now, say the economists and the politicians, something *must* be done.

Behind the demonstration lies this cruel fact: numbers of landowners employing these share-croppers have been switching them to a day-labor basis to avoid sharing government benefit payments. If they could be put on such a day-labor basis, the owners could avoid the cotton subsidy law. So they were shifted, as pawns on a chess board; many were evicted to force them into the day-labor class.

But so great has been the reaction, so furious the protest, that the landowners are now reported to be taking back large numbers of share-croppers on the old basis. It may be temporary and a subterfuge; at any rate, it leaves the burning share-cropper problem still unsolved—and still dangerous.

A B R O A D

SPAIN: Barcelona has dropped into Franco's bag, and the Spanish nightmare seems about over. The whole Loyalist defense may have collapsed before you read this; war-weariness, Italian infantry and German warplanes have been just too much for the forces fighting Franco. Weight of arms and numbers has told at last.

But as Franco pulls tight the strings of his bag, a cat jumps out of another: now, certainly, Italy will move. Il Duce has not been helping Franco, since the very beginning of this Spanish affair, because he liked Franco or sympathized with his cause. The Spanish adventure has cost Italy much treasure and blood, and before she withdraws her troops from Spanish soil, she will seek some recompense—from France. That seems as certain as death and taxes.

Now if Italy stood alone, while she demanded this, France could laugh at her. But she doesn't stand alone. Mr. Chamberlain learned that at Rome; with Mussolini stands Adolf Hitler. That makes the demand dangerously important. It will produce a crisis.

Much as the world may hate to admit it, Italy and Germany, with the victory of Franco, now hold the whip hand in Europe. A lot depends on what France, with the possible help of England, will do now. Britain says it will not be war: "Crisis, but not war." We hope so, but who knows? All we know is this: the fall of Barcelona leaves England and France in a more desperate position than they were in at Munich.

GERMANY: Dr. Hjalmar Schacht has lost his job as Reichsbank president. That means only one thing: the last moderating influence on Nazi policy has been thrown overboard.

For months and years, Dr. Schacht has striven futilely to raise the cash for Germany's headlong arms program; repeatedly, he has warned his colleagues that the German people were being pressed too hard. Now Herr Hitler will listen to him no more. Herr Hitler has taken over the Bank himself; hereafter he will be financier as well as Feuhrer.

What will happen now? There will be more and higher taxes; more armaments; more production; a swifter, more breathless pace to keep Germany's nose out of water as she swims on to "conquest." Coupled with that speeding-up will come a direct affront to the United States. Dr. Schacht has worked hard for the improvement of trade relations with America and the Western World. His successor, Dr. Funk, has already served blunt notice on America that he will replace American products with products from the Balkans and Turkey, "which are natural barter economies for Germany."

But a nation cannot live forever on barter. A nation needs cash, and the very nations Dr. Funk plans to ignore have a lion's share of the cash!

FRANCE: We will be reading, soon, of canal-digging in France. Talked about and dropped a dozen times, the loss of Spain to the Fascist powers now brings

the question up again, with the impetus of emergency to enliven it.

The proposed canal would run across the southwest corner of France; it could be created by widening and deepening the present waterway between Bordeaux and the tiny Mediterranean port of La Nouvelle. We predict that it will be dug, this time, for with it, France—and England—could get into the Mediterranean without that long trip around Gibraltar.

It would take until 1942 to dig it, and cost four hundred million dollars. But France is counting on financial help from England.

RUSSIA: Adding machines are clicking in Moscow, counting the heads of the Soviet Republic. A census has just been completed—one of the most interesting censuses even taken in the history of man. Airplanes of the Gorky Squadron dropped leaflets, explaining to the people what it was all about; newspapers and radio appeals went out, asking for whole-hearted cooperation. In the Arctic, some census-takers traveled hundreds of miles via ski or reindeer; horsemen scoured the plains of Middle Asia rounding up the nomads; a mountaineer scaled Mount Elbrus—highest in Russia and Europe—to poll a scientific party wintering on top.

Why all this? Because the census is to provide an "indispensable basis for a planned economy." Did they get everybody? No. Some of the census-takers were bitten by dogs, beaten up by irate villagers. Evidently, there are some left in Russia who are still suspicious of Russia's rulers, and who still dare to object.

AUSTRIA: There is little waltzing and romancing in Vienna these days; it is a city of song and laughter no more. The cafes and coffee-shops are doing a shabby business. Nobody seems to want to sit there and talk business, as they did in the pre-Anschluss days; they are afraid of the secret police, forever listening. There is no spontaneous gaiety. There are men and women sitting in the cafes and on the park benches saying nothing, doing nothing, just staring and dreaming of days that can never come back. It is all dreadfully dull. Everyone is fearfully afraid....

Heard constantly in the streets is the Nazi shout of triumph. But correspondents writing home say that it is getting harder and harder to make the common citizen shout, or to even look up at a Storm Trooper parade. So this is "Greater Germany."

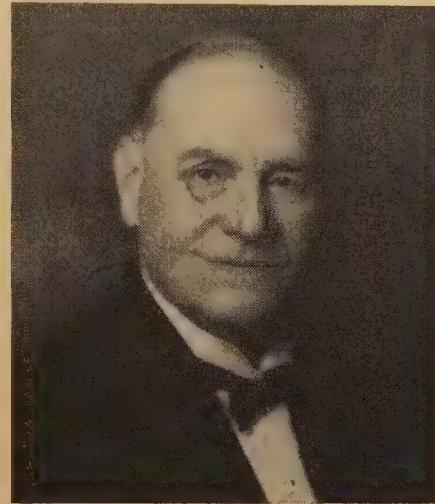
LONDON: A bomb exploded in London this week; another in Ulster; another near the hotel at Tralee, County Kerry, where Frank Chamberlain, son of the ruler at 10 Downing Street, was a guest. Said British and Irish alike: "The I. R. A. is at it again."

I. R. A. is the Irish Republican Army, which has conducted, since 1919, a guerrilla war with the British. They have created the Irish Free State; now they want to bring all Ireland under their banner. So, more bombings. Scotland Yard men in London searched 160 I. R. A. homes within city limits, found 250 pounds of explosives, a fine collection of arms. For the first time in many moons, British police, who pride themselves that they go about unarmed, went about with shot-

guns. Gossip in London has it that the new rebellion is financed with three million dollars raised by Sean Russell, I. R. A. chief of staff, raised on a lecture of the U. S.

It is regrettable, but so long as the Irish remain Irish, there doesn't seem to be much anyone can do about it. Ulster, which the Republicans want to bring into the one big union, is belligerently decided to stay out; says Ulster's Premier, "Ulster will remain firm as a rock." That means the bloodshed will go on, and on, and on.

EGYPT: When Mussolini proclaimed himself "Protector of Islam" and proceeded to rouse Arab hatred against England, England began casting round for some native leader to help John Bull



Allied News Photo

Sir Charles Marston, distinguished author of books on Archeology and backer of Archeological excavations in the Holy Land which have brought to light remarkable confirmation of the Bible. The illustrations in the article "Truth Arises from the Trenches," which appeared in our February issue, were from his latest book, "The Bible Comes Alive"

against the Italian. Now John Bull has apparently found his man.

Last week King Farouk, young ruler of Egypt, a pious Mohammedan, went to worship in Cairo's resplendent Quosoun Mosque, and five hundred Egyptian officers began, for some unknown reason, to cheer Farouk as Caliph. That means something, for it is only a Caliph who can call a Jihad, or Holy War.

It may have been plain coincidence that in the Mosque that day were Emir Husein of Yemen, Emirs Feisal and Khaled of Saudi Arabia, three of the most powerful Arab leaders in the world. And of course, it may not have been coincidence.

Farouk was educated in England. He likes the English. Egypt is still pretty well supplied with British troops; you can see their camps from the top of the Gizeh Pyramids. Egypt is still Britain's ally. Two and two still make four.

MEXICO: A New York Times correspondent is home from Mexico. He didn't want to come home; he was expelled on

twenty-four hours notice. Why? The Mexican government said it was for "malicious interpretation" of Mexican politics. But the expelled writer's fellow-writers say it was because he knew too much about Mexico's oil deals with Germany. Also, he revealed that General Azcarate, new Mexican Minister to Germany, was rushing to Berlin on a secret mission indicative of closer relations with the Nazis.

It all involves more than just an isolated case of lost "freedom of the press." It tells a lot of Nazi movements in Mexico. And Mexico, still smarting under the injustice of the old Petroleum Laws controversy which raged during the Wilson Administration, may be more than glad to cooperate even with Germany, in an effort to pay off the old score.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA: The ways of international concourse and cooperation are past finding out. See if you can figure this one out:

There is a serious shortage of labor in Germany. There is a serious over-abundance of unemployed labor in Czechoslovakia. Last week Prague and Berlin set up a plan to send eighty to one hundred thousand unemployed Czechs to work in Germany's armament factories. When? Next spring. Why? Who knows?

CHURCH NEWS

METHODISTS: Last spring, the Methodists began a determined drive to check the steady loss in Sunday School attendance; a movement known as the Church School Advance was organized when it was learned that some 68,180 children had been lost to the Sunday schools during the past year.

Church School Advance has done well: the Methodist Board of Education reports that since last spring, the net gain in average attendance has been 25,411. And that in less than one year!

Aroused over criticism of their ministers, the district superintendents of the M. E. Church in the Northwest rush to their defense. Declaring that the freedom of the pulpit is threatened, the superintendents say: "Reactionary forces strive to discredit our ministers by labeling them 'Red,' and revolutionaries seek to destroy honest conservatives by labeling them 'Fascist.' Methodism refuses to sacrifice its freedom of preaching."

Down South, the Southern Methodists are raising a fund of \$500,000 for the restoration of missionary plants in China. Just to clinch it and to put teeth in their resolution, they are also calling on the President and Congress to take a firm stand against Japanese aggression. The leaders of the three Methodisms participated in the resolution, and that gives it importance.

LOVE AND LYNCHING: Tuskegee Institute reports for the year on U. S. lynchings. There were only six in 1938, two less than in 1937. A small gain, but it is interesting to note that forty-two other lynchings were prevented by officers of the law or by action of local citizens. That is the most encouraging item of the report. And notice this statement,



At Southport, down on the coast of North Carolina, Rev. A. H. Marshall, 57-year-old Episcopal rector, is emulating the circuit riders, only his vehicle is a motor boat instead of horse and saddle. He travels up and down the intracoastal waterway, preaching wherever he finds an isolated landing. No one may be in sight when he docks, but the mysterious "grapevine telegraph" soon spreads the news, and the men, women and children, who live far from any church, soon gather around the "Church Boat"

made by Dr. Frederick D. Patterson, President of Tuskegee: "The new and enlightened attitude on the part of Southern churches and pastors is responsible for the healthy decline of the lynching evil."

Some of us never have believed that King Mob was more powerful than Christ the King: embattled love will eventually conquer lynch law.

BAPTISTS: The plight of the Baptists in Rumania appears slightly more hopeful at this writing. Bishop Nicolae Colan who was responsible for the decree which resulted in the closing of all the Baptists churches in the country last December, has been replaced by Dr. Nicolas Zigre, Transylvania attorney and former under-secretary of state. Officials of the Rumanian Baptists Union are hopeful that immediate permission will be granted them to open most of their churches. They have already made plans for an interview with the new minister, although no assurance of success has been given them.

MISSIONARY TOUR: Post-Madras Conferences were held during February, and today a troupe of speakers is touring the country to tell us just what went on at the International Missionary Conference just completed in that Indian city. You will be hearing them; at least you should be, for this is one of the most important missionary gatherings of the century. We cannot hope to give here a full report of what was done at Madras, but here are a few of the challenging statements made there:

Bishop Azariah of India: "I used to go around among the churches and have baptized members place their hands on their own heads and repeat after me: 'I am a baptized Christian. Woe unto me if I preach not the gospel.' Many people ask others: 'Are you saved?' It were better if they asked, 'Are you saving?'"

T. Z. Koo of China: "The Church is

the universal fellowship of Christians, the Una Sancta. Therefore it has the inescapable task of achieving international order."

Rev. A. R. Wentz: "The Church rises above the limitations of culture and religion. It is the only community that can meet the needs of all mankind."

Madras has struck the note we need: Christianity is either international, or it is nothing.

HERE AND THERE IN THE CHURCHES: The Presbyterians have raised, to date, two and a half million dollars toward their \$10,000,000 Sesquicentennial Fund for Christian education. . . . Southern Presbyterians have perfected organization of a subcommittee to confer on unification with the Northern Church. . . . Dr. Charles W. Welch, moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, U. S. A., says that the Presbyterians and the Episcopalians will be united *within three years*. . . . In an economic plebiscite conducted by the Council for social action of the Congregational and Christian Churches, the following proposals were favored: that the government should provide for those unable to find work in private employ; the establishment of consumer cooperatives; public ownership of utilities; organization of labor into national unions; further social control of our economic system; increased tariffs; federal support of agriculture. A total of 32,580 members in 700 churches voted. . . . The Quakers are planning world-wide unification; they are setting up a Friends' World Committee for Consultation. . . . The Lutheran Society of Greater New York has expressed itself as favoring the union of *all* Lutheran communions in the U. S. . . . The United Lutheran Church reports a thirty per cent Church Attendance Increase for 1938. . . . Plans to make the Lutheran World Convention (Philadelphia, 1940) one of the most

momentous gatherings in Lutheran history are reaching completion; besides the main Conference, there will be conferences of Lutheran youth, Lutheran women, inner missions and foreign missions. This will be the largest church gathering in 1940. . . . Sioux Indians, according to Bishop Blair Roberts of South Dakota, give more for religious activity in proportion to their means than any other churchgoers; he has spent thirty years among the Indians. . . . The Church of England is alarmed at the steady decline in Sunday School scholars; 55,093 were lost in 1937; the loss in Sunday School teachers and Catechism instructors was 4,646.

GERMANS, REFUGEES, CHURCH-MEN: Two straws are flying about in the American wind which may be significant in reflecting the feelings and actions of America's churches in regard to the German refugee situation. One is the announcement of the formation of a Christian boycott movement. Led by prominent churchmen of all faiths, and called the Volunteer Christian Committee to Boycott Nazi Germany, the organization has a fast-growing list of members who pledge themselves "not to travel on German ships, knowingly buy German goods, or set foot on the territory of the Third Reich."

That may be too much of a pledge for some of us; if it is, we can all cooperate with the program of big inter-church movement which is asking the United States to offer a haven for the German children who are the victims of Nazi persecution. Pressing for action here are four organizations: American Friends' Service Committee, the Committee for Catholic Refugees from Germany, the American Committee for Christian-German Refugees and the Committee to Aid Refugees and Immigrants. Leading in this we find Bishop Freeman (Episcopalian) and Bishop Hughes (Methodist) of Washington, and Cardinal Mundelein of Chicago.

Something must be done; the Christian Church is in a good position to do it.

AMITY: No finer piece of Christian work is being done today than that of the National Conference of Christians and Jews; that Conference is writing a fine chapter in the story of faith in America. Three new projects of Director Dr. Everett R. Clinchy catch our eye in this month's news: a nation-wide drive to enlist the women of America in promoting justice, amity, understanding and cooperation between members of all religious faiths; the formation of inter-faith groups on every college campus to promote the principles of democracy, social justice and racial understanding; and the offer of a permanent masthead for Saturday or Sunday church pages in the newspapers.

That masthead idea appeals to us; it is within the reach of every minister in America, and we urge them to get it and offer its use, free, to the editors of their local newspapers. It is being offered by the Conference at the low rate of one dollar. That is a good investment for any church or churchman who may be dissatisfied with the present pitiful setup of religious news in the daily press—and we have a feeling that their name is legion.

Order through the National Conference of Christians and Jews, 300 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

GOD AND GOVERNMENT: Texas inaugurated a new Governor last month; it was one of the most religious inaugurations in the history of American commonwealths. Retiring Governor James V. Allred delivered a Bible to his successor; the successor, W. Lee O'Daniel, emphasized the fact that he had made his campaign for the office on the platform of the Ten Commandments and the Golden Rule. He then asked the people of Texas to pray for him in their homes.

Religion also played a prominent part in the ceremonies inaugurating Prentice Cooper of Shelbyville as the thirty-ninth governor of Tennessee. A Lutheran minister opened the ceremonies with prayer, giving thanks for the church that nurtured the Christian gentleman taking office that day. It is worthy of notice to know that this minister was a Lutheran, offering his prayer for a Presbyterian governor.

There may be some political gestures in all this, but forget them: it is good to get religion into government, by whatever method.

CONSERVATIVE: Dr. Warren C. Middleton of DePauw University has just completed a survey of the religious attitudes of the university's students: he reports that those students whose fathers are in the ministry are more conservative than those whose fathers are laymen.

That is good—as far as it goes. We would like to see a survey made of all universities; we suspect that this younger generation would prove to be more conservative than most of us believe.

ANY PELLETS?: An interesting suggestion has come to this editor from one of his readers. The reader sends in a "pellet" recently passed down from his pastor's pulpit. It is a good one; we'll use it. We'd like to use any other good pellet, in this column, if you are interested enough to send it in. Only make sure it is a good one!

All the worthwhile homiletical statements are not being delivered by the ministers most in the news; preachers all over the country are saying things that should get into print. Is yours? Send it in!

TEMPERANCE

THE SHADOW: Ye editor's son and heir, aged ten, listens religiously to a radio program called "The Shadow." It is a weird, blood-curdling affair, and ye editor doesn't think much of it. But it reminds him: there is another "shadow" creeping almost weirdly across the country, of which all too few of us are aware. It is a nobler weirdness. It is the growing shadow of returning Prohibition.

Perhaps Prohibition is the wrong word. We doubt that, at least for many years, we shall again have Prohibition by way of a national amendment. But the country is going dry. In the latest fall elections, twenty-three New York towns voted dry;

four Illinois townships voted dry. Eight precincts in Chicago have wiped out booze; since March, 1937, nine Alabama counties have gone dry; more than 1000 political units in Ohio have voted dry; in a statewide New Hampshire election many precincts voted to retain their dry status and at least seven wet townships voted out liquor; Maine dries have captured 254 cities, towns and plantations out of 510; Catawba County, North Carolina, has voted against state liquor stores; 114 counties out of 254 in Texas now have local option; in one month, 100 elections were held in Pennsylvania and the dries won 89 of them; 114 counties in

it was the threat of a grave danger that brought Prohibition in 1918.

Says wise old Carter Glass of Virginia: "The intemperance of the saloon was the least objection to it. It was the breeding-place of crime and immorality and vulgarity and profanity of every description. It was the rendezvous of the immoral and criminal element. Its effrontery was unparalleled." Right! We might have put up with the presence of the fool who wanted to drink himself into bestiality, but when his drinking became a threat to the peace and safety of the community, it was time to call a halt.

It is time to call another halt. For while we have changed the name from "saloon" to "tavern," the effrontery and the threat are still there.

INFORMATION: Are you one of those who teach Sunday School, and who long for good temperance ammunition? Then try the new booklet written by Deets Pickett (price \$.65) on the fundamentals of the temperance problem as it is now. It is approved by the Secretary of State, the Secretary of Commerce, Congressmen, Senators, Washington newspaper men—and *Christian Herald*. It is far and away one of the finest things this editor has seen on the subject. Order it direct from the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals.

SCIENCE

HOW SCARED ARE YOU? Dr. John Thompson, of Harvard, has invented a new machine that will measure fear. It has a long name; I won't bother you with that. It measures the amount of light passing through one's fingers in moments of fear. When you are really scared, the blood recedes from the fingertips and more light comes through.

It is all very interesting, but I don't think I will offer my fingers for experiment. It's enough for me to know that I'm frightened, and I don't care how much. There is nothing in the machine that will do away with my fear. What I would be glad to see invented is some sort of machine that would create courage. That would, for instance, make a woman laugh and not shake at sight of a mouse; that would instantaneously remove the "funk" of a soldier under fire; that would give all of us the courage to stand for the hard right against the easy wrong.

But can courage like this ever be measured, or created, mechanically? Think of that steward of the *Cavalier*, swimming around to make sure all his passengers were safe, and then sinking to his death without a sound. Or think of a mother hurling herself between a mad dog and her child. Can that be generated or evaluated by a machine? Or does it rise from a hidden, inner power that neither men nor machines can see, or touch, or measure?

We all believe in invention. But some of us wonder sometimes if it wouldn't be a good thing for civilization to take a vacation from invention, and catch up on sacrificial love.

PREACHERS' PELLETS

If religion disappears, democracy is doomed.—Dr. George A. Buttrick.

Jesus was a Jew. Every Christian realizes that the present wave of terror directed against that Hebrew race is fomented not by Christianity, but by the denial of almost everything for which Christ stands.—Dr. John Sutherland Bonnell.

Perhaps our greatest danger today is to accept too lightly those priceless personal liberties that have been handed down to us by ancestors who knew that there could be no such thing as liberty without sacrifice.—Dr. J. A. McCartney.

There is more revelation of man's weakness and strength, man's capacity for evil and for good in the Bible than can be found in Shakespeare and all the dramatists of the world. It is the most human of all books.—William Lyon Phelps.

Without a strong sense of fellowship the mighty achievement of individual liberty descends to naught but downright selfishness and unconcern for the welfare of others, a situation which, by no stretch of the imagination, can be called Christian.—Dr. Theodore Cuyler Speers.

Up to a short time ago, the Church was asking questions of the world. Today the world is asking questions of the Church.—Ralph S. Meadowcroft.

Georgia voted dry, 45 voted wet; 48 counties, or one third of the state of Kentucky, is now dry.

In an address to the liquor men at Baltimore, Capt. Wilford S. Alexander warned the boozemen that there have been 7000 local option elections in the United States since repeal, and that the dries have won 5000 of them. Weird? No, just history repeating itself. . . .

DISGUST, AND DANGER: There are those who still tell us that the greatest crime of the old saloon was that it produced drunkenness. That's wrong. The sight of a drunken man can be tolerated, for it produces no more than disgust. But

Around The Corner

Around the corner I have a friend,
 In this great city that has no end;
 Yet days go by, and weeks rush on,
 And before I know it a year is gone,
 And I never see my old friend's face,
 For Life is a swift and terrible race.
 He knows I like him just as well
 As in the days when I rang his bell
 And he rang mine. We were younger then,
 And now we are busy, tired men:
 Tired with playing a foolish game,
 Tired with trying to make a name.
 "Tomorrow," I say, "I will call on Jim,
 Just to show that I'm thinking of him."
 But tomorrow comes--and tomorrow goes,
 And the distance between us grows and grows.

Around the corner!--yet miles away.....
 "Here's a telegram, sir....."

"Jim died today."
 And that's what we get, and deserve in the end:
 Around the corner, a vanished friend.

March

1939



CHRISTIAN HERALD

A FAMILY MAGAZINE FOR MEMBERS OF ALL DENOMINATIONS

The city is a mad mosaic, part miracle, part monstrosity—at night a fairyland of twinkling lights, or an inferno of dirty slums

Parade of BROTHERHOOD

To THOSE of you who read everything Frank Mead writes, no introduction to this series of stories is necessary.

To others we say for thrilling drama, for sustained interest, for heart-throbbing portrayal of human sympathy and love, no fiction can match these true stories.

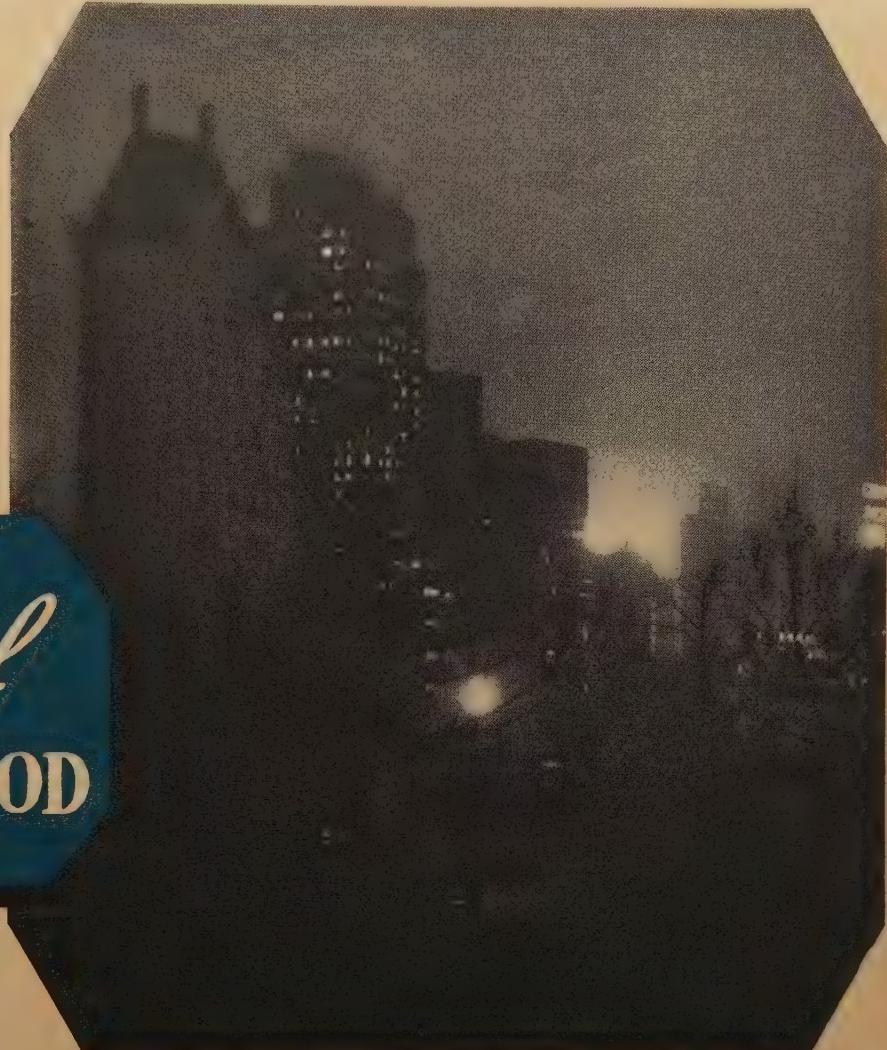
While bitter hatreds and class antagonism are so evident everywhere, this narrative of Christian brotherhood comes like a cooling drink in a torrid desert. *READ IT.*

You will gain a knowledge of Christianity in action at its best.

We acknowledge with deep gratitude our obligation to the Missionary Education Movement for their cooperation with Mr. Mead.

Foreword

WHEN the woman called Mary spilled her precious ointment over the feet of Jesus Christ, one of the disciples was so shocked that he cried, "Why was not this ointment sold for three hundred pence, and given to the poor?" In one form or another, that question has been hurled at the Christian



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By Frank S. Mead

Church for nineteen hundred years. Why doesn't the Church do this, or do that? Why do we only preach and pray while men cry in the streets for bread? Why do we send out these foreign missionaries, when there is so much to be done right here at home? (They forget, of course, that Christianity is either international, or it is nothing.) Why doesn't the Church do something?

Only yesterday, as time flies, an ex-moderator said to a great church convention, "There is a revolt against the Church's apparent lack of interest in the people's welfare." Which is only another way of saying what the objecting disciple said, long, long ago.

Now this question of the disciple is supposed to be disturbing and profound. As a matter of fact, it isn't. The poor along the Bethany road probably knew Mary; one with her generous spirit was quite likely more popular with them than

with the pennywise Judas. If he had known what Mary was doing day in and day out, he would never have asked his question. And if those well-meaning critics of today only knew what the Church is doing about the people's welfare and faith, they would hesitate before they spoke.

This series of articles is an attempt to show something of what the Church is doing, right now, right here at home. It is an attempt to show that wherever you find human problems you find a Church agency helping to solve it. Discover pain and you find a steeple. The trouble is that most of us see the suffering but not the steeple. We read avidly every newspaper-line about the bandit in the hospital with nine bullets in his body, but not one in a hundred of us know what the Church is doing to overcome the bandit and outwit crime before the shooting starts.

That's because the work of the Church

is a subtle work; its influence is that of a river running underground. Its effect is often indirect and therefore it doesn't get into the headlines. For instance, an ex-bandit out of the army of Pancho Villa walks hungry and sick and friendless down a California street; he wanders into a little mission church on a side street, gets a meal and a new view of life and becomes one of the state's leading ministers. That isn't news; it is just a part of the day's work for the Church. A Japanese liquor agent in Hawaii strolls into another mission chapel, kneels to pray, gets up to turn his back on liquor-peddling and to become the Bishop of United Methodism in Japan. No newspaper mentioned it.

A Chinese boy sits through his 'teens in a West Coast Sunday School; years later he is Consul-General of China and Chairman of China's Committee on International Relationships—a highly-important Christian job.

An Italian boy and a Spanish boy stage a fist fight in a crowded city street, arguing over who's right and who's wrong in Spain; an unknown minister of an unknown mission takes them into his church gym to finish it off with boxing-gloves, sits down to talk it out with both of them and convinces both that they are wrong; the next week they are playing basketball on the same church team. Negro youngsters and white sit around a church table planning to combat the bitterness of modern questions—race prejudice. A Communist and a capitalist stand on a platform at Labor Temple and state their cases; it is one of the mighty few platforms open to both, in a city of seven millions. The baby of a share-cropper family in the South is nearly dead of under-nourishment; in the nick of time a home-missionary nurse arrives with milk and clothes for the baby and encouragement for a mother and father who had nearly given up.

All this is happening on our own doorstep—right here at home. All of it is a part of the concern of the Church with the people's welfare. It is part of the precious ointment of human lives poured out to make America Christian while the foreign missionary is making India or China or Africa Christian. Sometimes it takes the form of emergency relief—social or economic or religious first aid. Sometimes it is more preventive, which is better: character-building, education, agitation for legislation that will remove the causes of poverty, child labor, race prejudice, unemployment or war. Whatever form it takes, there is only one name for it: we call it Home Missions.

Why doesn't the Church do something? The Church is doing more than most men dream of. There are a thousand home missions projects at work in the field as we write; would that we had space here to name and describe them all. We haven't. A list of them would fill another book. They are at work from Nome to Puerto Rico, in the country, in the North Woods, in the Southern mountains, in the teeming, toiling, sick and crime-producing cities.

Suppose we look at The City first. . . .

The City

THE city is a mad mosaic, part miracle and part monstrosity. Viewed from

a far hill at night, it is a fairyland of twinkling lights, magic, ethereal. Viewed from the slum alley, with flying dirt in your eyes, refuse and newspapers under your feet and the bedlam of the tenement in your ears, you cry, "horrible!"

Since 1910 all roads in America have led to the city; everybody wants to get to town. Half of America lives there, loving it or hating it but staying there, working there, dying there. Half of the nation lives in a heap, in pigeon-hole offices and apartment houses piled one on top of the other. It is a case of every man for himself; a firm goes bankrupt and out of business and nobody has time to question when another firm moves in. The apartment dweller meets the biblical challenge, "And who is my neighbor?" with "I don't dare know my neighbor. He may be a gangster."

Who lives in the city? Jews, Irish, British, Germans, Scandinavians and Greeks. Lutherans, Methodists, Baptists, Buddhists, New Thoughtists, Father Divine's "angels." Doctors, lawyers, merchants, thieves. White, brown, yellow, black.

They fare variously. Some try and give up quickly. Some die fighting. Carl Sandburg has a poem about a young mother who moved into a slum and hung clean white curtains in her windows. Curtains "clean as the prayers of Jesus," he calls them; "here in the faded ramshackle. . ." It was a pitiful gesture. "Dust and the thundering trucks won. . . . The barrages of the street wheels and the lawless wind took their way . . . was it five weeks or six that the little mother, the new neighbor, battled and then took away the white prayers in the windows?"

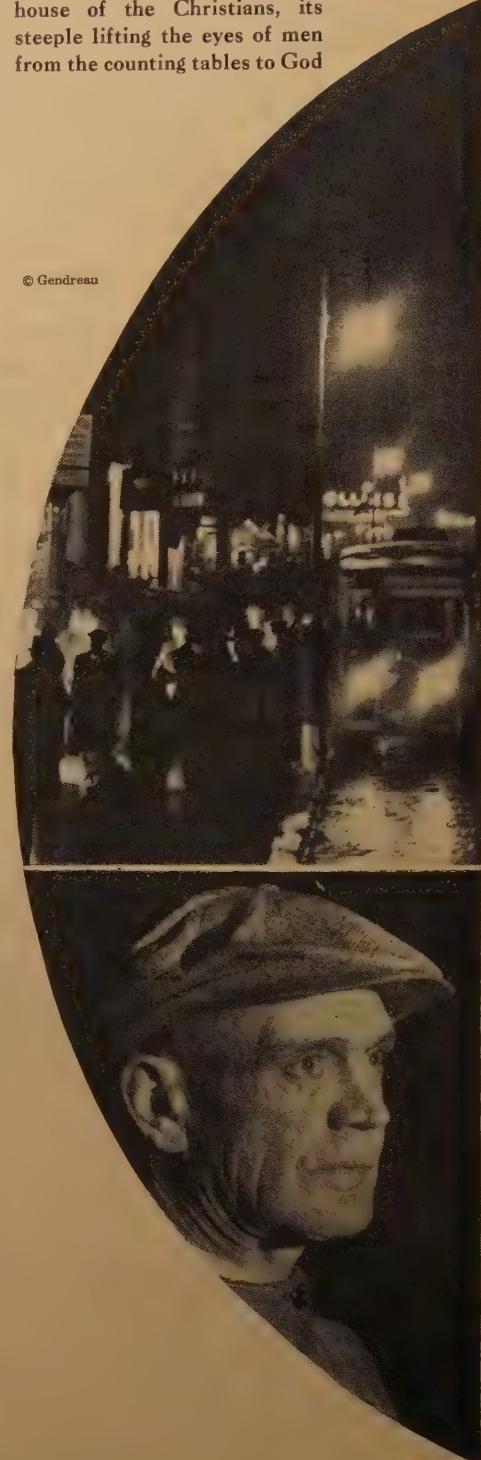
To some, it is like that. The odds are heavy against them: In New York City alone in 1937 there were 500,000 families living in slums; 700,000 jobless; 1,000,000 victims of venereal disease, 7,000 children arrested, 5,000 cases of neglected children brought into court, 1,163 suicides, 1,200,000 children untaught in any religion, 5,000,000 people unassociated with any Christian church.

But there is a bright side to the city. Some win! Some don't give up. They discover that out of the cornucopia of the metropolis pour good fruits as well as bad. They learn that the city has a soul. They seize the good fruits; they toil upward in the night while others go to the movies. They go to school. They go to church.

Church! The Church is still in the city, still part of its life. Skyscrapers, industries, merchant princes have come and gone, but even yet in the heart of the marts of trade and business is the meeting house of the Christians, its steeple lifting the eyes of men from the counting tables to God. Uptown, downtown, across the tracks, out on the boulevard—anywhere in the city you come on a church. Churches with skyscrapers built over and around them. One-room churches in the middle of a tenement block. Dusty, deserted, despairing, "the-community-has-changed-and-ruined-us" churches on side streets, completely surrounded with new business houses and their congregations moved away. Churches once housing congregations of old American stock, now ministering to German, Czech, Italian,

In the heart of the marts of trade is the meeting house of the Christians, its steeple lifting the eyes of men from the counting tables to God

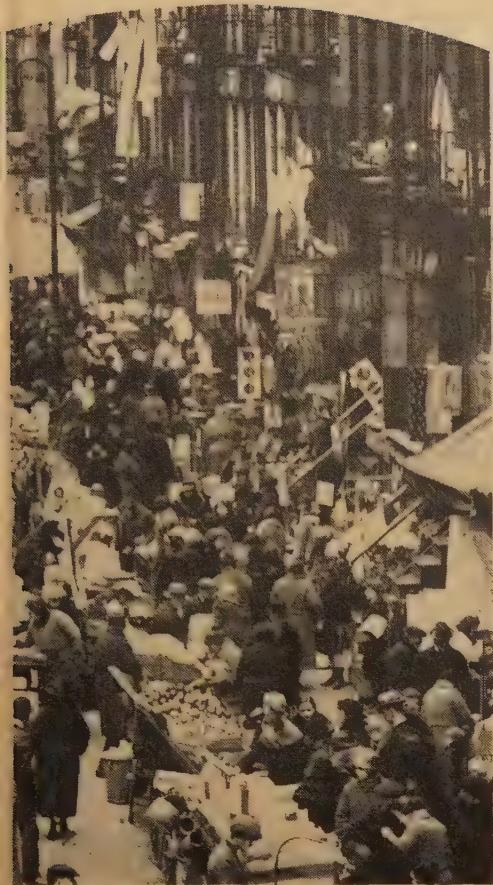
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Spanish groups, as the neighborhood has changed. Churches that are Protestant islands completely surrounded by Roman Catholic populations. Institutional churches, with gyms, clinics, manual training schools, stages for folk dances, chapels adapted for foreign-language services. Seamen's homes.

Perhaps Christ weeps over the city now as he wept over Jerusalem. There is much to weep about. But it is better to think of Him not as one poet has it, leaning against a wall and crying for Calvary, but as that unknown poet in the British *St. Martin's Review* puts it:

But still he watches them surging by, with their laughter and bitter scorn,



of the myriad conflicting forces in the human maelstrom is the Church, symbol of Christ



© Gendreau

Rising up out



For long ago in Bethlehem in an inn a child was born.
He was couched on straw in a stable-yard and toiled for his daily bread,
And today he keeps the Inn of God where all men may be fed.

Lest we forget it, Christ did more than weep over the city; he came down into it to be crucified. What is needed in our modern city is not more weeping but more doing. There are agencies at work, in the name of Christ and home missions, attacking its loneliness, injustice, sickness, crime, suspicion, fatal haste and racial

hatreds. . . .

Over the cross of Christ was a sign, "Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews." It was written in three languages, that all men might read. Over the door of a church in downtown New York is a sign reading, "The Church of All Nations." It is written in four languages: English, Russian, Italian and Chinese. Some day they may have to add to these, for through those portals every day pass the people of eighteen different nationalities. It is a clearing house of tongues, backgrounds, 'isms and faiths.

This isn't an old church; in this neighbor-

hood, the old churches have all disappeared. They were German churches, and the homes around them were the homes of good solid German Protestants. Then the *General Slocum* caught fire in the East River on June 15, 1904, with eighteen hundred aboard on a Sunday School picnic; one thousand were drowned or burned to death, and there was heartbroken sorrow in the German homes from the Battery to Union Square. In time the Germans moved away from the stricken area. In came, Irish, Polish, Russian, Italian, in successive waves. One after another they took over the whole section, and the church, desperate before the swift onslaught of different faiths and the variety of needs, was hard pressed to know what to do. The problem was to provide a place for worship and a form familiar to the widely different groups that moved in and out so swiftly.

The Church of All Nations answered the challenge by taking them all in under one roof. You might drop in there tomorrow and find a service going on in a number of different languages. In Italian, with an Italian preacher in charge. In Russian, led by a Russian minister, with a congregation that will make you think you are in Moscow. Or for Chinese; half the membership of the international service is Chinese, with Poles, Italians, Japanese, Jews, and Ukrainians.

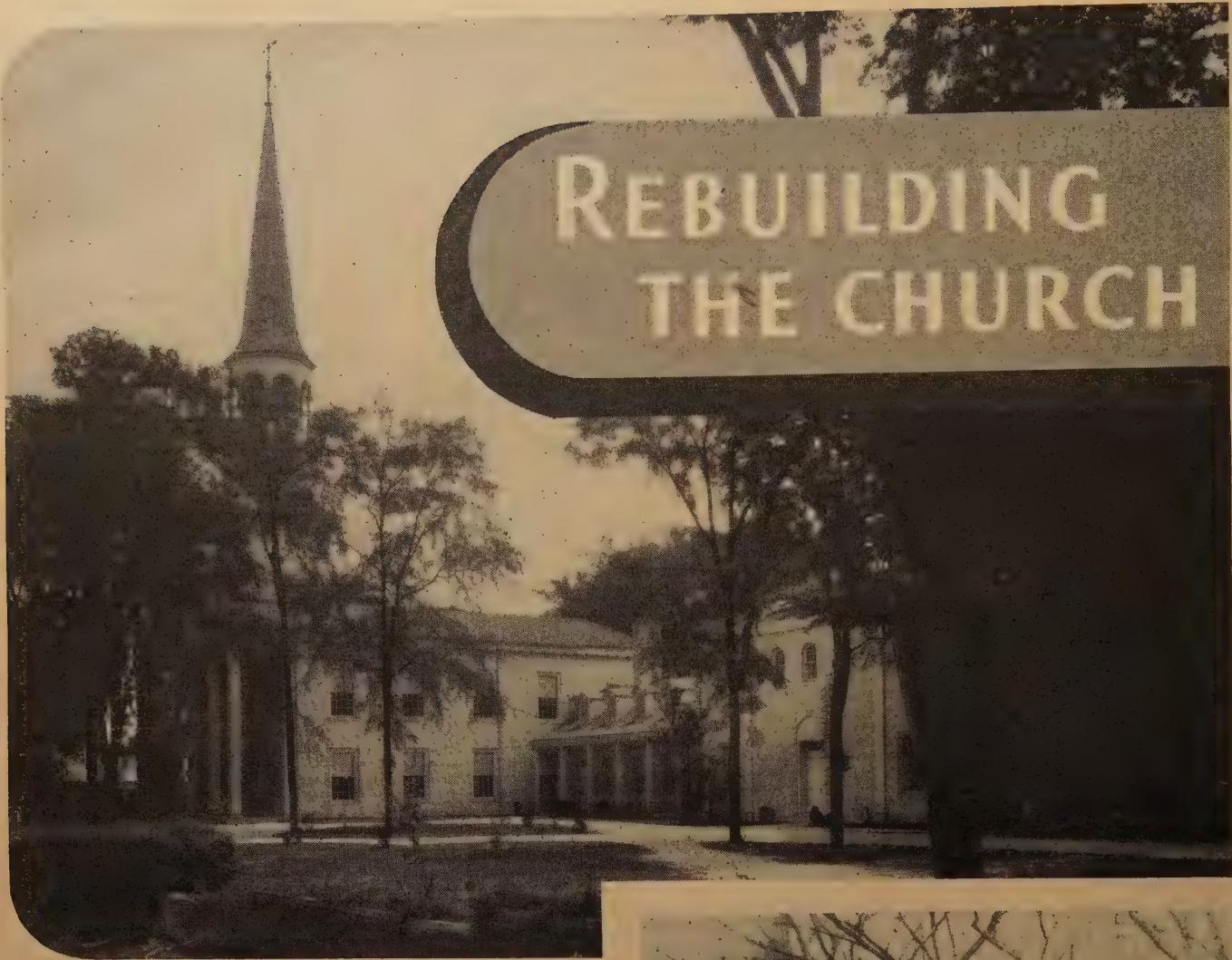
Drop in on a weekday or night. You can always get in; they have thrown the key away. You'll see a nursery school, a kindergarten, boys' clubs, girls' clubs, adult groups. "We can have a class in almost anything if we really want it," says one youngster. Here is part of the report for 1938: 191 activities every week, 4,000 average attendance a week; twenty boys' clubs, twelve girls' clubs, 6,000 vacation days provided for 612 children and parents. A five-story beehive, a seven-day-a-week proof that the Church can and does change its attack to meet changing conditions, that among its greatest contributions is the maintenance of worship among shifting congregations. This Church of All Nations is a step ahead of the times, fighting the social and racial conflicts of today and providing a leadership for tomorrow.

Near its door are streets full of pushcarts, streets where abandoned houses offer boys a chance to play "gangster" and where bums find partial refuge from the cold. Streets lined with old-law tenement houses. Streets where youth and adult spend their idle hours in playing cards and throwing dice. Above all, streets where the hatreds and misunderstandings of the Old World are transplanted.

Now the Church of All Nations feels that there is something more important than Americanization; it is Christianization. It takes a good Christian to make a good American; you have to start with Christ's teachings of love, equality, tolerance, neighborliness; before you get democracy. They proved this with Dimitry.

Dimitry isn't his name; we would violate a confidence in giving you that. The writer was with him in college, although nobody knew much about him except that he was a quiet sort, a good scholar who stayed by himself, never joined a club and disappeared from the campus as soon as classes were (*Continued on page 55*)

REBUILDING THE CHURCH



THE ABOVE BEAUTIFUL CHURCH, A TRUE HOUSE OF WORSHIP AMONG ITS SHELTERING TREES, IS THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, FAYETTEVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA, REMODELED FROM THE OLD BUILDING SHOWN AT THE RIGHT. HOBART UPJOHN, ARCHITECT

By

WALTER A. TAYLOR, A. I. A.

Consultant, Interdenominational
Bureau of Architecture

Associate of the Office of Hobart Upjohn

 THE great majority of church building projects are not new buildings but alterations and enlargements of existing churches, for the obvious reason that most organized congregations which are in a spiritually healthful condition and consequently suffering growing pains, have some kind of edifice, which in most cases they wish—or are obliged—to continue to use.

Of course there are new towns, growing cities, population and real estate changes, and fires, sometimes blessings in disguise, which necessitate the entirely new buildings which are pictured in the newspapers, church and architectural magazines.

But the architect whose work is constantly with churches finds that most of his projects, in good times or bad, involve the adaptation or utilization of existing buildings. As an architect, he might prefer to do nothing but cathedrals, or at least nothing but brand new buildings for congregations with plenty of money, but the hard facts are otherwise and the ex-

perienced Church Architect acquires a realistic point of view which is sympathetic with the minister and committeemen who come to him with their problem, and their old building, or what is left of it after a fire.

This passion for beauty and this ability, properly under control and harnessed to the physical and financial realities of the average church, can sometimes accomplish miracles comparable on a small scale to the effect of a cathedral.

At the beginning of his study of your problem, the experienced church architect or consultant will ask a number of questions which may appear to be foolish or unnecessary. He knows that, if he is to serve the church well, he should analyze the whole program of the church just as carefully as if he were planning a completely new building.

In many cases the information he asks for has to be compiled by the minister



This is the same Fayetteville church before remodeling

and church officers and this helps them to crystallize in their own minds the organization and needs of the church, present and future.

Many churches are not able to do at one time all that needs to be done, and they wisely develop, with their architect, an ultimate plan comprising a number of units or projects which they may undertake over a period of five, ten, or fifteen years. This carefully planned program insures that each step is a permanent, contributing part of the final. Cheap, temporary alterations or additions are bad investments from every point of view—cost of maintenance, stability, durability, weather-tightness, heating cost and appearance.

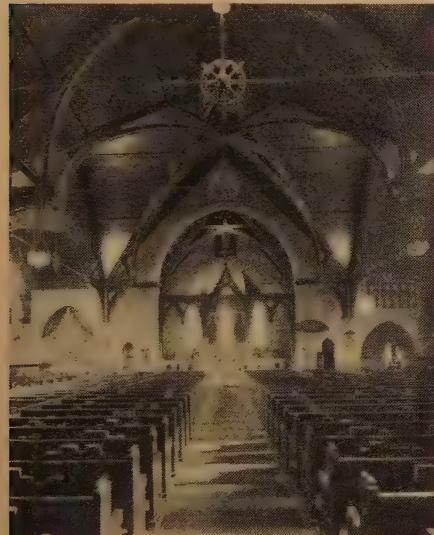
There is almost no salvage value in the building materials of a razed church, un-

less it be built principally of stone. In any case, the labor that went into the old building, half or more of the cost, is lost. Therefore when a building is structurally sound and of reasonable shape, the effort should be made to adapt or include it in a design for present requirements, possibly moved to another part of the property.

This is not generally true, however, of foundation walls left after a fire, or of finished basements on which the intended church was never built. In many cases the original church design would now be outmoded or too large. In such cases it is a saving to build one length of new foundation wall for a few hundred dollars and avoid much larger expenditures for cost and maintenance of building of unneeded size or complication.

No matter how urgent the building need may be, the church should allow enough time for program study and for the architect to make the preliminary design studies, often several alternatives, from which one plan and design is selected and approved.

It is much easier to revise or erase mistakes from data sheets and preliminary sketches than it is to erase them from a completed building, or even from a complete set of architect's contract drawings and specifications. The period of preliminary study is the most vital part of the planning of the church building. In



Above, interior of St. Luke's Presbyterian Church, Montclair, New Jersey, "before"

many cases the inexperienced or poorly trained architect will seize upon the first idea that occurs to him or the committee, and will invest so much of his time in elaborate drawings of it that he is obliged to "sell" the idea to the church even though it may be an incorrect or incomplete answer to the problem.

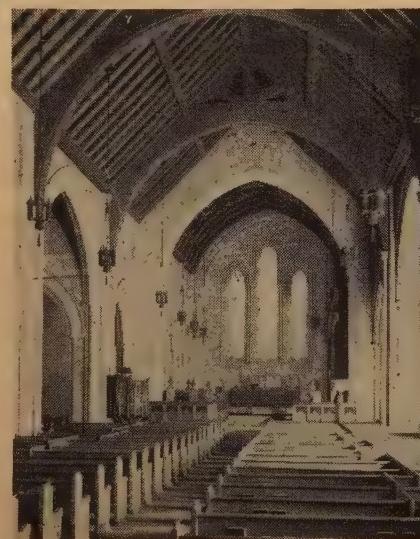
It is estimated that ninety per cent of Protestant Churches are inadequate for all or part of the church's program.

Most of the questions to be considered in the planning come under the headings of the Three-Fold Program of the Modern Church:—Religious Education, Social Recreation, and Worship. It is usually the need of bringing the old building up-to-date for some part or all of this Program that brings about the building project.

Religious Education

The need of more or better space for the Sunday School is now most readily recognized, but too often the means proposed are those first used fifty years ago when the Sunday School was a new experiment, when children were herded into musty basements and other ill-lighted and unventilated spaces. Every day of this year, 1938, a church somewhere will decide to "dig out a basement under the church for the Sunday School," where they will try to teach young children about the beauty of God's world and of Jesus' life. State and city laws would not permit the public schools to teach anything in such a space. Some modern Christians, it would seem, have inherited this burrowing instinct from the Early Christians of the Catacombs. Some basement space is necessary for heating and useful for storage, social hall, men's class and club room, but should not be used for religious education unless the size of the property makes it absolutely necessary.

Untold thousands of dollars have been spent since 1890 for Sunday School buildings of the Akron plan—architectural monstrosities, inside and out, which, during the few years when they were used as intended, could be used only fifty-two hours out of 8760. In some cases where these buildings are not too fantastic they can be remodeled within the shell of the



After remodeling, the same church looks like this. Hobart Upjohn, Architect

building, to include a hundred per cent increase in usable floor area and a variety of assembly and classrooms properly proportioned and arranged for departmental school, most of the rooms having two or more uses for various activities of the seven-day week church program.

Wherever possible the partitions, while solid and soundproof, may be non-bearing and free of pipes and wiring so that they may be relocated for future changes in method or program of teaching. This, however, does not admit the sliding, folding or rolling partitions or open alcoves. Educational leaders and experienced architects agree that such partitions contribute practically nothing to effective teaching or saving of space. They cannot be made soundproof and so provide only sight separation which can be done much

more simply and cheaply by means of curtains.

Worship and Religious Education may overlap in the chapel, seating from 60 to 100. The chapel will be simple but definitely worshipful in design. It should have a fairly direct public entrance. It may be left open daily for prayer and meditation and may be preferred for weddings and funerals. During the Sunday School period it may be used alternately or jointly by older departments for worship services, occasionally taking the place of the assembly.

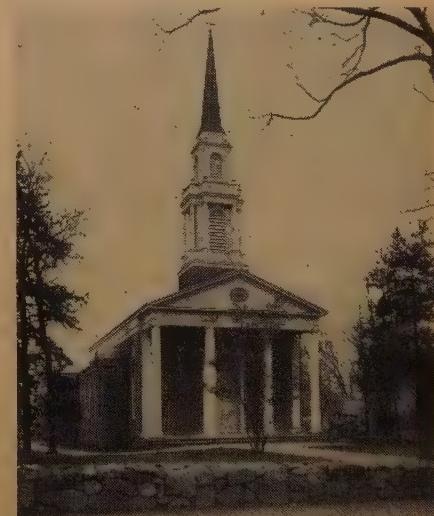
Social Recreation

Not one church in a hundred can afford to build separate rooms of every type required for the seven-day a week program of the modern church. Most churches must have their building planned and equipped so that all of the important spaces will have two or more uses during the week. This efficient overlapping occurs naturally between the Religious Education and the Social Recreation, but there must be definite provision in the size, arrangement, materials, storage, and service spaces and equipment of each part so that there can be "a place for everything and everything in its place."

The most important room for this part of the program, the general-purpose Social Hall, requires the most care in design and specification. It must have good acoustics as a general assembly of the Sunday School and as a lecture hall. It must have a level floor and adequate kitchen and serving space for church suppers and social affairs, sometimes upon



Presbyterian Church, Chapel Hill, North Carolina, "before"



The same building, now known as the Sprunt Memorial Church, after remodeling. Hobart Upjohn, Architect

the same occasion as its use for pageants or dramatic entertainment without interruption or conflict. Also it must have surface materials and lighting fixtures which will not be damaged by games and minor athletics. It should have direct public entrance without opening up other parts of the church building. To meet all of these requirements in a new structure is difficult enough; to accomplish it in the modernization of an old building may tax the ingenuity of the best architect.

Next in importance and size is the church parlor or living room in a fairly public main-floor location, for adult Bible classes, many Sunday and week-day meetings of women's and young people's groups. If the sanctuary is large and there is no separate chapel, this room may be designed as an informal chapel for small weddings, funerals and prayer meetings, otherwise it will be comfortably furnished as a living room. In any case it will have a kitchenette and ample chair, table and equipment storage.

Similar care in planning for remodeling will provide definite places, without extravagance, for such varied needs as choir robes, trustees' and deacons' council rooms, library, Sunday School secretary, Scouts, etc.

One or more of the larger Sunday School assembly rooms for Senior or Young People will be finished and furnished as club rooms, rather than as school rooms, and will have a kitchenette or dumbwaiter service from the main kitchen.

Many churches, in laying down a building program, call for more large spaces than necessary and not enough medium-size and smaller spaces. Few churches can afford more than two large spaces; the sanctuary, and the general-purpose social hall, designed for as many uses as possible. It is often proposed to open adjoining average-sized rooms into each other by means of folding doors, the combined area of the two being about the same as some other single room in the building or plans. This duplication only spoils the two smaller rooms in appearance and in sound-proofness.

Worship

Worship, one of man's instinctive activities and a basic human need, has found many and varied expressions. Especially among Protestant Christians the traditions of liberality and independence have given rise to a great variety with unusual emphasis on this or that part of the worship service. Yet there is general similarity of worship in all of the non-liturgical churches which is almost as standardized as that of an Episcopal or Lutheran Church, and which is expressed in church architecture in the high rostrum, the prominent central pulpit and the high choir loft, facing the congregation under the wide expanse of dummy organ pipes. This typical arrangement which might serve equally well for a lecture or concert hall, is not conducive to worship and is now being seriously questioned by many church leaders.

We now hear and read on all sides pertinent questions: Have we leaned too heavily on the spoken word and the entertain-

ment type of music? Should not our churches be more conducive to reverence and meditation? Should not the choir, in a less conspicuous location, assist the congregation in worship rather than perform at the congregation? Our people seem to be starved for beauty of form, color, sound and movement. Do our Puritan traditions prevent us from believing in the holiness of beauty as well as the beauty of holiness? Can we not have harmony, unity, symmetry, dignity, warmth and color in the architecture and worship of the Church?

Many churches have remodeled their buildings solely for the purpose of improving or changing their worship service. In order that the changes made may be most helpful there should be a genuine desire and understanding by the congregation. There should be a rethinking of what is the real use and meaning of the communion table, the baptistry, the pulpit, the reading desk, the musicians and organ. This reconsideration usually leads to a desire to give the Table of the Lord's

than one and one-half times the average attendance, actual or reasonably anticipated. It is better to have standing room only, once or twice a year, than to have the church only one-third to one-half full fifty Sundays of the year.

It is often possible to arrange a wide narthex and the church parlor at the rear of the sanctuary, available for overflow seating. Such extra seating area, when placed at the side of the sanctuary, is undesirable as seating and spoils the appearance of the auditorium.

While the chancel should be richer in color and design, the main body of the church should harmonize with it in color and architectural forms. Many church buildings have a basically good shape but unfortunately some others are afflicted with the bowed floor-radiating aisle-corner pulpit combination, which Dr. Luccock has truthfully said is "enough to set our very morals askew." Such a building may require a major operation or at least rearrangement and transformation within the shell of the building. This may include the substitution of rectangular blocks of straight pews, which will increase seating ten per cent to fifteen per cent and the elimination of the bowed floor, that strange and useless inheritance from the theater, peculiar to the churches of America.

In a theater it is desirable that each person in the audience see the feet of actors anywhere on a large level stage; therefore the floor is pitched. There is no reason why we should see the feet of the minister and choir. The necessary sight lines are much more simply obtained by elevating parts of the platform or chancel. This reduces somewhat the necessary pitch of the gallery. However, it may be only necessary to make some changes in the color scheme, windows or architectural treatment. Remarkable transformation may be accomplished by means of new lighting fixtures of proper design and arrangement. Every church is such a distinct problem that it is only by chance that a stock design of lighting fixtures can be found which is the right combination of size, style, color, finish and light distribution for a particular sanctuary. Fixtures especially designed by the architect, aided by the illuminating engineer, are more effective and often more economical than stock fixtures doctored to fit special needs.

The ideal sanctuary is one which, whatever its architectural style, possesses a distinctly worshipful atmosphere, so that upon entering it alone at any time of the day or week, one instinctively doffs his hat and offers a prayer to Almighty God, knowing that this is His House. This kind of place is not created by haphazard efforts of half a dozen kinds of craftsmen. The architect alone is by training capable of visualizing the whole effect before it is actually brought together. So far as possible everything should be entrusted to his judgment and selection.

The church of today is really a very special kind of institution having a rather complex program of several kinds of activities. The planning of a building which will efficiently and beautifully house this program involves hundreds of questions, the answering of which requires expert judgment.

CHANGED VOICES

Young man, young man,
What is it you hear,
When the dusk is stealing down
And the stars appear?
Singing voices come to me
Through the lilac trees,
And they fill my heart with ships
And the crashing seas.

Old man, old man,
What is it you hear,
When the shadows hide the sun
And the dark draws near?
Weeping voices come to me
Through the flying foam,
And they fill my heart with dreams
Of the fields—and home.

Edgar Daniel Kramer

Supper an elevated position of dignity where it will not serve as a hat rack or shelf for collection plates. There may be also an urge to provide a significant setting for the baptistry, to reserve the pulpit for the minister's prophetic message, to provide a separate desk for the reading of Holy Scripture.

The arrangement of these important elements is made especially difficult by the problem of keeping the choir in the central group but not too conspicuous. The architect or consultant will be able to show photographs of chancel arrangements in other churches and to sketch possible arrangements in relation to the dimensions and architecture of the existing structure. In any case the whole design will have a definite accent or focal point, a symbol or symbolic painting which will mark the sanctuary unmistakably as a place of Christian worship.

Ministers and building committees often overestimate the desired sanctuary seating capacity. The fixed seating in the body of the church should not be more

SHAKESPEARE

gets me down

By Beatrice Plumb



HEFTY

 SO GROANED "Hefty," a High School boy of foreign parentage, who still writes to me regularly because of an article which appeared in *Christian Herald* several years ago. It was about famous physicians and surgeons who had been ministers' sons—Herman Boerhaave of Holland, Jenner of England, Grenfell of Labrador, Walter Reed of America.

For over four years now Hefty has been writing me brief, boyish accounts of his ups and downs. He has no literary style. The tempo is the same whether he tells of the teeth he broke while playing ball, or of the solo he is to sing in the anthem next Sunday in church.

His schoolboy letters bristle with the current classroom slang. At one time I felt constrained to remark that in my opinion his favorite adjectives expressed nothing because they had been used to express everything.

"I know it's dumb," he wrote back contritely, "the way I say things are swell or crummy. My English teacher jumped us about it, too, and wrote on the board: 'Notice. There is to be no more sloppy English spoken in this classroom.' But it didn't do any good. Their talk is as fierce as ever. . . ."

The way Hefty became a *Christian Herald* reader is one of those strange happenings which occur every so often to give us a fleeting glance, as it were, of the Divine Blueprint that is behind the blinding dust of the building.

Hefty's class had been given a harrowing major project. Each pupil was to choose a career, then make a scrapbook of articles, pictures and clippings pertaining to it. Hefty found it "a tough assignment." In a foreign home where little English is spoken, where there are few books and no magazines, there was little to help. He trudged to the Main Library, and in the face of that maze of books, came home in a daze.

Hefty was then our errand boy. His father kept a little neighborhood grocery store. Out of school hours Hefty sold papers, mowed lawns in the summer and shoveled snow in the winter, and did any sort of odd jobs to help buy his clothes



and school books. There were eight sons in the family, and somehow—or other Hefty's hard-working parents had already managed to give the older ones a high school education. When times were good they worked in factory, machine shop or packing shed. When times were bad they "lived off Dad's grocery shelves." Hefty, next to the youngest, had always known that when he was through school he could get a job on a milk wagon helping his oldest brother.

Then came that fateful assignment. In his extremity Hefty brought it to me.

"You're a writer. Will you show me how to write a book? My teacher says I've got to. Of all the screwy things—"

As his smouldering indignation exploded all over my writing room, I took stock of him—of that earnest dark face; of the broad shoulders already stooped from delivering too heavy grocery loads when a mere child; of the faded blue sweater with the holes at the elbows twisted, he hoped, out of sight; of his enormous hands, rough and raw from constant stoking of furnaces, and now as full of resentment as the rest of him.

"Sit down, Hefty," I soothed, "and tell me all about it."

He needed no urging. That meanest of all teachers! He'd like to break her neck! "What she expects me to do," he snorted, "is to find a career and write a

book about it. If I don't, I get a *D* again—”

He was a typical young foreigner, I decided, from the top of his head where blue-back hair curled in tight little rings, to his big shoes, sadly in need of repair but enameled to a high polish to conceal the fact. I studied his young face where white teeth flashed in his dark-skinned countenance. His mouth and chin showed that he had always had to fight to survive. My survey reached his eyes—and there stopped.

Instead of being a ferret-quick, evasive black, they were a steady direct iron-grey. Their unwavering gaze drew like a magnet. They held an odd power, a transparent honesty, an undeniable dignity. Fringed in their long silky black lashes, they stared seriously at me while I dug back through the years trying to recall where I had seen such eyes before.

Suddenly my obliging subconscious rushed to the surface with the answer, clear from Harley Street, London! Doctor Rossiea's eyes, of course! They'd always claimed he cured half his patients with those amazing, healing eyes of his.

It was then I remembered "The Healing Hem of His Garment," my article in *Christian Herald* about famous physicians and surgeons who had been ministers' sons. I smiled at the grocer's son with the doctor's eyes. Why not make a Physician's Book for his project?

I hunted up the back number containing the article, and then began to read it aloud. The tranced way in which he listened improved my reading. When I reached the end I looked up. The grey eyes were blazing. "Gee!" he whispered. "Gee!" And right then and there the determination to be a "Christian Doctor" laid hold of the boy with all the power of a divine call. From that moment he never wavered. The dream dominated and transformed his life.

Like many boys raised in such foreign homes, he had never learned to love books. He had no interest even in the newspapers beyond the comic strips. But now he began to wade his laborious way through press articles bearing on medical subjects. Paul de Kruif was writing a series of magazine articles on the fight against various diseases. Hefty ate them up—slowly, it is true, but voraciously. The *Readers' Digest* published excerpts about new discoveries in the field of medicine. Hefty's voice would shake with eager excitement—and impatience at his own slowness—as he read them aloud before clipping them to paste in his Career Book.

That book was no longer "a tough assignment." It was a glowing labor of love. I can still see his absorbed young face bent to the task, his massive hands, their clumsiness lost in a gentle precision, pasting in press clippings about Detroit's fight against tuberculosis. Hefty's baby brother had died of this dread disease, and the big fellow still winced at the mention of the little boy's name.

Hefty had an astonishing number of adult friends. They all caught his enthusiasm, and saved him suitable pictures and clippings for his Doctor's Book. He learned to type, in a new yearning for neatness. He drove us almost mad while in the throes of making the index.

When his Book took the first prize, not only in his class, but in the entire city, his

mother saw it as a sign that he was destined to be a doctor. Was he not the seventh son of a seventh son? And, too, in Syrian Beirut were not her own uncle and three nephews famous medical men? When that uncle was but a lad of Hefty's age, he had walked forty miles, carrying his bed on his back, to a Christian school where he could begin his studies.

Until then she had regarded slow, stolid Hefty as the son on whom even High School would be wasted. Now she gave him time for home study, allowed him to begin that little bank account "to pay for college." Next year he will enter Wayne University.

It has been a steady, hard pull for Hefty, who has to dig for everything he learns. Many a midnight has found him with his black, curly head dropped down on his home work, sound asleep, worn out with a day that started at five a.m.—and his tussle with "that hard old English."

But there have been inspiring moments along the grinding way—like glowing lamps when he most needed them. The banquet, for instance. He actually trembled when he told me about it.

Hefty waxes the floors for a certain capable lady who lives in a big apartment house not far from his Dad's grocery store. She is secretary to a scientist connected with Mr. Ford's research department. There was a congress in Detroit of great medical men, and one evening several of them were to speak at a big public banquet. The secretary had complimentary tickets, and she gave Hefty two, one for himself and one for his chum, Joe.

Hefty walked on air; for if he only could survive the banquet, with its strain on his table manners, he'd not only see his hero, Paul de Kruif, but hear him!

He borrowed his brother's Sunday suit, slicked his hair flat with olive oil, and followed Joe, who having once been a bell hop there, knew his way around in the big hotel.

Hefty didn't eat much—not because the food was American, but because of the lump which came in his throat at the thought that here he was sitting at a table with great doctors.

The secretary was dressed beautifully—"like a princess in the pictures," he told me. And she led him up to Paul de Kruif and introduced him!

Hefty told me the rest with long pauses between his words for fear the tears in his eyes would reach his throat.

"He put his arm . . . around my shoulder . . . and walked the whole . . . length of the room . . . with me . . . talking to me . . . as if I was . . . as if I was—"

"What, Hefty?"

"Of some importance. Like an interne. I wasn't afraid. I could talk to him, like I talk to you. I told him I was going to be a doctor. He said, 'Yes. I believe you are.' After that, I knew nothing could stop me."

Hefty had another inspiring experience when his Sunday School sent him as a delegate to a week's summer conference at Cranbrook, a beautiful Oxford-like school for the children of the rich. For one of the speakers was a medical missionary from Alaska, and Hefty followed him about like a shadow, even persuading his fellow delegates to "chip in their pocket money" towards a donation to help his

mission.

"When he left," Hefty told me, "I carried out all his baggage and wished I could go along and help in his work. He sure was a fine Christian doctor."

I saw Hefty's book of Conference notes. More of it was devoted to the medical missionary's talks than to the Bishop's!

Still another inspiration came to Hefty last summer, through a movie, the star of which was pictured as the Akron's pilot who, when given orders to stay at the wheel of the ill-fated airship and guide her, if possible, to a safe landing, replied quietly, "It shall be done." He survived the wreck, seriously crippled but resolved to succeed in spite of his handicap. The picture had poignant scenes in which the hero limped far behind his fleet-footed competitors, but whenever the going was hardest, he vowed, "It shall be done," and kept struggling on toward his goal.

Hefty was deeply moved. He pondered over the picture for days. Then he decided, "I'm handicapped, too. I'm crippled by being a foreigner."

"You're an American," I protested. "You were born in this country—"

"But not my parents. English is my toughest study. Latin's a lot easier for me. I hate English—it slows me up like that fellow's lameness." I knew it was so. "But," Hefty went on earnestly, "he didn't get sore or sorry for himself because the other guys had it easier. No sir! He said 'It shall be done', and stuck to it. From now on, that's my motto, and I'm through squawking about my English!"

He kept his motto—but not always his resolution! As this letter received a year later, shows:

"Shakespeare gets me down. I have to memorize some lines of Macbeth—if it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well if it were done'—about twenty lines. What's the old bird trying to say anyhow? . . . Chemistry requires study, too, but that's worth it—"

All through the years he has sent me school reports. Some were gay, as: "Yipp-EE! Am I happy! I got the necessary marks for my honor diploma—eighteen honor points. All A's and B's. Even a B plus for that crummy old English." Some others were gloomy, as: "Here's the bad news—Geometry, C; Latin, B; English, C plus (this makes me mad); History, B. . . . The English teacher says she will flunk the whole class. Joe says he should worry. . . . I don't know why I am such a fool as to worry over what she says and the way Mother acts because I got a D—"

With a different teacher, things looked brighter. "Boy!" he marveled, "I never expected to find English anything but a headache, but everything is fun the way this new man teaches it. We were reading Robert Burns' works and he eased us along to the song 'Sweet Afton' and then 'Auld Lang Syne' and let us sing them. He has a swell voice. (He says the same about me.) I got an A on my report on Wordsworth—"

Sometimes it is a hurried note on classroom paper: "I did it! I won the cup for the school. I made two mistakes, but I pulled myself out of the hole by winning. . . . So the old school won the cup for the third time, and for keeps. . . . You would

(Continued on page 59)



THE SEPULTURE OF CHRIST—A BRONZE FROM THE CHURCH OF ST. ANTONIO, PADUA

 AS WE scan the pages of History as a whole, we realize that religion has been the constant influencing force in the development of Art.

The Dark Ages and the revolts are but slight fluctuations on the sine curve of time. Thus, if today, we seem more appreciative of the sleek grace in the lines of the latest model automobile or the ornate lobby of a local theater, than of the subtle carving over the doorway of our parish church, let us be aware of one fact—that of the three, the latter is the only vital and living art. As even our own memory can aptly tell us, a short span of time will remove the former two and the church alone, with its appointments, will remain for posterity.

In modern church work, we are confronted with the obstacle that the majority of our laymen are so apt to think of religious art only in terms of Cathedral building; that they are quite unmindful of the many opportunities already within the realm of their own parish church and procurable within the limits of a modest budget.

Omitting for the moment the glorious masterpieces of the Cathedral of St. John, the Washington Cathedral and other outstanding examples, in order that the element of unusual expense can be entirely disregarded and the possibility of appropriate expression can be brought within the reach of the average congregation, let us sketchily outline the potential opportunities that exist in every church, attempt-

ART IN THE CHURCH

By
Arland A. Dirlam



Rise up! Oh Spires and proclaim
The wondrous glories of His Name.
With earthly effort let us adorn
This Church—this Haven
Where faith is born.

ing to bring out appointments that deserve more than passing attention.

Inasmuch that it is the task of the architect to provide for future inclusion of Religious Art in laying down his designs for a new House of Worship, rather than the problem of the laymen, for whom this discourse is intended, this outline of objects, possessing vital potentialities worthy of artistic study, will be confined to those that can yet be accomplished in structures already existing.

Of prime importance in every church, regardless of denominational background, is the chancel. Here as in no other part of the structure, lie the mystical qualities

that make the service one of spiritual worship, rather than a program for public speaking. If anything about our church claims priority in beautiful artistic expression, portraying the purpose

for which it is intended, it definitely is those ecclesiastical appointments that we seriously set apart, and restrict their use for specific purposes.

The reredos, the altar or communion table, the Cross, the pulpit, and the lectern are the high lights of this category—undisputed elements of correct church design. Frequently in the pinch of the budget of a new building campaign, these elements are not always included in the original furnishings but commonly appear at a later date in the form of memorials. Such a course of development has a two-fold advantage. If the designer has originally conceived the ultimate form properly, he can, upon the completion of the general structure, concentrate upon the development of them and afford them the adequate study they deserve. Secondly, what more lasting memorial could man desire than to have participated in this, the most vital and lasting part of the church?

The reredos, being the framework for the cross and altar, looming high above all else, creates that sense of spiritual uplift and in its broad borders, provides ample opportunity to portray in either forms of natural beauty or in Biblical symbolism, the beautiful story of salvation that the celebration of communion

reveals in all forms of Christian faith.

Varying in its expression, dependent upon its architectural environment, the reredos is constructed of wood or stone, and ranges in elaborateness from masterful stone carvings, embodying the figures of Christ and the Apostles, to simpler wood treatments, whereupon restraint has been placed to a single, yet significant expression, of interwinding bands of grapes and wheat, symbolic of bread and wine. The reredos of St. Thomas' Church, New York City, carved by Sculptor Lee Lawrie, exemplifies the degree of detail and elaborateness that can be obtained, while the comparatively modest wood treatment of the Methodist Church in Belmont, Massachusetts, reveals the inspiring, reverential atmosphere possible within the means of a limited sum.

For a long time, our Protestant people felt that emphasis upon the altar and its accompanying reredos was an appointment reserved only for the liturgical church. Such has not been the case in recent years. Since we have learned that organ pipes, unlike children, are to be heard but not seen, the elimination of the ghastly display of these tubes of gilt permits the architect to reclaim the central focal point for his keynote of design and provides an opportunity for the craftsman to contribute his expression of art.

Enshrined by the framework of the reredos and located above the altar in every worshipfully designed church, stands our great Christian symbol, the Cross. In this year of 1939, we have long put behind us the fear that the Cross is a Roman appointment. The number of Christian churches today which do not display the Cross in a significant position, is rapidly disappearing and the time is not far distant when this symbol will be universally reclaimed by the Protestant Churches as a whole. It is interesting to note that as the Cross becomes more and more an integral part of the composition, the plain, barren stock crosses, generally constructed by a local carpenter and given a coat of gold paint by one of the men in the church, no longer suffice. The Protestant viewpoint of the Cross of Salvation demands a radiance that can never be accomplished by merely nailing together two pieces of wood. Decorative Crosses, sometimes contain symbolic accents of the Evangelists and sometimes are confined to subtle floral decorations. The changing contours of these surfaces catch the dancing rays of light from the nearby windows and create a glowing aurora of mysticism. Decorative Protestant Crosses are becoming an expression of Religious Art of our own time and promise to develop into an element of significant beauty.

Now that the communion table or altar has become a definite permanent appointment in our non-liturgical churches—in-

stead of merely an odd table that is "brought up front" on certain Sundays—further opportunities for artistic expression are available to our present day craftsmen. Striving to catch the feeling of permanence and stability that should be characteristic of any altar, many lovely examples are now appearing in our modern churches, built of stone or wood. Though perhaps not in exact harmony

life of the clergy. Frequently we find in masterful carving, in the side panels, the figures of former pastors or outstanding leaders of the Church. Such scenes, when correctly done, possess a deep significance and achieve in blending together, in artistic sense, the component decorative parts of the structure. The Pulpit of The First Baptist Church, Pittsburgh, although rather elaborate, is quite an excellent example of this success.

Unfortunately, however, many of the pulpits of our contemporary churches, built at the turn of the century, were mere meaningless pedestals, decorated with jigsaws, panels or flamboyant ornament that possessed but little, if any, religious meaning. This superficial decoration and "applied beauty" has retarded the true advancement of real religious art in our time. Aware of the desirability of decoration and the particular need of beauty in any religious setting, the craftsmen of this period, perhaps conscientiously, attempted to achieve adornment. However, instead of seeking deeply into the fields of religion for their inspiration, they permitted themselves to be swayed by contemporary commercial art. It is natural to understand why their work does not then possess a lasting quality.

One must ever remember that above all which religious art must possess, is that of purpose and meaning and any attempt of elaboration without these two characteristics is best undone.

With the passing of the central pulpit, the lectern has become a new appointment to our non-liturgical churches, and further advances the opportunity for even greater scope of religious art. Being an appointment exclusively confined to the reading of the scriptures, its field of inspiration includes a wide scope of ecclesiastical symbolism. Because of its symmetrical location, its design and treatment are best expressed when it harmonizes with and complements the beauty of the pulpit. A substantial sturdiness, enriched with sufficient carving to complete its message, forms the fundamentals for an effective lectern. The Eagle of St. John has been widely used as a motif for lectern treatment in Episcopal Churches, but in our denominational groups, such motifs as the graceful carvings of the Open Book or symbolic indications of Light and the Lamp of Wisdom, have been employed with great effectiveness. The lectern at St. Paul's Church, Chicago, is an excellent example of the heights attainable in this field.

Much can be written on the subject of church windows. Possessing such great artists as Connick, Reynolds, Burnham and D'Ascenzo in this country today, this phase of our church art stands at a peak higher than has ever been attained since the Middle Ages. Having successfully survived the stark (*Continued on page 49*)



THE EAGLE

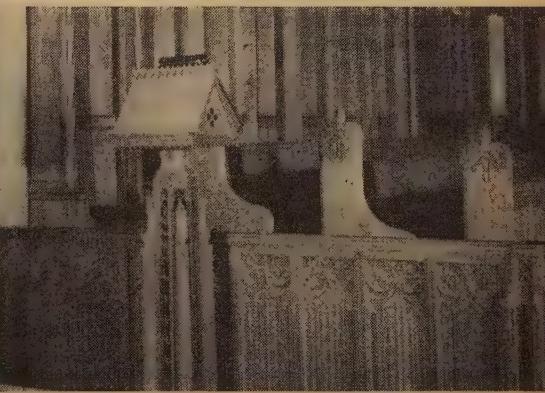
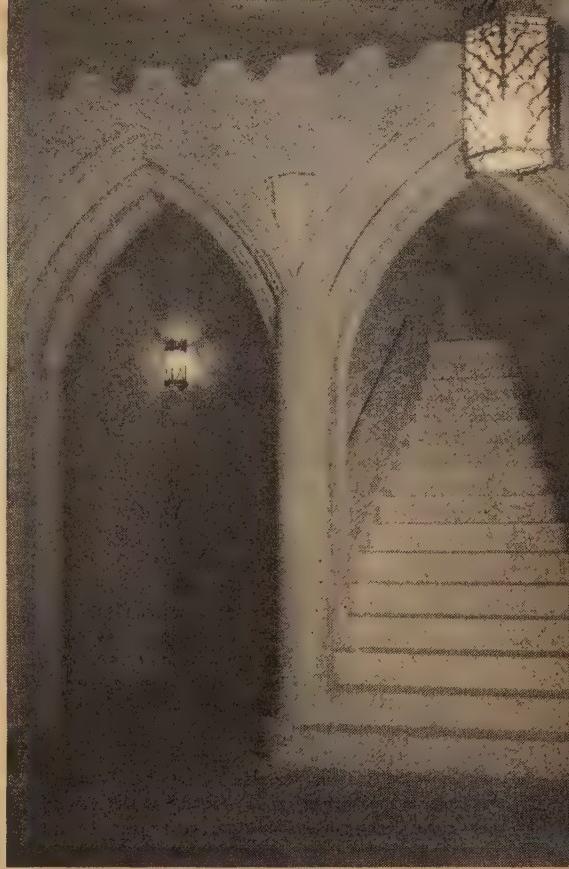
Bronze symbol of St. John the Evangelist
in the Church of St. Antonio, Padua
BY DONATELLO



with its surrounding architecture, the limestone altar—carefully faced with mosaic sections portraying Biblical symbols of Communion—in the Pilgrim Congregational Church, Worcester, Massachusetts, is a splendid example. Affording a note of color as well as creating a spirit of reverence, it marks the first step toward an eventual chancel of true atmosphere.

Because of cost, however, the majority of our new altars, particularly in the smaller churches, have been made of wood. Even a suggestion of decorative moldings or a carved symbolic panel, does a great deal to relieve the mechanical wood turning so frequently found in our church furniture, and accomplishes at such little additional cost, much of that spirit of adoration we so earnestly attempt to embody in church design. The artistically appreciative layman can look well to the altar as an appropriate medium capable of expressing, in tangible form, the spiritual significance that its function holds.

The pulpit affords an excellent opportunity to introduce in an artistic mode, the common interlinking of the secular and the spiritual. Because of its natural affiliation, its decorative expression generally attempts to portray the works or the



A MODERN CHURCH—Above, left, the Heinz Memorial Chapel, University of Pittsburgh, French Gothic in style. This chapel symbolizes the union of Education and Religion, this being depicted by the shields on the outside of the building, and by the stained glass windows. Above, right, the stairs leading to the balcony of the Chapel; center, the lectern and choir stalls; below, left, the chancel and choir; below, right, pillars and arches, looking toward the rear of the nave. Charles Z. Klauder, Architect, Philadelphia.



By

Charles J. St. John

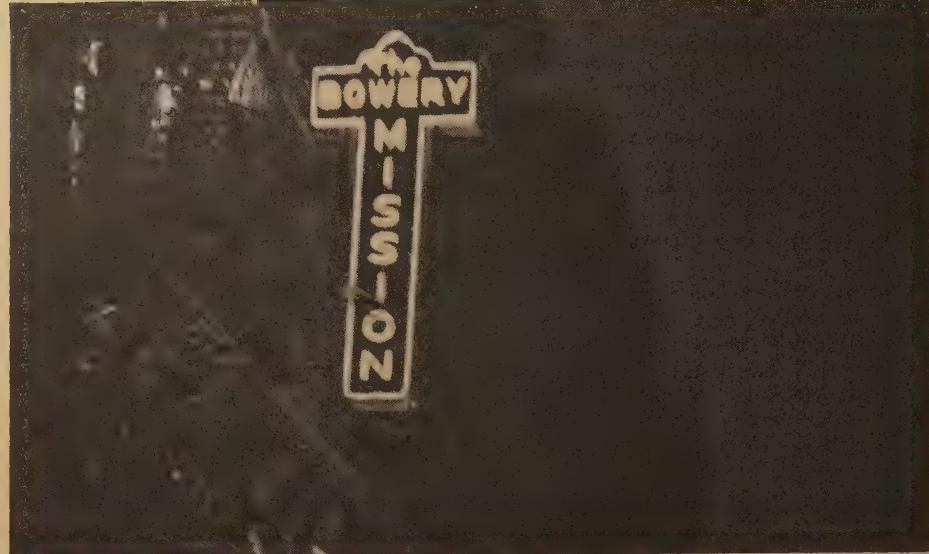
As told to
Janet Mabie

 IT'S just five years now since I came to work, with the *Christian Herald* folks, at the Bowery Mission. Those of you who listen to the Sunday afternoon broadcasts, and who read the articles about the Mission in *Christian Herald*, keep in touch with the actual week-by-week, month-by-month news of the Mission. And yet somehow, at this five-year milestone, I thought you might like to have me go over with you personally some of the experiences of those last five years, and tell you a little about what we hope to do in the years ahead. In a sense the fact of my being engaged in your work at the Mission at all, stems so clearly from things that are a part of my earlier life, that I relate them briefly.

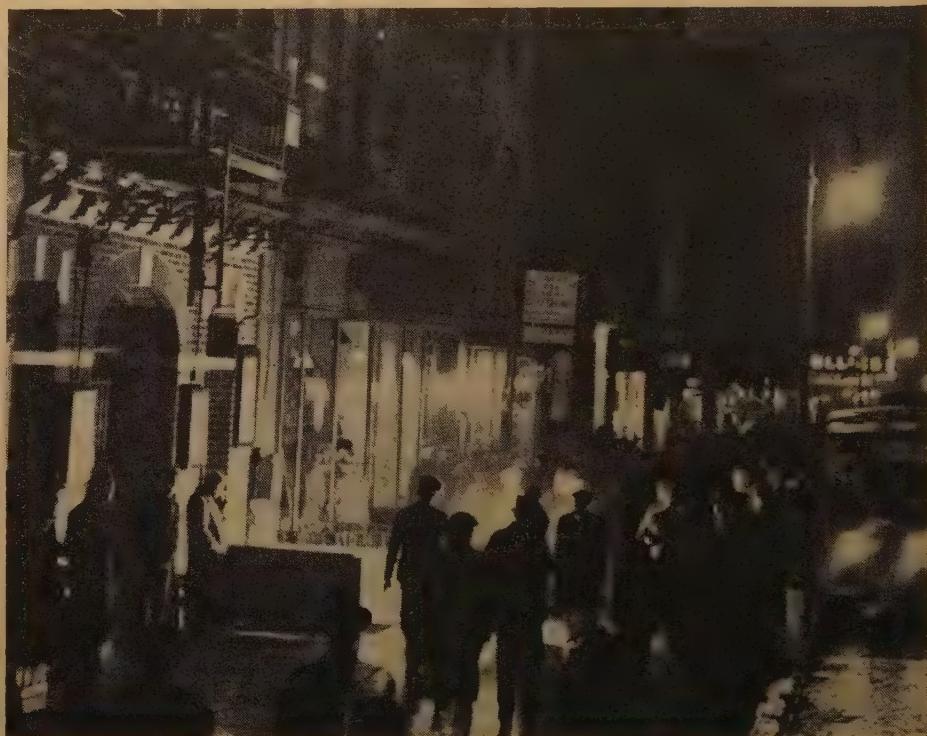
I graduated from college in 1915. One of seven sons, my boyhood was spent in a small town in the deep South. My mother, Sarah St. John, God-fearing, a wonderful, warm-hearted, gallant woman, was never too busy with her exacting job of bringing up a mess of boys to find time during each twenty-four hours for family prayers, and the spending of a quiet hour with us, when she put into our thoughts and hearts the simple fundamental things which made her life a pattern we should all have followed more closely.

From a young boy, it was my mother's express desire that I should be a preacher. It's absolutely impossible for me to tell you what set me against doing what she wanted me to do, but the plain fact was I wanted to be anything but a preacher. I suppose it was the core of this revolt against her wishes that, when I went off to college, I chose all the wrong kind of friends, with an almost shameful haste. Further and further I drifted away from her influence and her ideals. And so my college years were used any way but fruitfully! I drank more and more. I ran with the wildest associates I could find—somehow the pace we went, the recklessness, the confusion, made a noise in my ears which drowned out my mother's gentle, patient voice.

It ought to have cut me to the heart when her letters came, and I saw blistered places on the pages, where her tears had dropped as she wrote. But I set my jaw instead, reading the words; "Oh Charlie! Charlie! this isn't like you. Not like my boy! Don't you remember—when you were little—how we used to read the Bible in the evening, all of us together, when the chores were done, and it was quiet, and sweet in our little home? You used to say, at bedtime, 'Mother, I love you, and I will grow up and be a fine man,



MY FIRST FIVE YEARS



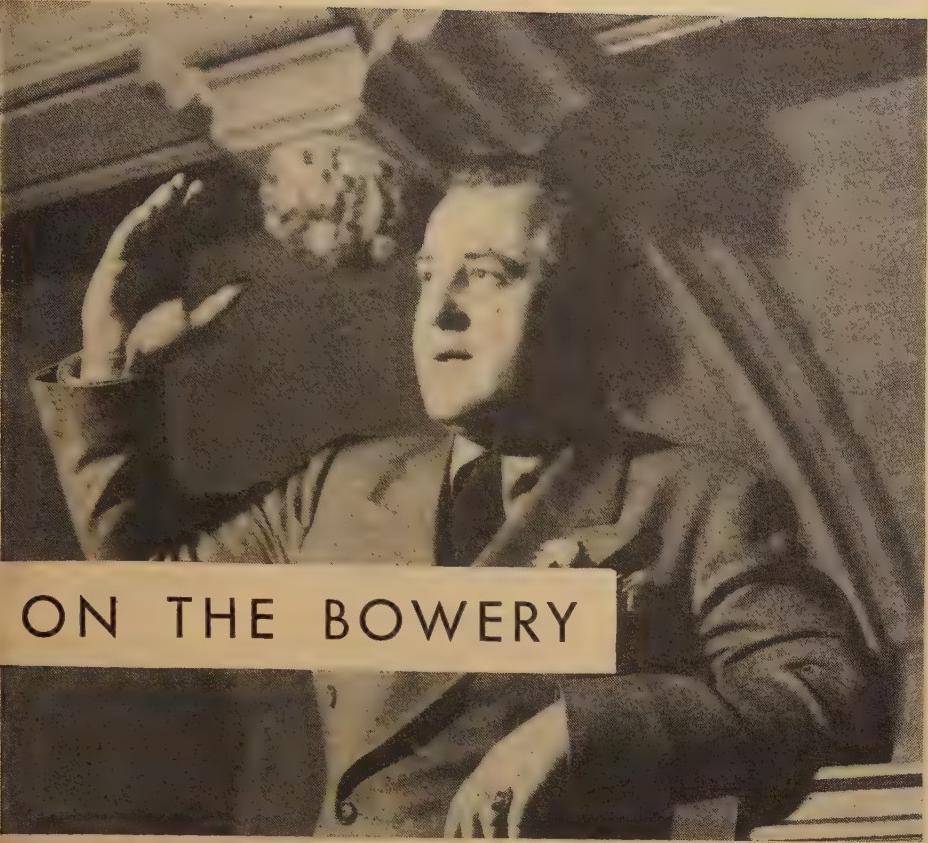
to please you;' But Charlie, you're hurting me now. And you're doing something else. You're hurting yourself, Charlie. However, I can wait. I know there'll be a change. All this isn't you. Not the real you. Down deep, Charlie, you're a good boy—and *I'll never give you up*—"

A lot of the men who come to us at the Bowery Mission have known that kind of mother. The mothers of some of these men are still living, and I know as well as if I had letters from them—which, by the way I do, by the score—that they, like my mother are waiting. Waiting for their John, or Bob, or Jimmy or Harry to get away from the bad, back to the good course of life. A lot of these men, who walk the Bowery, these dark nights have known heaven's kind of mother. And that, in itself, makes a bond between me and the men of the Bowery.

Well, the war came and I enlisted in the

Marines. I had been drifting, drifting, from one job to another, trying to earn a living, taking time out for a spree as often as I dared, never really succeeding at any job, never satisfied with my life or with Life itself, never happy and never at rest or at peace. For always, you see, my mother's words were whispering in my ears, whether I attended to them or not. "Charlie—Charlie—I'll never give you up—never—never—"

The Armistice was signed before I got overseas. Then I went back to civilian life. Trying one job after another again. Always drinking. Always rushing around, trying to shake off the things I knew I should be doing. Knowing all the wrong people, and none of the right. Excepting, that is, my mother and my brothers. They were good. They were standing by me. Their own goodness, and understanding, and patience, were an indictment of everything I was doing. God was trans-



ON THE BOWERY



formed for me into an angel with a flaming sword, pursuing me, always pursuing me. I grew to hate Him. I lived harder and faster than ever, to forget, to try to throw Him off my trail. I took up what is known as solitary drinking. A solitary drinker gets to believe himself entirely alone in the world. Drinking creates for him a world of long, deserted corridors which he walks alone. There were times when I could persuade myself that into those corridors not even God could follow me, not even He could see.

There is much more to that part of my story, before I reached the turning point, but it has been told before in *Christian Herald*, and what I have told you here is enough to help you to reconstruct a picture which shows why, when the opportunity came to me, I was the man to work for you of the *Christian Herald* family, among the forgotten men of the Bowery. For there came a time when I

was healed of my sin but I think the day will never come when I forget it; and it is remembering that makes me useful to these men who may, some day themselves, be healed, as I was.

When the day came that God caught up with me, stood in front of me, looking me full in the face, instead of just behind me, waiting, waiting, I went home. I went home to my mother. I never look into the face of a poor, dispirited man along the Bowery, without thinking, "Perhaps he too has such a mother; perhaps he can be made fit to go back to her, so that she may smile again, as my mother smiles again."

My mother cried when she saw me. And then she laughed—it is a wonderful thing to see a Godly woman laughing through tears into the eyes of a boy who has been lost, and is found again. And then, wiping her tears away on the corner of her fresh gingham apron, she went in-

to the kitchen, and she said, "Come sit by me Charlie, while I bake you a batch of the cookies you love best, and tell me all about yourself."

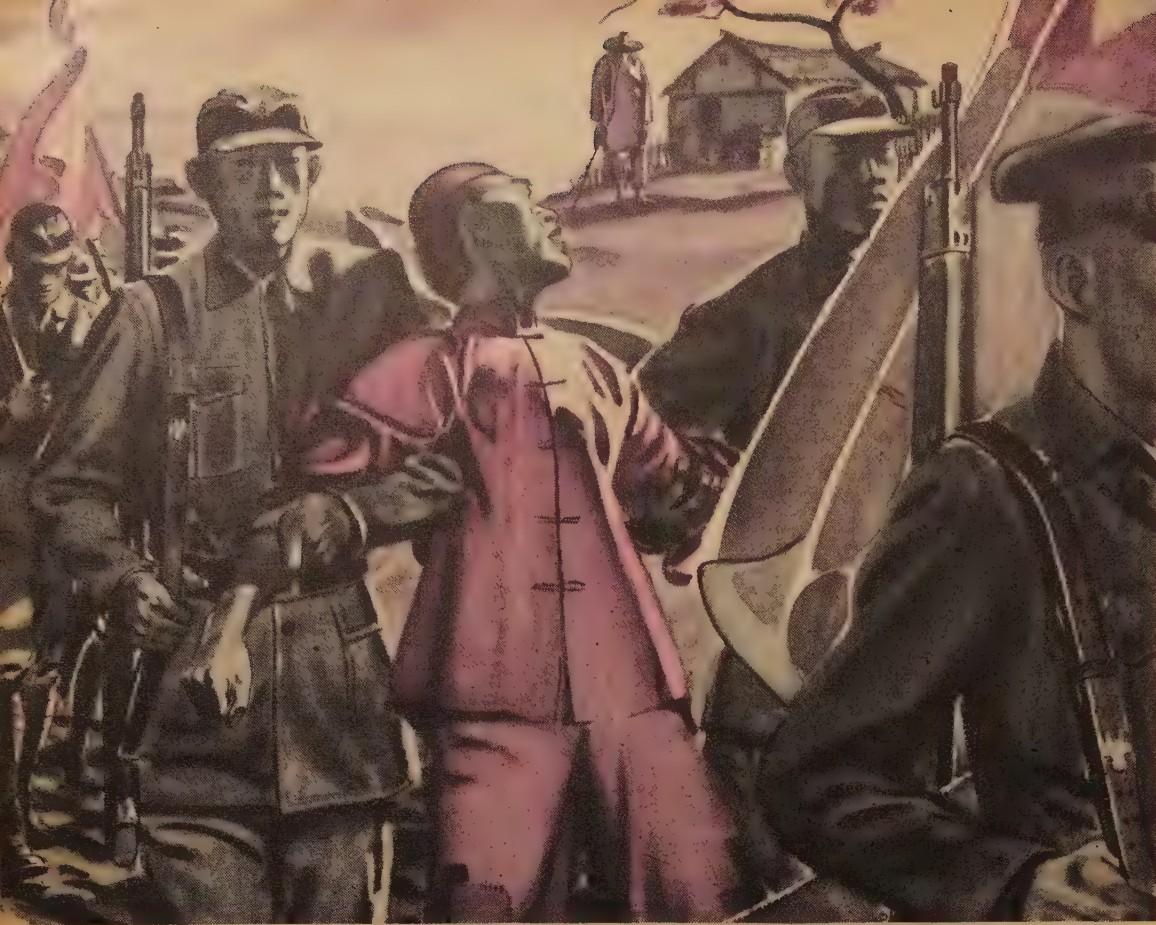
I couldn't do that. I couldn't tell her all about myself. None of these men on the Bowery will ever be able to tell their mothers all about themselves; but the wonderful thing about mothers is that they don't have to be told everything. Theirs is a wonderful power of divination. They know, and they forgive divinely, too.

On Sunday I went to church with my mother. And within the next week, I found out what I had been avoiding so long—that the job I had to do in the world was to become a preacher. My mother had known best. Mothers always do. And finding that out brought me, in due time, to the Bowery, and to the work of you good folks, at the Bowery Mission. Brought me here because God knows—and I use the phrase reverently—my own bitter experiences had taught me how to understand the men who make up the poor, dreadful citizenry of the Bowery. From my own experience I knew that you never can tell what's underneath a man's rags, and that you just have to get down and find out, in case it's something that can be salvaged, and made useful again in the world. And I believe it's because of the feeling I have, about getting down underneath, and trying to find the good that lies in men—buried often by discouragement, shame, distrust, a conviction that the cards are fatally stacked against one—that the privileges of this service through the last five years were given me, and that I look forward to renewed ones in the years ahead.

When I came to the Bowery, the country was in the transition period between Prohibition and Repeal. It was a dreadful period and to its inherent factors the depression was adding further stringencies.

Previously, the Bowery Mission's chief residents had been drawn from among chronic alcoholics. But the depression, and the readjustments of Repeal were bringing us men recently as respectable as any you'd find anywhere. The salaried man. The college bred man. The church member. The stabilized and the self respecting—until an unpredictable combination of forces had sought them out, changing them almost overnight into something they scarcely knew or understood themselves, something bitter, terrible, uprooted.

It was of a Sunday that I first saw the Bowery Mission. I preached in the chapel. I looked out over that dark, rolling sea of grey faces; men huddled in the pews, their chins sunk on their chests, their eyes fastened with dull hopelessness on nothing, or roaming over their surroundings with a kind of feverishness. I can't excuse the shock I felt on the ground that I hadn't known something of what I should expect. I had "been around." I knew I had undertaken to throw in my lot with men the average person would pass by, shuddering a little. But I admit now that what I saw before me, that Sabbath day, shook me to my foundations. They were so dirty, so wretched, so unmistakably reduced to the dregs of life. But close on the heels of the shock came an honest (Continued on page 50)



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MEI LING'S SON

By Collier Ford

MEI LING wearily ambled out of the low doorway of her humble mud hut. For a moment she stood there beside her precious manure pile, her eyes blinking dully in the gray light of early morning, her toothless mouth wide in a yawn. The sun would not rise for another hour above the crest of Loshan Mountain and send its yellow rays along the western slopes where Mei Ling lived alone on her lonely little plot of land.

The old woman considered carefully. The long day stretched before her. Since her son had gone—and a sudden sharp pang pierced her heart and made her sigh, "Ai-yah, ai-yah," she mourned and shook her head bitterly.

Should she have her morning bowl of tea now to warm her stomach against the early spring chill—it would be long indeed before the sun stood overhead and time for her single bowl of rice. Rice was dear, so dear these days, with the army of the Monkey People spreading ruin through the land. One had hardly enough for a single scanty meal each day. But that was all an old woman of fifty needed although indeed the stomach rumbled in protest sometimes.

"Ai-yah, ai-yah," she groaned again, as she thought of the grief that had come to her. So few months ago she had had a son and now he was gone. So few months ago her son, stalwart and sturdy, a staff

for her old age, had hoed and dug their earth while she had composed her tired, ancient limbs for a few hours of rest before she joined the ancestral spirits. But now—

Mei Ling shook her head sorrowfully as she picked her way slowly, carefully across the patch of earth behind her hut towards the shallow mountain creek which wound along her land. Her tea could wait a few minutes—first, she would see the quarter-mou of land along the stream where she planned to transplant her few rice plants in a few days now. Just as soon as she could dig that ditch to the creek—what with the pains in her legs and her stiffness, it would mean much toil.

Stiffly she made her way along, one hand raised to her wrinkled forehead and the little square of black paper she had pasted there to charm away the evil worry which made her head ache. This widow business was hard indeed, ai-yah, but at least she had had her son—until the soldiers came along, the loud-mouthed fellows with terrible swords and tape-worms in their bellies, never letting them live quietly at peace like other folk.

The swaggering soldiers—ah, it frightened one to hear their blustering talk and see their devil-may-care ways—when they had taken Li Guong, bad fortune pursue them, ah, then they had bowed her head to an early grave. No son to care for her old age, no eyes to weep three years for

Away they had marched him, his strong young body twisting backward in their relentless arms for a last look at his old mother

her passing, no filial hands to offer food and money and incense for her spirit. Oh, it was better to be a dog in peaceful times than a man in time of war!

Wagging her head to and fro in grief and despair, Mei Ling made her way to the shallow muddy creek where a lonely willow bent its drooping branches toward the yellow water. Here she must pierce the earth with her hoe to bring the water to her rice. This planning and thinking was a hard task, a man's work, she thought to herself and stood lonely and forsaken in the bare brown fields, a small bent figure in her ragged blue cotton trousers and short jacket, an insignificant figure against the mighty bulk of the mountain stretching to the sky behind her.

Well, a little tea would warm her stomach and maybe cheer her thoughts. She started to retrace her steps but as she turned her back on the mountain, her watery black eyes, weakened by the daylight, caught a movement among the dark green rushes on the other bank. Mei Ling's first impulse was to run, for sometimes the laohu, the fierce tiger, came down out of the mountains. Or perhaps it was a bandit, for in these times of war men came secretly by night to rob and kill, men more fierce than the tiger even. She ran awkwardly, stumbling a few feet and then turned to look. But no one, nothing, followed her. Cautiously, her head thrust forward staring, she returned a few steps and saw an arm move weakly in the water of the creek, the arm of a man lying hidden in the rushes.

Mei Ling waited to see no more but ran, frantically and falling twice in her panic-stricken haste before she reached

the flimsy shelter of her hut. There was no door to close, only a rough board to lift in place and prop against the opening with a stick. Hands shaking, she fastened the frail barrier and crouched silently in the darkest corner, her head buried in her roughened hands.

For an hour, for two hours, she huddled there, afraid to move, hardly daring to breathe. Her cramped legs grew numb, her corded neck ached. Mei Ling heard no sound, the dirt floor grew damp and cold. Painfully, groaning to herself, the old woman got to her knees and then to her feet. She looked through one of the many cracks in her door board—she could see nothing save the puddle beside the manure pile and in the middle of the puddle one of her lean ducks splashing its muddy wings. The sun came out from behind the gray clouds and her thin yellow dog scratched himself and, stretching, got up from the rough flagstone where he had been sleeping. Nothing had happened, all was as usual.

Mei Ling took away the prop from her door board and ventured out. The sun had come over the mountain top and the poor bare fields had quickened to life in its yellow light. The old woman pondered painfully—was the arm still lying there in the water of the creek, did the rushes still hide the man? Fearfully she crept back across the field and stared at the creek. Yes, there lay the arm, unmoving now, its fingers dabbling lifelessly in the silt-laden water.

What to do, what to do? Mei Ling frowned, trying to think—should she go to Lohsien and summon the village elders? It was a morning's journey, nine whole li away and the rheumatism plagued her ancient legs. Like as not they would beat her for bothering them and maybe figure a new tax for her to pay. No, only a fool or a daredevil appealed to a magistrate. Then she must see for herself. One could not go on with the work for thinking of that arm in the water.

Shaking, incredulous at her own daring, Mei Ling plodded downstream to the rickety, narrow footbridge of two peeled, knotty pine logs. Teetering perilously, Mei Ling inched her way along the logs and to the other side. Then back up the creek again until she reached the rushes where the man lay hidden. There she halted, afraid to go farther, reluctant to turn back.

"Ai-yah, if only my son were here and I were not alone. An old woman by herself is a broken pot indeed."

Mei Ling bowed her head in grief. Her son would not return, too well she knew it. Since that day when the soldiers came and took him away to fight in the army—ai-yah, and they were hard men with their quickness to whip and tear her only son from her arms. Tse and chih, to whip and tear away, that was all they knew. Even though she had implored them on bended knee, begging both tien and ti with her flowing tears for mercy but heaven and earth had deaf ears.

Away they had marched him, his strong young body twisting backward in their

relentless arms for another last look at his old mother and their little plot of earth. What were the humble like herself but suan tzu, beads in an abacus for the warlords to count and spin back and forth with ambitious computing fingers. Away they had marched him—and by the mouths of the compassionate she had heard it, many days in its coming, to

fight and to die, torn by the bullets of Monkey invaders . . . to fight and to die and to lie, unburied for dogs and the birds to eat, a hundred li to the north beyond the towering mountains.

"Ai-yah, ai-yah."

"Mei Ling weaved to and fro in her bitter sorrow, forgetful of the man in the rushes and (*Continued on page 57*)



Illustrator JOHN WATROUS

One arm bent awkwardly beside his body, the other reached out weakly for the yellow water of the creek



A GOSPEL OF SAFETY

The story of a man who preached and practised a gospel of safety on railroads. A minister who was first to recognize the necessity of air brakes and who convinced the legislators of his time that safety should become a lawful obligation

By Wallace Woodford

RAILROADING was done by main strength and awkwardness sixty years ago. Air brakes were not then used on freight cars. The only automatic coupler actually tried out up to that time coupled cars so effectively that the crew had to stop and hunt up crowbars and pry the coupled cars apart. The few block signals in use were worked by hand when they worked at all. In short, there were no devices developed which would save time, effort and expense in railroad operation. In those primitive days it was taking one's life in one's hands to travel by rail. The only difference between railroad employees and passengers was that the latter might get their names in the papers. So many employees were killed on duty that it wasn't news.

This state of affairs did not suit the Rev. Lorenzo S. Coffin, a country Baptist preacher in Webster County, Iowa, so he decided that it had to be changed. By his own personal efforts and leadership, on his own time and at his own expense, in the most extraordinary campaign in the history of legislation, it was changed. Now a railroad passenger would have to travel continuously at sixty miles an hour twenty-four hours a day for five thousand years to get around to his average turn to be killed in a train accident. So much trouble for such a result simply would not be worth while.

Train and engine service employees starting on a trip could figure on getting home alive with the popular quantity of fingers, legs and arms, which was all Coffin had in mind. But his Safety Appliance Act had economic consequences of which he never dreamed. Starting from New York, a traveler by rail can reach Los Angeles in fifty-six hours of actual riding.

A country merchant within 400 miles of a jobbing center ordering goods before 6 p.m. can have his order delivered by rail before 8 a.m. next day. Trains carrying 12,000 tons of freight have been hauled by a single locomotive.

In short without improvements enforced by the Safety Appliance Act railroads could not be operated. This amazing result grew from a brakeman's smashed finger; a finger which has been writing railroad history for 50 years and will continue to write it as long as railroads exist. But let me tell you about Coffin.

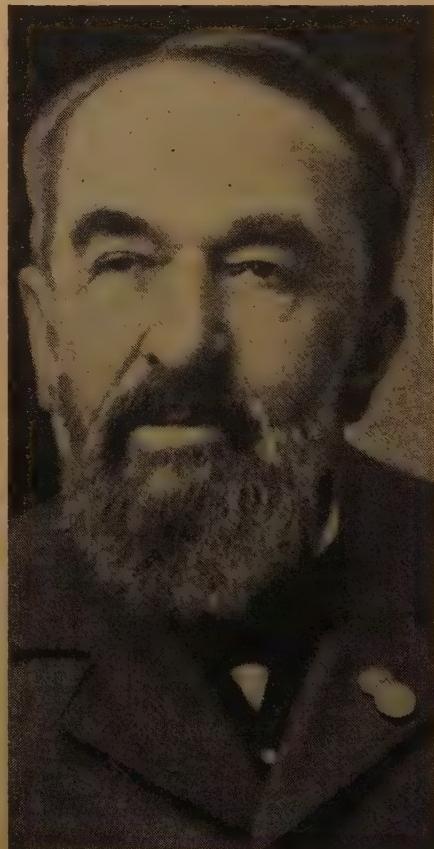
Lorenzo S. Coffin was born in Alton, N. H., April 9, 1823, the son of a Baptist clergyman and grew up to become a Baptist clergyman himself. With his wife he emigrated to Iowa in 1855. Driving across the roadless prairie his wagon mired in a slough. A pioneer settler breaking sod with three yoke of oxen pulled the wagon out of the mud but declined the \$5 offered in payment, though \$5 was a lot of money in those days.

As soon as he found solid ground Coffin unhitched and bought the land from the government, for the homestead act was not yet in effect. This was near where the present city of Fort Dodge now stands.

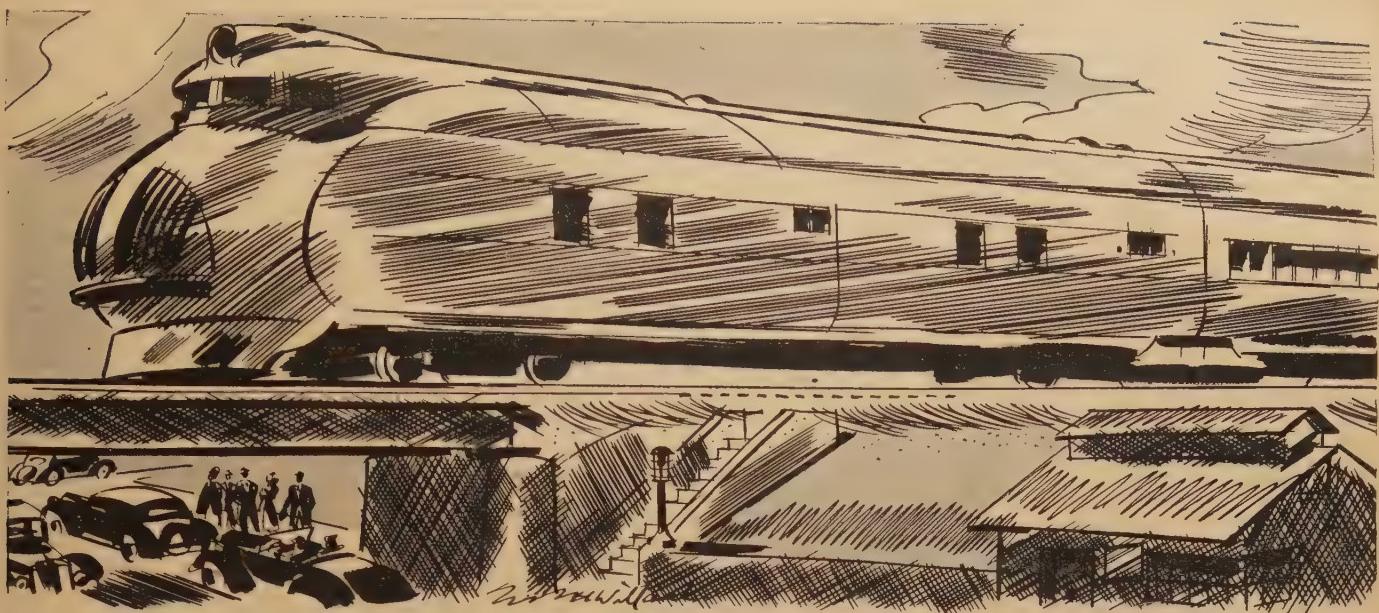
Thenceforth Coffin demonstrated that he was as competent as a farmer as he was popular as a preacher. His horses were kept thin by constant driving to preach wherever the pioneers could find a place to meet. He also buried the dead and married the young folk. If the bridegroom hauled a load of prairie hay to the Coffin barnyard months later as the minister's fee, that was all right; if, as was more likely, he borrowed \$2 from the minister and forgot to repay the loan that

was all right, too. In spite of chinch bugs, army worms and hailstorms the Coffin farm produced good crops year after year so Coffin didn't seem to worry about fees.

In short Coffin was everybody's friend. Not to put too fine a point on it he was the most popular man in Webster County. Obviously he was just the man for right-of-way agent when the Fort Dodge & Des Moines Railroad was to be built. When that job was done he was kept right on



Rev. Lorenzo S. Coffin, who wrote the Railroad Safety Appliance Act and for four years worked untiringly to secure its enactment by Congress



the payroll as real estate agent to sell the land grant to settlers flocking into Iowa.

With a genius for making friends Coffin attracted so much attention that he was appointed a member of the Board of Railroad Commissioners of Iowa, when he was sixty years old. The Board understood that it was to draw salaries but that was about all it did understand. To be sure, it did publish annual reports about nothing in particular. Accidents in which passengers were killed might be mentioned,

but not a line about employees, though they might be killed just as dead as passengers. Although the law required that accidents should be reported, the Railroad Commission did not think it worth while to investigate personal injuries to employees; there were too many of them and it would have taken too much time to ask about them. The whole matter was lumped off in this generalization: "We regret to report such great loss of life and so many terrible accidents to these men but see no way to prevent them and suppose them one of the inevitable conditions of a railroad man's life."

Commissioner Coffin's activities required a good deal of traveling; but instead of waiting for the infrequent passenger trains of pioneer days he boarded the first freight train that came along where he could sprawl out on a locker and gossip with the train men. Being railroad commissioner it occurred to him that he might just as well find out what he could conveniently about railroads. In due time he learned to recognize every locomotive in that part of Iowa by the tones of its whistle and bell and even knew the engineers by their peculiarities in whistling. His genius for making friends made him as popular among railroad men as he had been among the settlers.

One day the freight on which Commissioner Coffin was riding stopped to set out a car. In coupling up again the rear brakeman had a finger crushed. Having a finger smashed between cast steel couplers isn't nice, as I can testify from experience. Coffin was sympathetic. He did what he could, which wasn't much, to make the injured man comfortable until he was turned over to the nearest company surgeon.

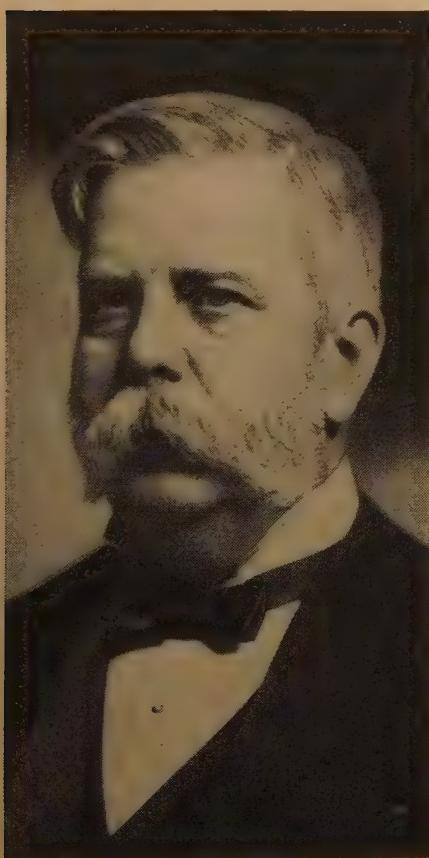
This incident brought Coffin's attention to that provision of the law requiring that accidents should be reported and particularly to the entire absence of all information on the subject. His acquaintance with railroad men convinced him that they were as good citizens on the average as other people, just as strongly averse as others to being killed or maimed. Going deeper into the subject he found that most men were injured in coupling cars but that most fatal accidents occurred in

falling off trains. Brakemen had to run over icy, wet and slippery car roofs, jolting, swaying and pitching to set hand brakes. It was too easy to slip between cars and be ground to pieces under the wheels or to pitch off over the side to break one's neck. Coffin wondered why automatic couplers were not provided. He knew that hundreds of automatic couplers had been patented up to that early day; what he did not then know was none of these patent couplers would couple cars. He also wondered why power brakes could not be provided making it unnecessary for brakemen to climb over swaying, icy car roofs. But power brakes for freight cars were as scarce as automatic couplers and for the same reason, though air brakes were coming into use on passenger equipment, which also had the famous "Miller Hooks" for couplers, absurdly ineffectual on freight trains.

With the assurance of ignorance Commissioner Coffin determined that automatic couplers and power brakes would have to be supplied. The first step, he realized, was to secure the backing of public sentiment. To secure such backing he would have to rouse resentment against killing and maiming faithful employees. He knew he could use the pulpit fairly well; he believed he would be as successful on the platform and as a writer. So he started right in on all three means of access to public opinion.

First he wrote an article telling about conditions under which railroad men worked, mailing copies to every religious and family paper in the United States and Canada, together with a letter to the editors asking them in the name of humanity to lend their aid in making the railroads safer for the men who worked on them. He paid the postage out of his own pocket. He wrote letters to every man and woman whose influence might be useful. In a single day he mailed 2,000 letters.

Wherever he could find or create an opportunity he spoke on the same subject. He knew how to talk, too; for he was very human and he had a subject of universal appeal. He attended conventions of the Master Car Builders and other railroad organizations and of the railroad Brotherhoods. All of them received him



George Westinghouse as he looked at the Burlington Brake trials in 1886-7, during which he adapted his air brakes to freight service

cordially and listened earnestly.

The first practical result was the formation in 1885 of a joint committee by the Master Mechanics and Master Car Builders to test power brakes on freight trains. Any inventor who could equip a fifty-car train with his power brake and send it to Burlington, Iowa, at his own expense would have his device tested. If it proved to be practical these powerful associations would recommend it to the managements. No brake not tested and recommended would be bought by the railroads. All State Railroad Commissions were invited to see these tests; all railroad companies in the United States and Canada were invited to send representatives.

The famous Burlington brake trials of 1886 lasted three weeks. Not a single brake was found practical and safe for a fifty car train. Some would work on fifteen to thirty cars but on fifty cars an emergency application produced violent shocks which demolished the rear end of

back to Pittsburg, had a series of fifty brakes set up in his shop, took off his coat and tinkered at those brakes day and night for three months.

In September, 1887, Coffin and other State Commissioners were invited to Burlington to see the quick acting air brake do its stuff on a fifty car train. The train roared down the steep grade at forty miles an hour. At a signal it stopped at a distance of 500 feet without a jar and without a man on top.

Coffin wept for joy. "Now it can be done," he exclaimed. He felt sure automatic couplers would take the place of the man-killing links and pins as soon as the problem was attacked with the same energy and determination that had been applied to the brake. Having had demonstrated the practicability of the power brake and having won the support of public opinion, his next step was to secure legislation which would make certain the installation of safe equipment.

Commissioner. He delivered an address on the subject with which he was so familiar. No National statistics on accidents to railroad employees existed then. Coffin made estimates based on Iowa railroads, the only authentic figures available. The result was so appalling that he dared not use it. Then a railroad officer told him he should have based his calculations on the number of locomotives instead of on the number of miles of road as he had done. He tried this base and got a still more appalling total of killed and injured.

When Coffin told the whole story there was an extraordinary scene. The assembled Commissioners protested loudly. Kentucky in particular was emphatic in asserting that Coffin was talking wildly. But when they returned home and asked Kentucky roads to report on accidents to employees the Commissioners found Coffin's figures far too low. In this connection President Harrison in his annual message to Congress said:

"It is a disgrace to our civilization that railroad men, in an honorable employment for a livelihood, should be subjected to greater danger to life and limb than soldiers in time of war."

Meanwhile, the conference could do no less than recommend legislation requiring the adoption of safety appliances.

When Congress met Coffin was on hand with a bill he had drafted which was introduced in the House by D. B. Henderson and in the Senate by W. B. Allison, both of Iowa. This was the beginning of a legislative battle that lasted four years. Coffin stuck right in Washington throughout four sessions except when he found opportunity to address important official gatherings. He induced every legislature in session to memorialize Congress to enact his bill. He induced justices of the U. S. Supreme Court to pass on the constitutionality of the bill. No question on that point has ever been raised.

After prolonged hearings before Congressional Committees the Coffin bill slumbered peacefully in a pigeonhole for months, though the chairman of the House committee said he favored its enactment. The explanation of the mystery developed at the Democratic convention in Chicago in 1892. J. J. O'Neill, of St. Louis, chairman of the Senate subcommittee, having the bill in charge, penned a resolution belaboring Republicans for their alleged opposition to the safety legislation and making its enactment a plank in the Democratic platform.

Thereafter the Interstate Commerce Commission, with the aid of O'Neill, fixed up a bill to suit themselves; and the House passed it July 8, 1892, thinking it was voting for the Coffin bill. The bill then went at once to the Senate. Meeting Coffin after this master stroke, O'Neill said to him:

"Mr. Coffin, there is no need of your staying around here any longer. You don't know how to handle these Senators as well as we do and you may endanger the bill by some indiscretion."

Cullom, chairman of the Senate Committee on interstate commerce threw the House bill on Coffin's desk saying that it had been read to the Committee which had voted for its indefinite postponement, and added: "Remodel this thing to conform with the (Continued on page 45)



The Safety Appliance Act is no guarantee against mishaps like this

the train and played havoc with the loading. Several persons were badly hurt.

Few of the State Commissioners came to Burlington and fewer still attended the tests. After the first two days Coffin was the only one left. So much was at stake that he felt he had to see and know and be able to talk intelligently before legislatures and Congressional committees. It was very dangerous riding on those experimental trains but Coffin stuck faithfully to his task. He did find out everything there was to find out until he knew his subject. In all his many addresses no railroad official ever picked him up on a wrong statement. He knew as much about his subject as the average general manager.

The brake tests were repeated at Burlington in 1887 with the same result. Even the Westinghouse air brake then in general use on passenger equipment could not handle fifty freight cars on the grade into Burlington. Westinghouse himself came in his private car with his general manager and several other employees. While the Westinghouse brake was far ahead of others it simply could not stand the hard knocks. Westinghouse hurried

He drafted a bill himself for this purpose, spending a month on the task, sending the bill section by section to judges of the Iowa supreme court for approval on its constitutionality. The bill was introduced in the Iowa legislature at its 1899-1900 session and enacted with only seven votes against it in the House, none against it in the Senate, and signed by Governor Boies. Iowa thus became the first State to enact laws to safeguard railroad men.

This was merely the preface to the great task ahead; namely, the enactment of National legislation. Coffin, as a reward for his labors in behalf of railroad men, was allowed to support himself and family and pay the expenses of his safety campaign out of his own pocket; for he was not reappointed as railroad commissioner of Iowa. Well, he had his farm and he knew exactly what he wanted to do so he did it.

In 1888 the Interstate Commerce Commission, then just organized, invited all State Railroad Commissioners to attend a conference in Washington. Only seven or eight States had such officials but they attended. So did Coffin, no longer a



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PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

Conducted by
**Honoré
Morrow**



Scenes in

Germany's Black Forest. Above, a cuckoo clock peddler and his attractive young daughter. Top, typical Black Forest scenery, with its rapid little stream, fir-planted hill, and lovely low-roofed farm houses



our young people. So we filed into the little public room and were introduced to an extremely pretty, fair, sweet-faced little woman of middle age who shook hands and asked us all to have a drink as her guests. I said we'd like some lemonade. She led us into her own comfortable parlor at the back of the house and seated us all. Then she brought in the bottled lemonade, poured it out and seated herself by me.

In a moment, she and I were talking like old friends in spite of my extremely halting German. She thought we all ought to learn each other's languages. They were sending Peter to England for the winter to learn English. Why didn't I come to Germany for a few months to polish off my German? I asked her if she thought if we all spoke each other's languages, there would be any more war. "No! No!" she exclaimed.

Her husband had come in with us. "God forbid another war!" he exclaimed.

Another man came in. He was introduced as a neighbor. "I hear there are English and Americans here," he said. "Is it a conference?" he asked with a grin.

"Yes," I told him, "a conference of American and German women about war."

The proprietor told him what we'd been saying about languages. He sat down.

(Continued on page 53)

Peace In Our Time

IHAVE been so upset by the plight of the Jews in Germany that I have felt quite unable to write fairly of our short tour there, last summer. But recently I have had several letters from both men and women who pay me the compliment of reading Pilgrim's Progress, asking me what my reaction was to my visit to the Reich; and it seems to me it might steady my point of view if I could put some of my thoughts on paper.

As you know, we entered Germany from Switzerland at Schaffhausen, and swung north at once into the Black Forest country, a thickly wooded mountain district about one hundred miles long and ten to fifteen miles wide. The mountains are not very tall, the highest being under 5000 feet and after Switzerland we might well have been disappointed by the scenery. But we weren't. We were enchanted! None of us ever had seen anything like the intimate, ordered beauty of this landscape.

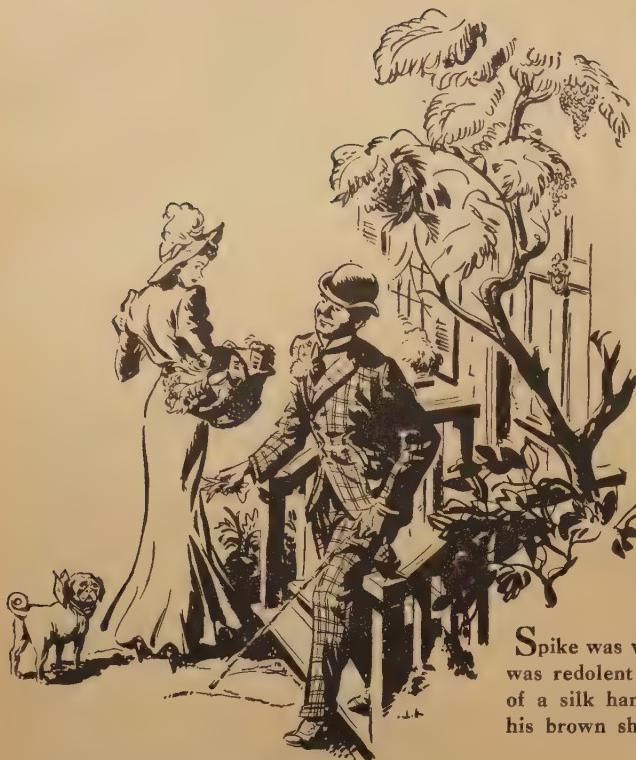
For a thousand years, the Germans have been caring for these forests and the result is fairyland. On the lower spurs of the mountains oaks and beeches predominate, but the upper reaches are thickly planted with pine and fir. So abruptly do the peaks rise, so deep do the valleys wind and so unexpectedly do streams and lakes thrust themselves into view that one gets all the effects of great elevation in the compass of the smallest space. In my memory remain pictures of little red-roofed towns, of lovely low-roofed farm homes, of immaculate village streets, every house with window boxes overflowing with white and blue petunias, of glittering blue lakes, of waterfalls, of charming peasant costumes, smiling faces and everywhere the smell of fir and pine and fern.

We kept as much as possible to back roads and small hotels. The food was excellent and plentiful. The people were kindness itself. There was no more hint of hate in the air than there would be in

fairyland, itself. We felt as if we were out of the world, in a region where life was lived as it could and ought to be lived.

And then we swung down to the valley of the Neckar at Heidelberg and still northward to the Rhine. And still we were not disappointed except with the University of Heidelberg itself, which didn't impress us one way or the other. But the Rhine lived up to its glorious tradition, its high banks castle-set, its broad reaches thick with picturesque shipping. Yet, as we journeyed up the Rhine, we caught our first glimpse of troop trains packed with soldiers, streaming, we thought southeast. Soldiers and more soldiers, more and more uniforms, companies of little boys in close military formation, marching along the street in the goosestep.

Still the people with whom we came in contact were as simple and cordial as they would be in America. I remember one particularly pleasant episode. Our courier decided to try the synthetic petrol which Germany is manufacturing and had loaded the tank with it. It was expensive but the advertisements said it was efficient. Well, our American-British car didn't take it and after hours of stopping-going-stopping, we decided to find a garage and tell our troubles. As I was the only member of our party who had any German, I was elected to explain. The garage proprietor was a man in his fifties. He and one son about half his age and another son of fifteen named Peter listened to my agonized efforts to explain, without laughing, and to my never-ending surprise and gratification I managed to get the idea over that our carburetor choked on the petrol. While the two sons got busy on the car the father spoke to me. Did I like the German language? Yes, very much. Did many Americans care to learn it? Yes, I was sure they did. Would I care to come into his little hotel and meet his wife? Yes, I would and so would my sister and



[PART SEVEN]

LATER Bruce drove his car into Mrs. Caleb's barn, and ascended to his room. Staring at the ceiling where the light of the street lamps flickered, he tried to analyze his feelings.

The one thing he could not get away from was the hurt look in Mary's eyes. He had attacked the man she was going to marry, and that she would not forgive. And knowing this, he suddenly knew with devastating certainty that life would be utterly bleak without her. Now at last he had to acknowledge the love that he had no right to have when she was pledged to another. He must go on alone.

The next week a major sensation burst over Milldale. Blair Clouse, refused the money he demanded from his father, had forged the Squire's name to a check, and had eloped with Gwen Dale to New York, where, it was reported, they had been married. Squire Clouse had made the check good, but meeting with Dale and Darnley at the latter's office to discuss election matters, he was raging to the point of apoplexy.

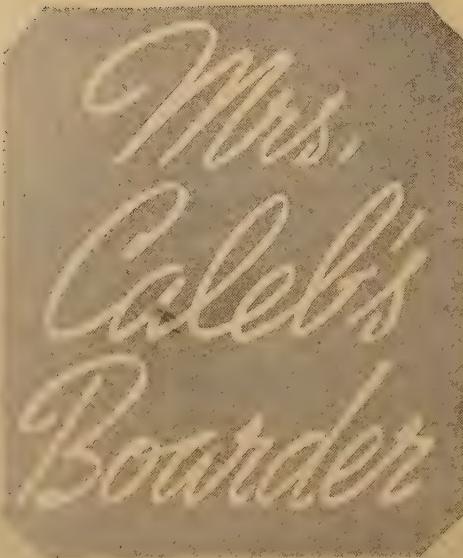
"I blame you more than anyone," he said to John Dale savagely. "You are the one who proposed they run away."

Mr. Dale gasped. "Why you—you scoundrel, if you'd done half right by your boy he'd be here now. He—" he turned to Sam in futile wrath.

Mr. Darnley held up a heavy hand. "Just hold all that," he directed. "We've got other matters to talk about." He paused for a moment to regard the two belligerents with an entire absence of expression. Then he added as though he had been talking about the weather, "First thing you know you'll be letting this election slip through your fingers. That young fellow down at your church is raising Cain."

"He's got a way with him," John Dale

Spike was wearing a boutonniere and was redolent of perfume. The corner of a silk handkerchief protruded, and his brown shoes were highly polished



By
Arthur C.
Baldwin

there would be a big debt. Even Jim Knowles and Silas Hart might feel that.

In this stern mood the Squire greeted Silas Hart whose gentle knock broke in on his meditations. "Good morning," he frowned as the Deacon's smiling face appeared in the doorway.

Twinkling merrily, as though he had received the warmest kind of a welcome, the Deacon tiptoed into the room and seated himself. Without any preliminaries he proceeded to the business in hand. The new church plans were ready, the lot had been cleared, the first contracts let. It was time to complete the money raising. Would Phineas kindly put his name on the dotted line?

While the Deacon was speaking the Squire's heavy fingers drummed his desk and his eyes seemed brooding in deep thought. "Let's see," he was ostentatiously pondering, "didn't Sam offer you some more the other night?"

The Deacon frowned slightly. "Yes, he did, after a fashion. He told Jim Knowles he would give us \$5000 if Stephen was elected."

"Harrumph," the Squire cleared his throat impressively. "All right, Silas, I'll do the same. I'll give you \$5000 if Stephen is elected. That makes \$10,000 if the election goes right. \$10,000. How do you like that?"

It was plain that Deacon Hart did not like it. His face was a study. "You mean that unless Stephen wins you won't give anything to the church?"

The Squire's fist banged. "That's what I mean and that's what Sam meant."

The Deacon's usually ruddy face had turned pale and his blue eyes were flashing. "That means you are not going to give anything," he said with conviction. "You know that Steve is licked and you are covering up your stinginess that way. I'm not surprised, not a mite. You've got a grudge against Mr. Hardy, that's all." He turned to the door.

"Wait a moment, Silas, wait a moment," rasped the Squire extending a domineering hand. "Before you go I warn you, you'd better watch that young fellow. He's not sound in the faith. He's not preaching the old gospel and I'm telling the people so."

"Yes, I suppose you are," retorted the Deacon, exasperated beyond all endurance. "You are stirring up all the discontent you can. Now let me tell you this," the Deacon's indignant finger wagged under the Squire's surprised nose. "You ain't goin' to treat our boy that way. You ain't going to because we won't have it. We'll have you churched first as a slanderer, a back biter and disturber of the peace."

Having thus delivered himself, and feeling quite profane, the Deacon took his departure, leaving the Squire in the bewildered condition of a hound that has been kicked by a rabbit.

A few days later Tom Moore greeted Bruce Hardy as he came into his shop. "Look here, Dominie, what's the Squire trying to do to you?" He had left his work when Bruce came in and drew him over to the corner that was reserved as his office. "The boys are telling me that Clouse is slamming you to all his tenants. Said you would be leaving before long and there was a lot of discontent about running the church into debt and a lot of dirt like that.

"From what I gather, the Squire is after something, I don't know exactly what. I thought you ought to know. Maybe it's a last desperate move of Sam's gang to discredit your influence. You're going to talk for Mahoney at the rally?" Bruce nodded. "That's the last straw. They're after you."

"There's something in that, perhaps," Bruce allowed, thinking of Kathryn's coming wedding. "But there's more than that. Have you heard about Sam's conditional offer of \$5000? And Clouse's of the same amount?"

"I did and everyone else in town. Sam saw to that," Tom chuckled. "But maybe it will be a boomerang. Some folks are going to ask why that election is worth five or ten thousand dollars to the machine. They must expect to get it back somehow."

"I'm going to point out that little thing when I speak at Mahoney's rally."

Tom regarded Bruce inquiringly. "You're not going to grab for that \$10,000?"

"Of course not. How could I?"

Slowly, Tom put out his hand. "Shake Dominie. You're the goods."

"I'm not trying to put on a heroic stunt or anything like that," Bruce protested embarrassed, "but the thing is so simple. There are no two ways about it."

"Some men would find another way," said Tom dryly.

"It's all going to come out all right," said Bruce confidently. "I'd feel better, though, if I had more money in sight."

Mary remained in the car. After a cool nod to her pastor, she waited for her father, looking straight ahead

Illustrator HENRY LUHRS



Things have slowed up, some, and that's worrying the Colonel."

"How much more do you think you ought to have?"

"We're short all of twelve thousand, maybe fifteen," said Bruce, "but we'll find it. God's in his heaven. Goodbye, men." Waving his hand, Bruce went out. For all his assumed cheerfulness, however, Tom noticed that his shoulders drooped as he went up the path.

Tom glanced at the clock, stood up and stretched.

"Time to quit," he called. A few minutes later he was going to the cottage of Mandy Peel.

Election Day was fast approaching. It was the old Gang against Reformers, Stephen Hoag against Mayor Mahoney, Sam Darnley against the red-headed parson. Millvale blood was stirred by the prospect. True, it was only a municipal election but the vigorous attacks of the young minister had piqued the public interest. Instead of its usual political hibernation, Millvale citizens had found themselves awakened, kicked out of bed, so to speak, and forced to take sides in what was rapidly becoming a knock-em-down, drag-em-out affair. Probably it was this general interest that caused the old Opera House to be thronged on the night the Hoag adherents put on their big Rally.

"Looks like old Sam isn't dead yet," remarked John Dale, recognized lieutenant of Darnley, to Silas Hart.

The twinkling eyes of the Deacon surveyed the merchant for a moment, then he responded soberly. "It's a big meeting, John, but don't think for a moment that Sam's got all these votes sewed up. There's a lot of interest, more'n I've seen in a long time and our boy has done his part in stirring it up. Mebbe it would be better for Sam if folks weren't so interested."

Silently, the two men viewed the assembly. They saw Colonel Knowles come in with Mary. Bob Wallace appeared with Kathryn. On the far side of the room was Spike Gregory with members of the Volunteer Fire Department and others who had often rested a foot on the rail at his bar. The Squire was there with a number of his tenants. They would vote as he directed.

As the band played, the platform was slowly filling. There were local dignitaries, Councilmen who were running for re-election, Elder Smalley who was to open the meeting with prayer. Stephen Hoag had a seat in the center and at his side was Senator Windy from Albany, sleek, rotund, fully conscious of his high place as the orator of the occasion.

Joe Wallace and Tom Moore, who had promised Bruce Hardy to give him a full report of the meeting, had found good seats.

"There's the man that pulls the strings," Joe murmured, pointing to the stolid figure of Sam Darnley at the back of the stage. "Wonder what he's thinking about."

"He's not any too happy," Tom opined. "He's scared. It's not good for the ma-

chine to have everybody interested."

"The Dominie told me he's going to say something about the 'Five and Ten,'" Joe whispered. "The inspector let a lot of things go by."

"It's a fire trap if ever there was one," Tom agreed.

Sitting with her father, Mary Knowles was following her first political meeting with the keenest interest. It was exciting to see Stephen on the platform with the noted Senator. Someday, he, too, would be a Senator and use his influence for the best things in government.

Senator Windy was introduced and made a suave and polished address. Mary waited impatiently for him to finish. He was not saying anything that met the Millvale situation. All he had was generalities about the party and protection

Joe and Tom faced one another and grinned.

"The same old hokum," said Joe.

"When you don't know what else to do, yell for the party," Tom chuckled. "The less Steve says about his ticket the better."

As Stephen proceeded it gradually dawned upon Mary that he was not saying anything about Millvale problems. Like the Senator he was indulging in generalities. The contracts that Mr. Hardy had stressed, the extravagance, favoritism and special privilege, dirty streets, the well known fire hazards—Stephen was avoiding them. In spite of herself she found her mind dwelling on the contrast between Stephen and Mr. Hardy. Where her Pastor was direct, definite, and in deadly earnest, Stephen seemed to be vague, easy, playing to the galleries.

When the rally came to an end, she declined her father's suggestion to wait and speak to Stephen, pleading weariness. Together, therefore, they made their way through the throng and on into the quiet street that led to their home.

Then the Colonel said irritably, "Mary, can't you do something to get Stephen to show some backbone? That was a wishy-washy sort of talk. He didn't say a thing. If he's going to get anywhere in politics he's got to stand for something. He needs to swallow some ramrods and get some iron in his blood."

"I noticed people liked what he said," responded his daughter, not caring to show her own disappointment.

"Just claque, that's all it was," returned her father in huge disgust. "I'm going to the Mahoney rally and see what Mr. Hardy's got to say."

"I won't," said Mary firmly, "but I am going to speak to Stephen. Perhaps he had some good reason."

On the night of the Mahoney rally Mary had her first chance to talk with Stephen. He listened to her guarded criticism, smiling slightly and fingering his mustache.

"Of course it was twaddle," he assented, apparently not resenting her words. "The trouble is, Mary, you idealize politics. You don't realize what we who are in action soon come to know, how limited people really are. They don't care a fig for questions about taxes and economics. All they want is a good show and we sure gave them that," he chuckled.

"And the charges Mr. Hardy has been making?"

"Pooh, there's no use in descending to such things," said Stephen lightly. "We would simply get into a welter of recriminations and get nowhere. Sam told me about that. He didn't want to get into any fight with the church people."

Long after Stephen left her Mary remained in the great living room thinking over what had been said. It was hard to come to a final conclusion. Her love for Stephen and her loyalty to things honorable seemed to be at variance. She wished Stephen cared more about morals in public ques- (Continued on page 46)

Light

My days were once such shining things,
I seemed to feel I wore bright wings;
Came dark I had not known before,
And folded wings too weak to soar.
Yet, somehow spite of grief and care,
There grew the sense that God was there.
'Twas strange! He seemed not near to me
When hours were filled with laughter free.
Lord! Didst Thou clip these wings of mine
To teach me how to lean on Thine?

Ethel B. Atwood

and saving the land from the pauper labor of Europe.

Then the great moment came. The next speaker was introduced, "the man who needs no introduction to a Millvale audience, the rising young attorney . . . Stephen Hoag, our next Mayor."

"Yah, yah." Waving his fists and bellowing at the top of his lungs, Spike Gregory was on his feet and all the men around him. "What's the matter with Hoag?" he yelled hoarsely.

It was the men closest to him who answered the familiar cry. "He's all right."

"Who's all right?"

And now that the attention of room had turned to Spike, the answer was a thunderous shout, "Hoag!"

Mary listened with heightened color. Of course it was all childish but it was nice. How popular he was. He was standing at ease, the trace of a smile on his lips. Finally, he raised his arm in a graceful gesture.

"Thank you, my friends," he said, his voice vibrant with feeling. "I could not pretend I am not pleased with this wonderful manifestation of your confidence. I realize, too, that this applause is not only for me but for the great party whose standard I bear. When I am your Mayor I shall never forget that I am a member of that party."



MARGARET SANGSTER'S PAGE

Early Planting

AT THIS time of year my home is always crowded with seed catalogues. For when March appears—with April just around the corner—my mind turns to gardening and my heart is filled with the perfume of the flowers that are to be. In April and May and June—when those flowers are a reality—their perfume is not always so sweet as it is in March when my soul is starved for color and fragrance, and my imagination is working overtime.

Yesterday I was reading an article on chrysanthemums in a garden magazine. Chrysanthemums in March seem something of an anachronism—don't they? And yet it is in March that next autumn's beauty must have its brave beginning. I will quote a paragraph from the article. It reads this way:

"Set the stock as early as you can in your particular locality after the danger of a hard freeze is past. For early planting tends to increase both the strength and the vigor. If they have a start before the heat of summer strikes, the plants are best able to withstand high temperature and pestilence."

As I read the paragraph I found myself stopping short with a mixture of wonder and surprise. Somehow I wasn't thinking of gardens any more—I was thinking of people and the lives they live and the ambitions that grow in them like garden flowers. And I realized that the early planting of faith and ideals can tend to make this growth more steady and sure and vigorous—so steady and sure and vigorous that it is able to withstand the heat of temptation and the burning blight of despair!

It is the prayers we learn at our mother's knee that stay with us longest. I once sat beside a soldier, dying in a foreign hospital, and heard him murmur, "Now I lay me down to sleep"—just before he closed his eyes for the last time. That baby supplication had remained with him through the tumult of battle and had walked beside him into the Valley of the Shadow . . . It is the knowledge planted early in our souls that becomes a shield and buckler to protect us during the later years . . . It is the courage we garner as children that gives us the gallantry—when we are no longer children—to die or to live for a principle.

If you have little ones—or if you come in contact with them—see that they are early given the power and the glory that will carry them to the heights. Don't say, "This youngster is too small to go to Sunday School, or to understand the sing-

ing loveliness of the Psalms." Don't say, "This wee consciousness—still attuned to the cadences of Mother Goose—cannot grasp the rolling majesty of a hymn." Words that are only pleasant rhythms to a juvenile ear, have a way of coming back

—“Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old he will not depart from it.” It has proven many, many times to be true!

There are some of us, children grown older, who have missed a youthful association with the Good Gardener. There are some of us who were forced to learn by experience when the sun was high in the heavens and the noontime was past. Learning comes harder, then, but never think—for even a moment—that late planting is lacking its share of value . . . Early planting makes a whole season on earth easier for the blossoming soul, but late planting is not to be ignored. I, myself, have put seeds into ground that I thought too parched and dry for the bearing of beauty, and I have been astonished at some of the results that have been my recompense!

At this time of year when winter is clinging to the skirts of spring, my home is always crowded with seed catalogues. It is then that my mind turns to garden-

Just Before Spring

Just before spring has stepped across the sill,
The earth seems hushed and breathless, and the sky
Is tender as a mother's lullaby.
And in brown fields that winter tried to kill,
There is a sudden softness; and the will
To bloom again, that nothing can deny,
Wakes in the orchard trees . . . the gale sweeps by
To lose itself against some sun-kissed hill!

Just before spring my heart that has known sorrow
Feels the vague stirring of a joyous song—
What thought the winter has been stark and long?
Spring's purse is full—and from the spring I'll borrow . . .
Forgetting pain and poverty and wrong—
I wait upon the threshold of tomorrow!

—with profound depth and meaning—during a time of stress and tumult that may occur after the lapse of half a century.

Early planting is best, for—according to the gardening books—"it increases the health and vigor of the growing plant." The Holy Bible bears out this great truth. You all know the wisdom of the Proverb

ing and my heart is filled with the perfume of dream flowers.

At this season of the year—and at every other season—I realize that early planting is in order, and I thank God from the bottom of my heart for the bright hopes that were instilled in me when I was young.

My Letter . . . OF THE MONTH

THIS month I shall quote a timely letter from a woman who lives in a great city—and is a shut-in:

My greatest joy in life is a table garden which blooms for me all through the year. The garden is staggered—if you know what I mean. I have it so arranged and planned that every month a new flower comes to life before my eyes.

This month my hyacinths will rise from their brown bulbs and will fill my room with song. I hope that they will be blue—but I am not sure. For the bulbs I planted were unmarked as to color . . . Blue flowers seem closest to heaven, I think—to my mind they are more ethereal than even the white ones.

Being a shut-in (I am forced to spend my days in an invalid's chair) has not been hard to bear since I started to grow my table garden . . . Before I had a garden I grew easily tired. Books were dull, often, and radio programs uninspired, and the very view from my window depressing. But since I have planted seeds and bulbs and slips in their respective pots and bowls and jardinières, life has never grown boresome.

My table garden has given back to me something which I lost when I became a cripple—it has given me a *future* . . . I am deeply grateful. Few cripples are able to take any pleasure in the vista of tomorrow.

E. V.

EDITORIAL FORUM

CHRISTIAN HERALD, always a crusading journal, has this as its permanent platform: To conserve, interpret, and extend the vital elements of EVANGELICAL CHRISTIAN FAITH. To support WORLD PEACE: that it may be world-wide and lasting; CHURCH UNITY: that it may be an organic reality; TEMPERANCE: that through education it may become universal and that the liquor problem may be solved. To carry forward a practical ministry to those who are in need. To champion those forces . . . wherever they appear . . . that bid fair to aid in the effort to make a CHRIST-LIKE WORLD.

DANIEL A. POLING, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF



And His Name Was Smith

AND his name was Smith. To be exact, his name was John Smith; and he was my great-uncle, living on a farm in Defiance County, Ohio, when I knew him first. In a never-to-be-forgotten summer of my early boyhood, I found him there, quiet, ready, and with an understanding heart. He and his son taught me many useful things, things I appreciate now as I did not then, for they were associated with work, farm work—hoeing corn, planting seeds, and chopping wood.

Now my mother's family had its roots in Pennsylvania and Ohio, while my father's family came from old Virginia in the Shenandoah Valley or westward in the country 'round about Romney, in what is now West Virginia. We fought on both sides of the Civil War! I still find my allegiance divided. I still kindle to my boyhood memories of stories told of forebears who marched with Stonewall Jackson or fought with Grant, or stood fast to the last before Richmond under Lee. Another great-uncle was one of the last survivors of McNeil's rangers.

John Smith of Ohio was a private who wore the blue. His picture hung above the mantel in the farmhouse sitting room. My great-aunt kept it there in spite of the remonstrances of her deprecating husband who never failed to avert his eyes when he passed beneath it. He was not set to the proportions of military glory and he did not like the picture.

Now all of this is apropos to an editorial which has to do, not with Smiths in general, but with a particular Smith who is not my great-uncle—Citizen Smith of New York City. Few there are under the flag of free America who do not have an uncle, "great" or even nearer, or, if not an uncle then some other relative, whose name is Smith. And as to this Citizen Smith all good men and true would, I am sure, be glad to count themselves in his distinguished family.

A CONTEMPORARY journal paints his picture well, true to line and color—genial, vigorous, and in business. He was never wealthy nor influential and was without experience in the realm of law and politics. Educated in New York's public schools, and attending a New York private school with rigorous attention to his assignments, he rose steadily in his career until he became president of a real estate firm. He was a man who had always lived quietly. He belonged to several fraternal and civic organizations, sent his children first to public school and then to boarding school. He was indeed, even to his name, a typical American when his civic opportunity came.

When he found himself discussed in relation to the Grand Jury of which he was foreman and out of which issued at last the indictments that brought at least the promise of a new birth of civic decency with the discomfiture of vice and crime in the nation's greatest city, he insisted that no credit belonged to him that was not equally the property of every other member of the jury over which he presided. I imagine that he grumbled a little when he was called—he could not afford to give the time, he was too busy.

It is intimated that an experience in an upstate New York barber shop had something to do with his later enthusiasm for the hard assignment. As he sat in that barber's chair two men entered representing, they said, the "mutual protective association." One of them ordered, "You've got to raise the price of haircuts from twenty-five cents to fifty cents. And the initiation fee is twenty dollars and the dues two dollars a week." The barber wasn't interested, he remarked that his clients wouldn't pay the price. "Well, that's just too bad," drawled the second

visitor, "when barbers get independent—it is funny now, but their shops are all smashed. Too bad, isn't it?"

Right then Citizen Smith went into action. He told the racketeers that he was witness to their attempted extortion and that he would have them jailed if they went further. He used a name mighty in politics of that particular town to emphasize his purpose. The second visitor only grinned and then replied, "Don't worry about him, he's fixed." Nor were those racketeers bluffing; what they said was true. And that barber presently joined the "protective association"!

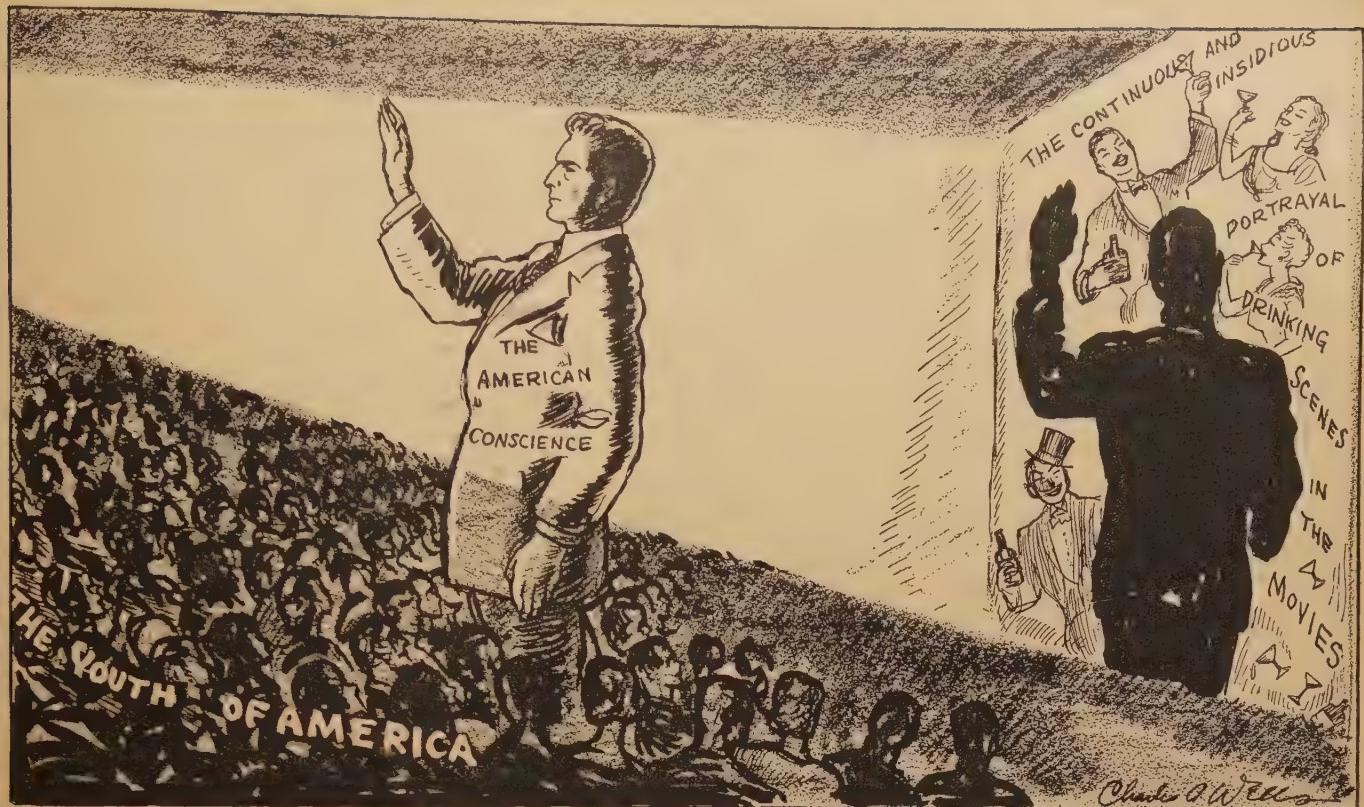
This was in miniature what had been going on all over America. New York City rackets were conducted on a grand scale, of course, protected by first-flight politicians. And, with the exception of an occasional income tax evader, never had there been a conviction of one of these top-rank racketeers.

As chairman of the Grand Jury, in spite of threats, evasions, withdrawals and rebuffs of every sort, Citizen Smith led his associates forward into one of the supreme occasions of American public life. He risked his reputation, for the underworld has ways dark and devious through which to draw men into compromising relationships where character assassins do even more deadly work than gunmen who kill the body.

Eventually Citizen Smith went forward single-handed, but he went forward. He was non-political and could not be diverted. Personally, confidentially, he talked with victims of rackets, citizens above reproach who knew the facts. He even presented to the presiding judge a statement in which the Grand Jury asked for its own dismissal and giving the reasons. That statement is I think, a classic in court literature. It contains words like these: "Rackets have reached such proportions as to constitute a public menace. . . . The ring control of rackets has no fear whatsoever of the Grand Jury's investigation. . . . Prominent politicians protect it to the point where no investigation would result in an indictment of important individuals. . . . The seriousness of this reaches even to the intimation that the racketeers will commit murder to accomplish their ends, feeling secure in their protection."

Citizen Smith closed with the request that the Governor appoint a competent prosecutor, a special prosecutor, to start the job afresh. That request was granted. Let the vital facts stand clear that it was not until partisan politics had been eschewed that the plain and victimized private citizen had at last his day in court. That which went forward then and which moves now irresistibly toward its consummation was the work of representative, worthy men and women of both and all political groups, led by the indomitable conscience of Citizen Smith. It is in such loyalty that the hope of American Democracy rests. It is with such practical patriotism that the civic and social causes of our time march toward their triumph.

Too often in particular situations, as on Election Day for instance, the American people pay little attention to details, to the merits of a candidate or to the rightness of a cause claiming their attention. Even when they vote, a multitude follow



IF HE'D STAND UP THIS SHOW WOULD STOP

the line of least resistance, cast their ballots in perfunctory fashion, forgetting that others beyond numbering have died that these very ballots might be cast.

Some time ago, a citizen of the state of Washington, a practical joker, carefully circulated and filed a petition in candidacy for "Boston Commons" for precinct committeeman. After the primary the vote in that precinct showed a high percentage in favor of Mr. Commons. Then it was that the joke—no, the tragedy—was revealed: Boston Commons was not a person, but a mule! The petition had been signed by him with the impression of his hoof! At any rate, the joke demonstrated, as its perpetrator intended, that too many American citizens shirk their full duty of citizenship in deference to personal convenience or from sheer political lassitude.

Indifference is the great curse of a democratic form of government. Out of indifference, your indifference and mine, the political gangs rise to their control. We have come now upon a time when Canada and the United States of America are among those lonesome lands where citizens still have the right and privilege to vote, uncowed and unhindered. Dwight L. Moody once said to a sanctimonious individual, who piously remarked that he was not interested in the approaching election because his citizenship was in Heaven, "Well, you had better get your citizenship down to earth for the next ten days!"

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All we want now is your letter nominating a Country Parson. It may earn you \$250. Your letter must be in our hands by April 1st. Address Managing Editor, Christian Herald, 419 Fourth Ave., New York City.

And that is exactly what Citizen Smith of New York City did—brought his citizenship down to earth and kept it there; kept it there in spite of all efforts at intimidation, kept it there against his financial interests and at the risk of losing property and life. I am glad that there is a sequel to his story, however. He has been appointed by the mayor of his city

to the office which provides opportunity for one of the richest single courses of graft—that in control of real estate condemnations and purchases. Another has said that his appointment is "a guarantee that for the next four years at least no easy money will flow from this tap to keep a corrupt political machine oiled. That is the reward for doing your civic duty. They always come and make you do more of it."

But that is also the glory and the triumph of government truly free. William Jennings Bryan in one of his greatest orations referred to the American citizen as "Democracy's uncrowned king." He said that the crown of American sovereignty is the ballot, and that when we fail to vote we deny our kingship and endanger our kingdom. No man has any right to tell you or me for whom you or I should vote; but the humblest man—and indeed it is his duty—has the right to tell you and me that not to vote is high treason against the state.

The patriotism of peace is as exacting as the patriotism of war. The citizen who fails to serve the state *now* may presently have no state to serve.

What Citizen Smith has done in his city, other Citizen Smiths—and Citizens Jones and Brown and all the rest—can accomplish in every city in this land if they will exhibit his courage and persistence, and unfailingly exercise their right to fight graft with the ballot.

Daniel A. Poling.

A Sermon

BY ROBERT CASPAR LINTNER



WHEN one undertakes to speak of the certainties of Jesus, it must seem very much as if one were to try to single out some of the brilliant facets of a great diamond. For Jesus had many certainties. His life was builded upon them and about them. We must realize that no one can achieve a great character in any day without great convictions. Great lives can never be builded upon whims and caprices. Always there must be certainties upon which to build. Jesus had these and many of them. So we can with real profit look briefly into some of the loftiest of these certainties of His, and find enrichment for our own lives as we do so.

Chief among all these certainties of Jesus was His certainty of God. In every moment, even in His hours of most desperate need, Jesus was certain of God. There were the days in the wilderness when He experienced hunger and temptation and knew the depths of soul-searching. In all these dark hours the one great certainty above all others which lighted His life was His sureness of God. On the cross, as He hung there with excruciating pain and utter agony of spirit, with the fickle rabble mocking Him, probably He felt far more alone with God than we may ever have realized. Perhaps you have stood on a crowded thoroughfare in a great city and have watched the throngs milling past you, with a sea of faces you have never seen before, while you have felt strangely aware of a wistful loneliness. Many feel this strange sense bearing down upon them in the crowds of a city. They are surrounded by hosts of people, and yet seem *alone*. Others of us find people so interesting and so diverse that we can never feel lonely in a crowd. But I somehow feel that Jesus, in those terrible hours upon the hill of Golgotha, must have experienced a feeling of loneliness with God, even while the mocking multitude milled about Him. The very humiliation and agony must have thrown Him back upon the unfailing presence and the never-failing strength of God. Jesus, even then, was certain of God. Men could do *that* to the Man of Sorrows but they could not take God away. Though surrounded by a great surging sea of fickleness and unleashed fury, Jesus yet found God abiding and sure. "O My Father, . . . thy will be done."

Because He was certain of God, Jesus was sure about the Father's unfathomable love. He clothed the lilies of the field, He watched tenderly over the sparrows, and He was greatly interested in the innermost and in the seemingly least consequential of the things which touch the daily lives of all of us. He was a Father who came running to fling His arms about us when we had sinned grossly in some far country and had frittered away every

vestige of our sonship but had come to ourselves at long last and had turned our blistered feet toward Him who constituted home—and His love had no rest until it reaffixed every once-discarded badge of our sonship. And then, as if to set before our uncomprehending eyes for all time a luminous word that would be at once our challenge and our rebuke in all our praying, Jesus gave us this calm word of chastening: "Your heavenly Father knoweth what things ye have need of, before ye ask Him."

That is more than infinite wisdom; it is the infinite understanding that is born only of God's matchless love for us who drag His image through the dusty ways of our earthly pilgrimage.

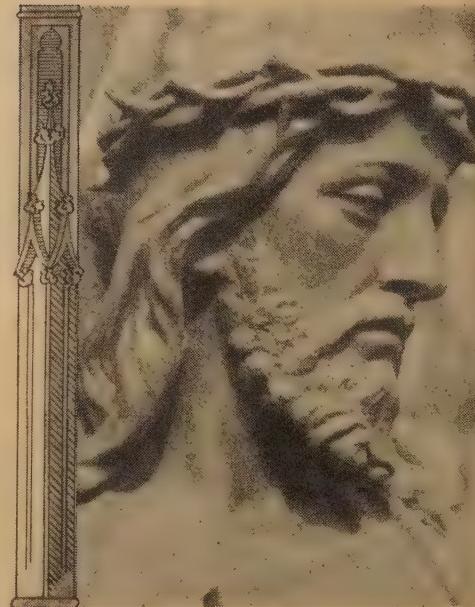
And Jesus was certain also of God's justice and of His mercy as well. We readily enough recognize mercy to be a child of love, but we have been prone to regard justice as somehow outside of the family—a mere neighbor's child at best. But the two live close to God's heart. Recently I heard a Moravian minister deliver what was perhaps the most thought-provoking sermon which I have yet heard on any of the Beatitudes. His text was "Blessed are the merciful for they shall obtain mercy." In the development of his message he took particular care to point out that God is under divine obligation to be both merciful and just.

No one knows how many men have been saved from the worst because some one person believed with unshaken confidence in their best

Nothing else so hedges us away from evil as do the love and the known confidence of some one who believes implicitly in us in spite of what we are

We have real need to remember that, not merely once but often, Jesus knew that God was divinely obligated to be merciful, but He fully understood also that God was under divine necessity to be just. Knowing, as we all know, that we may sometimes be merciful merely because of a maudlin desire to be easy rather than exacting, we must never forget that justice calls for the most discriminating appreciations of right and wrong, in an almost faultless blending of legal rigidity and compassionate fellow-feeling for both accuser and accused. Divine compulsions which make flinty demands even of God are not to be spurned lightly by any of us.

A second certainty in the life of Jesus was His certainty that all men are intricably bound together in a great human brotherhood, all children alike of a common Father. It was no mere aca-



demic phrase with Jesus. It was almost an obsession in His life. Men were brothers. They were His brothers. To them all He said: "When ye pray, say, *our Father*." And this Father is indescribably near us all, in our deepest needs, and in our inmost yearnings. Jesus was certain that all men are brothers in an essential kindred that transcends color and class and condition. That was what made the sin of Dives of so deep a dye. That figured also in the rebuke of the Prodigal's father to the supposedly circumspect elder brother, who, in a moment of inner rebellion and lack of forgiving, leaped to a far country without ever leaving the shelter of the father's roof.

We all have in us a kind of inescapable inner mark that brands us indelibly as spiritual sons of God. Jesus was so sure of this common brotherhood that it mat-

tered tremendously to Him how we acted the part. "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you, *that you may be the children of your Father*." "All things whatsoever you would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." To hurt an enemy was to hurt a brother. To hurt a brother was to hurt His brother. *That*, because Jesus loved all men so, would hurt *Him*.

So sure was Jesus of human brotherhood and its implications that He saw infinite possibilities for good in the weak and the fallen. In Mary of the streets He saw not merely Mary of Magdala but the woman she had it in her to be when once she had come face to face with the confidence which Jesus placed in her. She could not bring herself to disappoint Him who persisted in seeing in her the best

THE CERTAINTIES OF JESUS



that she *might* be with His help.

Some of us have seen this truth illustrated very impressively in a current one-act play, where the leading character, a man who is on the point of absconding with wealth which is not his, with all plans made for his immediate flight, is suddenly faced, not with guns and police but by the quiet, sure confidence of a young woman of his office, who, knowing perfectly well who he is and what he is, yet, with that strange power which only calmness and sureness have, brings him face to face with the honest man he has it in him to be. Not only does she hand him additional money which has been sent in for him to invest for those who trust him implicitly but, to climax it all, she offers him her own modest savings for him to invest for her. And this man, thief that he is, cannot bring himself to steal in the face of this apparent certainty of his honesty, and he leaves that room determined to be honest. The confidence of those who trust us implicitly forges its own strong chains to bind us to our best.

This miracle is wrought in our daily lives more frequently than we may ever know. No one knows how many men have been saved from the worst because some one person believed with unshaken confidence in their best. Here is a lad, loving bread and jam as only a small boy can, who turns from a tempting glass on the pantry shelf because his mother told him she would trust him to leave it there until dinner. Here is a man who cannot bring himself to thievery or suicide or moral depravity because he is stayed by the knowledge that someone believes he can never stoop so. Nothing else so hedges us away from evil as do the love and the known confidence of someone who believes implicitly in us in spite of what we are!

Then Jesus was also certain—passionately certain—that all our living must center about two foci: that the Good Father of us all has entrusted us with rich endowments of personality and of talents and so merits our supreme love, and that we who are His children can never live worthily until we use these endowments in love and unselfish service for others.

Jesus was so sure of all this that He builded His own life upon it. And there is no surer way for us to make successes

of our lives than by moulding them after this same pattern of goodness which was His. And if we want to understand in our weak way how Jesus could do for men what He did, we shall need to study how fully He loved them after He had first loved God utterly. And Jesus gave us the secret freely: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind, *and thy neighbor as thyself.*"

And, finally, Jesus was certain of the ongoing of human life in unbroken glory eternally. This illuminated His life quietly, almost as if it were so basic as to be accepted without need for comment. But our own thinking about it, even to-day with our centuries of study of His words and His life, is sometimes extremely confused. Some of our finest Christian people have been careless or confused in their own certainty that what we call death can bring no break in the immortal life with which God has endowed us all. In one of our fine old cities of the South is a cemetery where for long decades the faithful of one of our most devout Christian groups have been interred. There is enacted at dawn of every Easter a most thrilling Easter dawn service to celebrate the Risen Lord's victory over death. Yet the word that stands in large letters over the gateway is not a word of Jesus but an Old Testament text from the highly romantic Song of Songs which so narrowly missed being excluded from the Bible: "Until the day break, and the shadows flee away." Half of that sentence appears there as one approaches the gate, and the other half is placed on the reverse side of the sign above the gate, where one sees it as he is about to pass out again from among the graves. As I looked at that word I was strangely impressed with a feeling that this romantic word, so placed, constituted a symbol of a mistaken belief that our dead sleep until the "morning of the resurrection."

Whether or not that was the belief of the devout Moravians who set that word there, many Christians to-day seem to believe their loved ones sleep in the quiet seclusion of the cemetery where their bodies are laid. This erroneous belief wraps a mantle of delusion about one of the brightest glories of the Christian faith—the high faith that

our life here passes on uninterruptedly into eternity, unmarred by the instant which we call death.

We find the same delusion in the facetious remark which someone makes at our side when he voices the hope that his friends will send him flowers before he dies, *so he can see them.* That is muddled thinking for any man who calls himself a Christian. How does he know he will not see those flowers when he flits away from his clay house into "a house not made with hands, eternal, in the heavens"? Who gave him such an idea? *Jesus never did.* What Jesus did say, in calm words which deserve to be trumpeted down all the later centuries, was this: "Whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall *never die.*" And when He hung on His cross that terrible afternoon and one who hung there beside Him saw Him through the eyes of a dawning faith and voiced his dawning loyalty to Him, Jesus replied with the clear precision of a trumpet note: "*To-day* shalt thou be *with Me in Paradise.*"

About these two utterances of Jesus you and I may build our belief in the eternal quality of the life God has breathed into each of us. "Whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die." Then life for us is unbroken. There is, as Gordon Johnstone sang so lustily, no death—"no dying and no tomb." The life we are now living is the life we shall be living in the farthest reaches of the eternity of which we are even now a part. We are immortal, deathless. None can snatch from us the life God has given us. And now look at that other word: "*To-day* shalt thou be with Me in Paradise." *To-day!* Immediately after our heart stills here. No tomb to intervene its shadows and its silence. No strange interlude, however brief, between life here and life yonder. That, and nothing short of that, is the Christian belief in immortality.

Yesterday I stood at the bedside of a Christian mother who as a girl of twelve in England had joined a Primitive Methodist church. Beside me stood a man who had joined the church with her then, sixty-six years ago, and for fifty-eight of those years he had shared with her an unusually happy marriage. A son and a daughter stood there also, with her husband and the nurse. And as we stood there I prayed that God, whenever it was His will, might give her an abundant entrance into His eternal home. Almost as the prayer ended, her breathing, labored, under a fever of slightly more than 107 degrees, stopped. She had slipped away where she would find no fever, no pain, no death, and I believe she left them clutching to their numbed hearts a faith that she had not ceased to live. It seems to me that this is one of the cardinal certainties of our Christian faith. And I am fully convinced that this great faith, if we have it for our own, will light our path in our sunset days as nothing else ever can.

All these great certainties were thoroughly fundamental in the life of Jesus. If we too, all of us, can share them, we shall find through them a powerful undergirding of our strength in every dark and tempestuous hour which doubt and temptation and pain and adversity and bereavement can ever bring to us. And we shall thereby find ourselves growing perceptibly in our appreciation of all that is good.



Hamburg meat serves as an overcoat for mashed potatoes or rice. Serve with mushroom sauce



Oysters sandwiched between thin patties of ground steak then fried in butter, turning once, make savory eating for home or crowd affairs

The BURGER Family Steps Out

THE burghers of Old Hamburg where the viand got its name sent it to America as a lowly dish—a budget balancer. Today it is in the social Blue Book along with brothers, sisters, cousins, aunts. From a humble start as a *piece de resistance* at roadside stands and for the picnic basket, the hamburger appears today on menus of smart hotels and restaurants, not in one form but two dozen or more.

Hamburger remains head of the clan but look at the relatives—lamburger, cheese burgers, nut burgers, bean burgers, oyster burgers, corn burgers and all the rest. It's an ambitious family rapidly climbing to fame.

But for all their aristocratic airs the burgers remain a thrifty crowd. You can well afford to introduce the burger plate for the church supper or burger buns for those evening parties young people give around the open fireplace in the church parlors.

Hamburgers are scheduled for daily appearance at the forthcoming World's Fair. They are to show up in World of Tomorrow guises all as super-modern in design as the Fair's architecture, yet for all that losing none of their old-time tastiness. Hamburger World's Fair has already been introduced. This novelty is hamburg meat wrapped around a pickled onion dipped into egg and crushed corn flakes, then fried in deep hot fat until browned. That to serve with tomato juice cocktails.

Another World's Fair variation on the hamburger theme is the bacon hamburger. Wrap two-inch wide patties of hamburger with a slice of bacon. Broil. Top with slice of broiled mild white onion. For buffet parties, serve with crisp hamburger buns.

But first a tip about burger meat. It should be freshly ground. Never hold ground meat uncooked more than half a day. The goodness of the burger depends

on the freshness of the meat—not the tenderness of cut. Meat men laugh at women who buy hamburg meat and ask for round steak, ground. For a better buy and more savory combination take hamburg meat just as the butcher grinds it out. This will be beef trimmings, or a combination of trimmings with boneless chuck. One meat is as tender as the next after grinding, the experts say. Don't cook the thin meat pats dry, killing all the sweet meat taste. Broil the meat or brown quickly in hot fat, then let them steam until done.

HAMBURG ON ONION SLICES

25 slices Bermuda or white onions, $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter
	$\frac{1}{2}$ pound ground suet
1 teaspoon salt	2 cups soft bread crumbs
$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pepper	$\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped parsley
4 pounds lean beef, ground	25 slices bacon

Place onion slices in baking pan, sprinkle with salt and pepper, and pour melted butter over; cover and bake in moderate oven (350° F.) about $\frac{1}{2}$ hour, or until nearly soft. Mix together lightly beef, suet, bread crumbs, parsley, 2 teaspoons salt and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pepper; shape into 25 cakes, wrap each with a slice of bacon and fasten with a toothpick. Place cakes on onion slices and broil, turning once. Yield 25 portions.

CHEESEBURGERS

4 pounds hamburger	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon celery salt
$\frac{1}{4}$ cup chili sauce	25 slices bread
$\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons salt	25 slices American or
$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon Worcester- shire sauce	Old English cheese

Combine hamburger with seasonings and mix well. Form into 25 flat patties. Fry. Toast bread on one side. Place cheese on untoasted side and heat under broiler until it melts. Top with hamburgers and serve at once with additional chili sauce. Approximate yield: 25 portions.



The two-in-one burger features one kind of ground meat in the center with another kind molded around



Here are bacon burgers planned as a World's Fair feature, the hamburg meat wrapped with a slice of bacon, then broiled and topped with a slice of broiled white onion



LIVERBURGERS

3 pounds liver (beef or veal)	24 sweet pickles
$2\frac{1}{4}$ quarts mashed po- tatoes	Chopped fine
1 tablespoon salt	Dash of pepper

Scald liver, drain and fry in a little hot fat. Chop liver fine and add mashed potatoes, sweet pickles, seasonings and



Hamburgers rise in society
from stuffing for the picnic buns to a luncheon dish on skewers

cream. Put in buttered timbale molds and bake for 15 minutes in a hot oven (450° F.). Unmold and serve with tomato ketchup. Approximate yield: 24 portions.

MEXICAN BEANBURGERS

4 medium sized onions	1 tablespoon chili powder
4 buds garlic	1/2 teaspoon cayenne
1/2 cup vegetable shortening	4 pounds hamburger
2 quarts canned baked beans	1/2 cup chili sauce
1 pint tomato sauce	1/2 teaspoon celery salt
1 1/2 tablespoons salt	25 slices toast
1/2 teaspoon pepper	1/2 cups grated American cheese

Cut onion in thin slices; chop garlic fine; fry both in hot shortening until tender and lightly browned; add the beans, tomato sauce, and hamburger and seasonings. Simmer for about 15 minutes, stirring frequently. Mix the hamburger with the chili sauce and celery salt; form into 25 flat patties about four inches in diameter and 1/4 inch thick. Fry slowly until browned on both sides. To serve, place the patties on toasted bread. Cover with generous portions of beans and sprinkle with grated cheese. Approximate yield: 25 portions.

LAMB PATTIES ON PINEAPPLE RINGS

6 pounds lamb, ground	2 tablespoons Worcestershire sauce
3 cups soft bread crumbs	3/4 cup fat
1 1/2 tablespoons salt	25 slices canned pineapple
1/2 teaspoon pepper	apple
1 1/2 tablespoons onion juice	3/4 cup butter

Choose meat from breast, neck, shank or shoulder to be ground. Mix together ground lamb, crumbs and seasonings, and shape into flat patties. Sauté in hot fat until well browned on both sides, then reduce heat and continue frying about 15 minutes, or until done, turning frequently. Serve on pineapple rings. Approximate yield: 25 portions.

OYSTERBURGERS

4 pounds chuck steak ground with 1/2 pound suet	1 cup milk
3/4 cup minced onion	1 1/2 tablespoons dry mustard
4 eggs	1/4 teaspoon salt
2 cups moist bread crumbs	1/2 teaspoon pepper
	1 1/2 tablespoons Worcestershire sauce
	25 oysters

Combine ingredients, mixing lightly. Form into 50 very thin patties. Lay oyster in each of 25 patties. Cover with remaining patties and press edges to-

By CLEMENTINE
PADDLEFORD

Director

CHURCH HOUSEKEEPING BUREAU

gether. Fry in butter 10 minutes, or until done, turning once. Approximate yield: 25 portions.

LAMBURGERS

2 quarts cold cooked lamb	1/4 cup melted butter
4 green peppers	1/2 cup heavy cream
4 medium sized onions	1/2 cup cracker dust
2 cups chopped mushrooms or celery	1 1/3 tablespoons salt
4 eggs	1/2 teaspoon pepper
	2 2/3 tablespoons Worcestershire sauce

Put all solid ingredients through the grinder. Add eggs, butter, cream, cracker dust and seasonings, and beat until light. If too stiff, add more cream, cold gravy or chili sauce. If a sharper burger is desired add dry mustard, curry powder or drained horseradish. Shape into very small cakes. Fry in butter or drippings 10 minutes. Approximate yield: 25 portions.

CRABURGERS

4 pounds crabmeat	1 1/3 tablespoons chopped parsley
4 eggs	1 1/3 tablespoons minced chives
1 1/3 tablespoons dry mustard	1/2 cup mayonnaise
1 1/3 tablespoons Worcester sauce	1 1/3 tablespoons salt
	1/2 teaspoon pepper

Remove tendons from crabmeat. Break into small pieces. Mix all ingredients lightly together. Form into small cakes, dip into flour, then in beaten egg, then in bread crumbs. Chill thoroughly. Serve in biscuits or buns. Approximate yield: 25 portions.

BURGERS IN POTATO COATS

3 pounds hamburger	1 teaspoon pepper
8 carrots shredded	8 raw potatoes, shredded fat
4 onions, chopped fine	2 teaspoons salt

Mix meat, carrots, onions and seasonings. Form into thin patties, roll in potato. Pan fry in hot skillet until brown. Approximate yield: 18 portions.

INDIVIDUAL BURGER LOAVES

6 pounds hamburger	2 tablespoons salt
6 onions, minced	1 1/2 teaspoons pepper
2 tablespoons	3 quarts well seasoned Worcester sauce
	mashed potatoes

Mix meat, onion and seasonings. Form into 48 patties. Place 1/2 cup mashed potatoes between each two patties. Bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) for 30 minutes. Approximate yield: 24 portions.

BURGER BARBECUE

3 cups bread crumbs	6 tablespoons vinegar
1 1/2 cups milk	3/4 cup Worcestershire sauce
3 pounds hamburger	1 tablespoon salt
1 tablespoon pepper fat	3 cups ketchup
	3/4 teaspoon pepper

Soak crumbs in milk and mix with meat, salt and pepper. Shape into patties. Brown patties in hot fat in skillet. Then add Worcestershire, vinegar, ketchup, onion and seasonings. Cover and simmer about 1/2 hour. Approximate yield: 25 portions.

(Continued on page 48)



March, 1939

DAILY MEDITATIONS

For the Quiet Hour

BY RALPH SADLER MEADOWCROFT

A PRAYER AND MEDITATION FOR SPIRITUAL PROGRESS EACH DAY OF THE YEAR

Foreword

THIS month our meditation is to be a study of St. Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians. It is the third of Paul's most important writings. Galatians is the earliest statement of his faith; Romans comes later and is a profound explanation of his understanding of Christianity; Ephesians comes last, as a summing up of his teaching. It was written about 60 A.D., probably while the apostle was imprisoned in Rome.

Surprisingly it was not written to Ephesus. The earliest copies of the epistle omit Ephesus from the title. It was written "to the saints," that is, to all Christian people everywhere. Probably the copy we have is the one which the Ephesian Church possessed. Hence the title. It is both a summary of his doctrine and a meditation upon two great truths.

1. Upon the doctrine of Christ. What is the purpose of creation? Paul's answer is the spiritual fulfillment of our humanity in Christ.

2. The doctrine of the church. How is that experience of Christ to be carried on in the world? The answer is the Church, which is the incarnation of Christ's spirit in history.

Grant, O Lord, that as we meditate upon this epistle, Thy Word may become a lamp unto our feet and a light unto our path. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 1

TO CHRISTIAN PEOPLE.
READ EPHESIANS 1:1-4.

THE epistle is written "to the saints." It is not to everybody, for there are treasures in Christ which non-Christians can neither understand nor possess.

2. God and Jesus Christ are placed together in absolute equality. This proves that from the very beginning Christians believed that our Lord is the Son of God.

3. "Spiritual blessings in Christ, even in the heavenly places." The reward of the Christian is in spiritual joy and triumph—not in material things. And eternal life is not something we achieve after death. It begins right here, and now. We can know the peace of God which is something the world can never understand, at this very moment.

4. And this joy is ours not only because we claimed it, but even more, because God "chose" us to receive it. This

is a truth we greatly need to realize again today. A famous preacher was once on a train. Near him in the coach were some drunken men, making the coach obnoxious with foul cursing. The minister felt disgusted, but suddenly it came to him, "There but for the grace of God, might be you." We must never forget that such good qualities as we possess are not for us to boast about, but to be deeply grateful to God, Who chose us to be His children.

Give to us, O Lord, a lively sense of our dependence upon Thee, and of Thy great love manifested toward us, in that we are chosen in Christ before the foundation of the world. Amen.

THURSDAY, MARCH 2

THE LOVE OF GOD.
READ EPHESIANS 1:5-8.

THE great American theologian, Jonathan Edwards, taught that God is so angry with our sin that He finds a holy enjoyment in punishing sinners, and that only through a narrow doorway can we squeeze into heaven. But St. Paul emphasizes that our salvation is "according to the good pleasure of His Will." We are saved because it is God's joy to save us—He enjoys saving us. For the Father's nature is gracious, and is continually giving out His own joy and love. Our salvation is thus a pure gift from God, given us in Christ the Beloved. The apostle can hardly find words to emphasize sufficiently how great is the Father's love for us. Finally he says, "He has abounded to us in all prudence." His love for us is a deliberate choosing to love us; it is not an impulsive gesture. We may feel sorry for a poor beggar and impulsively give him a meal, but God's attitude to us is fixed and deliberately chosen. So in Him is a love which seeks us continually and will abide with us, in season and out of season.

O God, whose love towards us passeth knowledge, teach us to trust Thee at all times, and live to be worthy of so great affection. Amen.

FRIDAY, MARCH 3

WHY DID GOD CREATE?
READ EPHESIANS 1:9-12.

IN CHRIST, God has revealed to us the purpose of all creation. It is that

everything shall be put in fellowship with God. It is not just mankind, but all creation has its place in the Christian scheme of things. In Romans the apostle says, "the whole creation groaneth and travaileth together in pain until now." We have left nature to science but in the New Testament a tree, an animal, the whole creation has its meaning in Christianity. This is the position which modern science is coming to, and which the New Testament taught 2,000 years ago. For us, it means that the world is sacred, to be used and treated as the unconscious agent of Christ's kingdom. Nature is to be loved, protected and developed to its highest usefulness. That is why we should never sneer at science, for the true scientist is the servant of God. And that is why we should always treat our bodies as holy—they are not "the world, the flesh and the devil," but "the temples of the Holy Spirit."

O God, Who hast chosen men to be the supreme revelation of Thy glory, help us to give ourselves to Thy Will, and fulfill Thy plan in spirit and in truth. Amen.

SATURDAY, MARCH 4

BLESSED ASSURANCE.
READ EPHESIANS 1:13-14.

IN THE 12th verse Paul speaks of those who first trusted in Christ. He was one of the Christian pioneers. That glory is not for us who live in the Twentieth Century. But now in verse 13 he speaks of our calling, that we trusted the Gospel when we heard it. And because we have believed, we also have been sealed as God's own—with the "Holy Spirit of Promise." Our salvation is not a legal guarantee set down on paper, which we can file away in a safety deposit box until we die. Rather it is a seal of joy and gladness in our hearts, filling our lives with that peace which passeth man's understanding, but not, thank God, beyond our experience.

This joy in our hearts now is our certain guarantee that we shall be with Christ in eternity, when the "purchased possession" shall be redeemed. That is a fact of which a Christian need never be in doubt.

Help us, dear Father, to open our hearts to Thee, that our lives may be filled with the joy of Thy presence.
(Continued on page 44)



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HEAVY CAST ALUMINUM WARE

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PILLSBURY'S BEST FLOUR

DAILY MEDITATIONS FOR THE QUIET HOUR

(Continued from page 42)

SUNDAY, MARCH 5

A PARAGRAPH OF PRAYER.
READ EPHESIANS 1:15-16.

IN THIS epistle Paul is writing to many people he does not personally know, but he gives thanks for their goodness. Many times the apostle thanks God for some Christian's example and is helped by it. We should enjoy the goodness of all Christian people. It is our privilege to share it with them, for it is our own Saviour's influence in their lives.

How rarely we realize this. We are not individuals living all by ourselves, but a great family who have one Father, and one Saviour Who inspires your life and mine. And just as brothers and sisters rejoice in and enjoy the achievements of the others, so we give to and receive from one another.

Open our eyes to see the cloud of witnesses all around us who are working for Thee. Give us joy in being members of the fellowship of believers. Amen.

MONDAY, MARCH 6

THE GIFT OF WISDOM.
READ EPHESIANS 1:17-23.

GOD has given us wisdom in our knowledge of Him. And that knowledge is that the power which the Father used in raising Christ from the dead, is at our disposal. There is no problem in your life which He is not able to overcome. Years ago a woman who professed Christianity was troubled by the fact that her husband and sons would have nothing to do with Christ because of her example. To a minister she confessed she had one bad fault, an ugly temper, but then she said "I can't help that, I was born that way." The minister wrote down a verse for her. "The Egyptians whom you see this day, you shall see them again no more forever!" Three weeks later he received a check for his church and a note attached which read "A thank offering for a drowned Egyptian." There is nothing God is not able to overcome for us. "The exceeding greatness of His power to us-ward who believe."

Grant to us, Lord, understanding of our faith as we have never known before, that our lives may be indeed, living witnesses to the joy which is ours in Jesus Christ. Amen.

TUESDAY, MARCH 7

THIS WORLD
READ EPHESIANS 2:1-3.

TRESPASSES and sins are the course of this world. The whole scheme of earthly (secular) life is fallen, dead. This sounds terrible, but it is true. For the fundamental impulse is selfishness. Now selfishness turns in on itself and finally ends in a fixed interest which grows narrower and narrower. And that is

spiritual death; for a dead body is one which is concerned with the narrowest of interests. It is concerned only with the immediate space it occupies.

The lust of the flesh is the New Testament term for selfishness; it does not mean only sensuality. Man is a being with two natures, flesh and spirit. The spirit seeks after God. The flesh is the self-interest which is in all of us. The spirit moves quietly; it is a "still small voice." Flesh is loud in its tones—it desires, wants and lusts after its pleasures.

Teach us, O God, that without Christ can no man be justified however good he may be, through Jesus Christ the only Saviour. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 8

GOD'S GIFT TO US.

READ EPHESIANS 2:4-12.

BUT God has "quickened"—brought to life the dead body of our selfishness, and He has done it because He loves us. Our salvation is His achievement, not our own. This is so important and constantly emphasized in the Bible. Today we like to think salvation is in our hands. All we have to do is turn to God, and He must help us. But does a man ever turn to God of his own free will? No, it is the Father's drawing that man that causes him to desire God. "It is God working in us."

We are God's workmanship created to do good works. We are not earning our salvation by doing good—we are giving back to God a little of the love and good that He has so abundantly given to us.

Help us to realize that our salvation is a gift from Thyself and that we owe it all to Thy love. Amen.

THURSDAY, MARCH 9

CHRISTIAN BROTHERHOOD.
READ EPHESIANS 2:13-22.

THE blood of Christ has made all Christians one family. Racial and class divisions are broken down. God chose the children of Abraham, that is, the children of faith (see Epistle to Galatians, chapters III and IV). The Jews sinned in translating this as the children of Abraham's flesh. But what does God care about the sons of Abraham's body unless they are the children of his faith? But the Jews had built "a middle wall of partition" (in Herod's temple in Jerusalem was a middle wall, beyond which Gentiles could not pass on penalty of death). That is destroyed by Christ, Who has made all men, of every race, class and color, one by His blood.

Let us beware of constructing divisions. In the Cross all men are invited. Protestant, Roman Catholic or any man who come to the Cross is our brother in Christ. For through Christ we all have access to the heart of the Father and you cannot divide from one another when you get there.

We are not strangers, but fellow citi-

zens with each other, with St. Paul, the apostles and prophets and all the Christian people of the past; nay, we are fellow citizens with Jesus Himself Who is the chief cornerstone of this family. For salvation is not just for you, or for me. We are all saved together in the fellowship of the Church, which is "His body." You are helping me to be saved; we are helping one another.

O God, help me so to live in love with all Christians, that I may not fail them as we journey life's road together. Amen.

FRIDAY, MARCH 10

CHRISTIAN PRISONERS.
READ EPHESIANS 3:1-8.

PAUL was a prisoner for Christ in Rome when he wrote this letter. But he speaks of himself as a prisoner of Christ. In other places he calls himself the bond-servant of Christ. A prisoner like Paul had a great deal of freedom. He rented his own house, and could take part in the life of the city. But he was under the will of the authorities and must not leave the neighborhood. So the Christian is not a slave, but the willing servant of Christ, under the guidance of the Master's will.

And Jesus does guide His children. God will guide your life in all its ways if you will be His "prisoner." We are so liable to give Him a small part of our lives, yet expect Him to do everything for us. He can only control what we give Him. If we are prepared to give Him all of ourselves, then He will control the whole of our lives.

Teach us, O Lord, to surrender ourselves completely to Thy Will and to follow Thy guiding hand wherever it may lead us. Amen.

SATURDAY, MARCH 11

GOD'S ETERNAL PLAN.
READ EPHESIANS 3:9-12.

THE purpose of Christianity is to make all men one united family. That is God's eternal plan. The world today is desperately in need of some power to break down the divisions which separate us from each other. If we fail, it is obvious that war and revolution will destroy our civilization. We might paraphrase Lincoln's words, "A world divided against itself cannot stand." The Christian religion is God's plan for world salvation. And it is our task to make "all men see it."

Because God is our Father and we are His family, we are to approach Him confidently. Remember that prayer is simply talking with God. Then pray as you would talk with the one you love most dearly upon earth.

Help us to come to Thee, O God, as a child comes to father and mother, knowing that Thy love for us is even greater than the love of a human family. Amen.

(Continued on page 67)

(Continued from page 30)

bill you had presented by Senator Allison and I'll see you again as I think we need the law you proposed."

Coffin was stunned. Four years' hard work had yielded nothing but pledges of a majority for his safety appliance bill and now this!

Two days and nights in his room restored Coffin's bill to its original form after which it was delivered to Senator Cullom. At noon Monday, February 6, 1893, the Senate made the bill the regular order all week. At 5 p.m. Saturday, February 11, the Senate voted to strike out all of the House bill except the title and adopted its own bill as drawn by Coffin. Then it had to go back to the House to take its chances again.

February 21, 1893, the House made the Safety Appliance bill a special order. Richardson and Wise, of Virginia, who had opposed the bill switched to its favor and a grand fight was on. Finally a filibuster was tried and then an attempt to adjourn was made which would have placed the bill at the bottom of the calendar again from which it never would have emerged.

The sergeant-at-arms was kept busy hustling around Washington on a stormy night rounding up members to maintain a quorum. But Coffin's friends stopped the clock so that the legislative day did not end until 6:30 on the morning of February 22. When Speaker Crisp came in he was called into conference and agreed to recognize Wise who had the bill in charge, if he would agree to put the bill over to suspension day if he would consent to adjournment. On suspension day whatever bill is before Congress can at once be put on its passage by a two-thirds vote. Coffin's supporters thought it safe to risk having the necessary two-thirds so the House adjourned.

Three days before suspension day Coffin found that he had contracted a violent cold on that stormy night of February 21, and was threatened with pneumonia in addition to which he was nearly worn out by nervous strain. Even so he dared not risk a moment's rest. The usual flood of telegrams released at such a legislative crisis poured in on members of Congress and it was having its effect.

Coffin had resolutions demanding the safety appliance act from Brotherhoods having more than 100,000 members and other facts published in a booklet, a copy of which was placed on every representative's desk on the morning of February 27.

Wise, of Virginia, a tall long-armed, nervous man, hot with indignation denounced the telegrams as frauds; quoted President Harrison's language about railroad men facing greater danger than soldiers in the field and reminded his hearers that resolutions adopted by more than 100,000 Brotherhood men represented the real sentiments of working railroad men. Henderson, of Iowa, took ex-Speaker Reed, who opposed the bill, aside and by the use of very forcible language persuaded him to keep out of the House so he couldn't vote.

Five more votes than the necessary two-thirds were recorded for the Coffin bill.

The Battle for Safety was won.

"She made me BOIL... with her know-it-all air!"



How Helen raised her baby
by up-to-date methods while living
with an old-fashioned aunt!



AUNT: Now Helen, if *I* were you—
HELEN: But Aunty, we've been over that a million times already. I know exactly how to handle the baby . . . even if he is my first.



AUNT: Tush! You're mollycoddling the child, and you know it. Why in *our* time children grew up without all this fiddle-faddle.



HELEN: Times have changed, Aunty. Our doctor says that today children should get special care . . . special food, special clothes. Yes, even a special laxative!



HELEN: Of course! Doesn't it stand to reason? After all, Bobby's only 7 months. His tiny system is still delicate. Wouldn't it be risky to give him anything but a mild, gentle laxative, one made especially for a baby's needs?



HELEN: That's why the doctor said to give him Fletcher's Castoria. He said it's the modern laxative made ONLY for children. It's on the SAFE side . . . has no harsh "adult" drugs. It works mostly in the lower bowel and won't disturb his tummy.



AUNT: Well, he certainly takes it willingly enough. I'll say that much.
HELEN: He ought to. The doctor says Fletcher's Castoria has a grand taste... Isn't it wonderful to know we're giving Bobby a laxative that's so dependable?

Chas H Fletcher **CASTORIA**

The modern—SAFE—laxative made especially and ONLY for children

(Continued from page 34)

tions. Yes, she wished he was more like Mr. Hardy.

The Mahoney rally was well attended although not so large as the one Sam Darnley had engineered. Nevertheless as he sat on the platform and studied the audience Bruce felt pleased. The people who had come stood for something. Their manner contrasted well with the clique and clamor that he had been told marked the other meeting. Gratefully, he saw that a number of his church people had come. Mrs. Caleb had been fearful. Silas Hart had begged him to keep away. They had all felt the lure of Sam's money offer. And yet here they were waiting to hear what he had to say. His heart warmed to them. His pulse pounded when he saw Colonel Knowles coming in with Silas Hart. Mary was not with him. He had not expected her, of course, but it was good to see her father.

As he waited and the band played Dan Spiger marched down the aisle at the head of a company of young men from his Sunday School class. There were others, too, from the mill who had joined them. He counted forty in all. That was Dan's work. He could not vote yet but he had lined up a fine crowd. Forty votes might swing the election.

The Mayor spoke first. He was a tall, angular man little used to public address. He read his remarks to an audience that was apparently bored. Bruce felt indignant. Of course he did not know how to put on the cheap arousements. He was a staid, obstinate old citizen and all the better in his fight with Sam on that account. He was as honest as the day was long and reliable as an old wheel horse. He had long sacrificed his personal comfort for the public service. It was time for Millvale to recognize the value of this honest, nonspectacular service.

Still in the heat of this conviction Bruce found himself called out and facing the audience. Like a dog straining at the leash he waited for the usual clamor of applause to subside. Then he was speaking, rapidly, warmly, forgetting himself in the great urgency that had come upon him. Too long had Millvale permitted its business to be in the hands of a selfish few. It was time to see that public questions were of private interest, that the conduct of Mayor and Councilmen affected the welfare of every man, woman and child in the town. It was a bad thing for the "Five and Ten" to be a firetrap as a matter of disobedience to the law and favoritism by an inspector, but if a fire came Millvale clerks and Millvale customers would suffer.

Item after item, contracts, buildings, favored architects, Bruce went on giving chapter and verse for his charges, closing each paragraph with the challenge, "What does Sam Darnley say to that?"

Colonel Knowles nodded to Silas. "The Dominie's got something."

Bruce leveled an accusing finger. "Millvale voters must wake up. It is the indifferent, non voting citizen who shows contempt for our institutions. It is the idle, cynical, stay-at-home voter who is demoralizing our democracy. Wake up to what these issues are. They have nothing to do with Washington or a national party.

they belong to us. We must keep our own doorstep clean. Look at the two tickets. See what they stand for, man by man, issue by issue. Ask yourself to which set of men would you entrust your own affairs.

Slowly, impressively he read the names, everyone of which in the intimacies of village life was familiar to his hearers. The contrast was apparent and painful. A burst of derisive laughter greeted the organization list, barroom loafers, rubber stamps, wornout political hacks with no visible means of support.

Bruce was quick to seize his advantage. "Here is your Mayor," he cried, "tried, experienced, honest, and here is Stephen Hoag a brilliant young attorney who has made the fatal mistake of linking up with a machine that is on its last legs. Here are our candidates for Council—able men who have been drafted unwillingly to serve the public interest as they have labored in private affairs; and here are these old line Councilmen whose record is that they have opposed an honest mayor at every turn and don't know what they



Old Trinity

Here in the busy city's crowded marts
Where Midas drives men in their golden
quest,

This ancient church its quietude imparts—
Its peace bestows on burdens and unrest.

Outside—the noise of traffic and the din
Of daily life exact their cruel toll.
You, of the heavy laden hearts, come in
Where spirit broods, and rest your weary
soul!

—Mazie V. Caruthers



think until Sam Darnley sends them word."

As he spoke, Bruce saw the Squire's frown and John Dale's supercilious smile. Before the evening was over Sam would hear all that he had said. An overpowering impulse took hold of him to say something more, something he had not planned, something for Sam Darnley in particular. He stopped abruptly, waited for a long moment and then said quietly:

"I am told that Sam Darnley has offered \$5000 to our church building project if his ticket should win this election. I want to ask what there is in this election that makes it worth \$5,000 to Sam Darnley to win it? Where does he expect to get that money?" Again the leveled finger. "Let me say right here that I do not want that money or any money that is secured at the cost of the public welfare and what I say I believe the membership of my church will heartily endorse."

The Colonel muttered an expletive and turned to Silas. "I didn't think he'd have the nerve. But, confound it, he's right."

When Bruce Hardy sat down the assembly that had been staid and self contained seemed suddenly to go wild. An applause that was stirred by no organized lead shook the room.

"That's the real thing." Tom cocked his ear. "A little different from the other night, eh Joe?"

"I'll say. He's got 'em stirred up. Joe looked over the room where men were climbing over the seats to get to the platform. Then a broad grin came over his face. "Look at the Squire and John. seems like they're in a hurry." He pointed to those worthies hurrying toward the door. "Wonder what Sam will say when he hears about this."

Election morning found Bruce alternating between fear and confidence. Public interest had been roused, but would it bring men to the polls? If the decent people would vote he knew it would be all right, but he was not too sure about this. Good people tired of being good quicker than bad people tired of being bad.

As the day advanced it was apparent the vote would be close. The organization got out its vote early but the reformers were not idle and were rallying a vote that trickled into the polls hour by hour until the total was impressive. In the middle of the morning Bruce went up to vote.

After casting his ballot, he came out and met one of the reform men. "How are things going?"

"So, so. Sam's getting a good vote."
"How about the Mahoney vote?"

"It's coming in but we're waiting for the mill to close."

"Let's see. The mill closes at five," Bruce calculated. That gives you an hour, not so long for all those fellows. I hope there will be enough time."

Tom Moore came up, his face serious, and drew him aside. "I've just heard that Sam is going to fill the polls up this afternoon before the mill boys can get here."

Bruce stared at his friend blankly. "What is he doing that for? I don't understand."

Tom shrugged his shoulders. "If our boys can't get in they can't vote. There will only be an hour."

"But—but they can't do that. The police won't allow it," Bruce protested.

"Oh, it will be legal enough. Voters can take some time. You can't arrest them for that. It simply means they will take so much time they will gum up the works. Our boys won't have a chance. If we'd only known it sooner—" Tom spread his hands in a gesture of helplessness. Looks like they've got us, Dominie. Too bad. The way I calculated, those forty lads that Dan had lined up would just about have done the trick."

Bruce faced the prospect with consternation. The thing seemed impossible, incredible. "Can't we go down to the mill and get the fellows out?"

"You can't get into the mill now. Besides, we don't know who the men are or where. Dan is the only one who knows. No." Tom's tone was final. "There's no use, Dominie. If we'd known last night— Bill Spiger got it somehow this morning but he's slow. I just heard a moment ago."

Bruce faced the prospect with an indescribable sense of desolation. Just as he had begun to hope, to have the cup of victory snatched from his lips. It was intolerable. He wanted to go to Sam and denounce him but that would be folly. Sam would just laugh. Miserably he

turned away. The twelve o'clock whistle had blown and men were coming out of the stores and drifting down to the polls. Probably they would vote for Mahoney but there was little cheer in that now. A car drove up with Mary Knowles at the wheel. The Colonel got out, nodded to Bruce and entered the polls. Mary remained at the wheel. After a cool nod to her Pastor, she waited for her father, looking straight ahead. From a safe distance Bruce watched her. Very remote she seemed, very patrician, not interested in common things. She would be very happy tonight, he thought bitterly, she and Steve.

Colonel Knowles came out and approached him. "Looks good," he said cheerfully. Then he added in a lowered voice, "Don't tell Mary, but I voted for Mahoney."

As Mary drove her father away, Bruce watched them somberly. He had not told the Colonel about Sam's trick. What was the use? He glanced idly down the street and rubbed his eyes. Dan Spiger and a long double line of mill hands were coming up the street.

The workman and his long line came up to Bruce as he stood in almost gaping astonishment. "They've come to vote," he announced with an air of nonchalance that did not hide his sense of triumph. "The fellers skipped their lunch hour. Decided they wouldn't wait."

Too surprised for words, Bruce watched the men file in. By one o'clock all had voted and drifted back to the mill. More than forty votes which he had counted lost were safely deposited. He knew that the election was safe.

"How did you come to do that?" he demanded.

Dan grinned and shuffled his feet as he looked down. Then his eyes met the minister's. "I promised I wouldn't tell," he laughed. "I heard what Sam was cookin' up and got busy. That's all."

Some time after, Bruce learned that it had been Mary Knowles who discovered Sam's scheme, and had told Dan Spiger about it in time to save the day.

A few days after the election, there was a ring of the bell. "Spike" Gregory stood at the door. "Spike" was wearing a boutonniere and was redolent of perfume. The corner of a handkerchief was protruding in a fashionable manner. "I come to see you 'bout doin' some business for Betty and me," he explained.

"You mean you want to get married?"

"Sure. Betty's dead set that you're to do the job," Spike grinned.

Bruce's mind was working swiftly as he faced the situation. There was no reason why this couple should not be married save this matter of business and probable incompatibility.

"All right, I will marry you and pray God to bless the union and bring you into a better business."

"Put 'er there, Dominie," said Spike heartily, extending his hand, his face suffused with smiling. "You're a straight shooter and I don't hold it against you that you don't like my business."

Bruce shook hands with his visitor but his face was stern. "I hope you will get out of that business. It's bad clear through. May the Lord show that to you." (To be continued)



Try this Sunday Night Supper Menu!

Supper Salad Bowl: Shrimps, hard-cooked eggs, quartered, tomato sections, salad greens, French Dressing
 *Hot Calumet Biscuits • *Apricot Bran Muffins • Strawberry Jam
 Tray of Cakes: *Slices of Peanut Cream Silver Cake,
 *Brownies, *Fig Surprises • Coffee
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C.H. 3-39

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(Continued from page 41)

BURGERS IN KRAUT

4 pounds hamburger	1 teaspoon pepper
3 cups cooked rice	1/4 cup fat
4 eggs	4 cans sauerkraut
1 1/3 tablespoons salt	1 quart tomato juice

Mix meat, rice, egg and seasonings. Form into balls. Brown in hot fat. Add remaining ingredients. Cover and simmer 45 minutes. Approximate yield: 25 portions.

CORNBURGERS

9 No. 2 cans corn	2 teaspoons paprika
2 1/2 quarts ground cooked ham	10 eggs
4 teaspoons mustard	5 cups milk

Mix ham and corn, seasonings, beaten eggs and milk. Pour in greased steam table pan surrounded with water as high or higher than contents in pan. Bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) 45 minutes. Approximate yield: 42 servings, 3/4 cup to each serving.

UPSIDE DOWN HAMBURGER LOAF

3/4 cup butter	2 pounds fresh lean pork, ground
1 cup brown sugar	2 cups bread crumbs
12 slices canned pine- apple, halved	1 teaspoon pepper
4 pounds lean smoked ham, ground	4 eggs, beaten

Melt butter in loaf pan and add brown sugar, stirring until dissolved; add pineapple and saute 5 minutes, or until slightly browned. Mix meats with remaining ingredients; spread in pan over pineapple sections and press down. Bake in moderately hot oven (350° F.) about 50 minutes. Turn out on hot platter with pineapple on top. Approximate yield: 24 portions.

INDIVIDUAL LAMBURGER LOAVES

6 pounds ground lamb	3 cans tomato puree
3 cups soft bread	1/2 cup minced green crumbs
2 small onions, grated	3/4 cup olives, chopped
6 eggs, beaten	salt and pepper

Combine the ground lamb with the bread crumbs, season with grated onion, chopped olives, green pepper, salt and pepper, and moisten with the beaten eggs and half the tomato puree. Pack into greased muffin tins, and pour over remaining tomato puree. Bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) for about 45 minutes. Serve hot on a nicely garnished platter. Approximate yield: 25 portions.

FISH BURGERS

6 cups cooked rice	2 eggs
3 small cans of codfish	3 tablespoons finely chopped onions
juice of one lemon	1 tablespoon salt

DIPPING MIXTURE

1 1/2 cups fine bread	1/2 teaspoon salt
crumbs	1 egg

Flake fish and season with lemon juice, salt, pepper and onions. Mix with rice and add two eggs well beaten. Chill and then shape into patties. Roll in crumbs, egg, then crumbs again. Fry in deep fat, until brown. Serve with tomato sauce. Yield: 25 portions.

MUSHROOM BURGERS

4 pounds hamburger	4 onions, minced
1 1/2 tablespoons salt	4 cans cream mush-
1 teaspoon pepper	room soup

4 cans water

Mix meat, seasonings and onion together. Form into patties, lay in baking pan and pour over diluted soup. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) for 30 minutes. Approximate yield: 25 portions.

A CERTAIN SAMARITAN

A man went down from Jerusalem
On an old road long ago,
Blithely he walked that far-off day,
Going to Jericho.
But thieves lay waiting who stripped him bare,
Wounding him, leaving him lying there.

A priest came mumbling through his beard
Pious prayers, as the hurt one cried
Pleading for help, and seeing his plight,
Passed by on the other side.
A Levite, also, after one look,
Departed, conning his holy book.

But "a certain Samaritan," going that way
Had compassion, and kneeling down,
He bound his wounds, and he slaked his thirst,
And he carried him into the town.
"Which was the neighbor?"—which of these?
The question rings down the centuries.

"A certain Samaritan," name unknown,
Lives still because of a kindness shown.

Grace Noll Crowell

(Continued from page 22)

realism that was so necessary an adjunct to the opaque windows of a generation ago, we have again settled down to appreciate the mystic beauty of colored transparent glass. With richness of color and appropriate study of pattern and design, our modern craftsmen have created examples that, when blessed with the mellowness of time, may well be expected to occupy a niche in our future history. The transept windows of the Washington Cathedral and the windows of the chapel at Princeton University are examples of the work of our present day craftsmen.

The discussion of glass and a description of our outstanding examples would require an entire article, and thus perhaps, it is sufficient to say here that the task of creating effective church windows is the work of a religious craftsman. The man or firm who evolves a tasty solution of leaded glass for a decorative panel in the local cafeteria or corner drugstore can not always be expected to grasp the vital necessity of infusing reverential inspiration as demanded in church windows. Craftsmen, like the clergy, must be selected for the inner appreciation that they possess of the beauty of God's work.



MARCH

An angry wind flung wide my gate
And hurried down my path,
Whipping a rose so cruelly
And scattering leaves in wrath.
Then through the borders he roughly tore,
Down to the violet bed,
Where he gently moved a coverlet
And lifted a drooping head.

Martha Lindley Hall



Painting, to a great extent, has not yet come into its own in our Protestant Church work. The architectural styles employed, with the exception of a few examples of the Romanesque, have not lent themselves particularly to an adequate expression of this art. The poorly executed picture ceilings that were frequently found in the "gay '90" days of church building, have done much to discourage this art. Color, however, is playing more and more a definite part in our service of worship and it is not unreasonable to assume that in some near future date religious painting will again be accepted to complete the vocabulary of our ecclesiastical artisans.

Thus, as we contemplate the future, particularly in these troublesome times, we here in America can take justifiable pride in the steady progress of our church institutions. In the same manner that the alliance of Christian art and Christian worship has marked the advance of civilization and culture, we of this country can feel reasonably sure that as long as we continue to maintain the Church on the exalted pedestal it now occupies, the Brotherhood of Man, at least among our own relations, will remain constant. And as we strive for beauty in the Church in a material sense, we are consciously expanding the opportunities for the spiritual beauty to reach out to wider groups.

INSPIRING AND LASTING Beauty FOR YOUR CHURCH



NOTICE the exquisite carving of the chancel in this Church of the Good Shepherd, Jacksonville, Florida. The delicate and intricate patterns are almost lace-like.

Painstaking hands skilled by long experience and guided by true inspiration accomplished this perfection. The same hands can bring similar beauty to your church.

In the wood carving department of the American Seating Company there are artist-craftsmen who rank topmost in their profession. To their personal skill is added the finest equipment and most modern facilities for producing church furniture that is truly inspiring in its beauty.

Whether your church be large or small, the American Seating Company can solve the problems of seating, furniture and chancel equipment precisely and economically.

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It Stings Your Fuel Bill This New Yello-Jacket Boiler

IT STINGS it, as only a Yello-Jacket can sting. It makes no difference whether you burn oil or coal, the sting is just the same.

If you burn coal, then the front part of the jacket isn't needed. If oil, then the front covers the burner. It lifts off easily, to get at it.

If after burning oil for a while, you want to switch to coal, you can do it with this Yello-Jacket.

If it were an exclusive oil burning boiler, as so many are, you couldn't change to coal. You'd have to buy a new boiler.

The jacket of this Burnham Boiler is an attractive dandelion yellow. The finish is as smooth as a china plate.

In truth it doesn't look like a boiler at all. It's fine to have it good looking, but the really important point is, that this Yello-Jacket one, stings your fuel bill.

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COUGHS...

**Here's Why
You Cough . . .**

WHEN YOU CATCH COLD

1 Congestion results and the tiny glands in your throat and windpipe cease to work properly.

2 The secretions of these glands often turn to heavy, clinging phlegm.

3 This sticky phlegm irritates your throat and you cough.

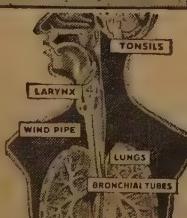
How PERTUSSIN Relieves Coughs—

1 Pertussin, an herbal syrup, stimulates the glands in your throat to pour out their natural moisture.

2 Then that sticky, irritating phlegm is loosened, and easily "raised" and expelled.

3 Your throat is soothed and your cough relieved quickly and safely by the Pertussin "Moist-Throat" Method.

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BY MILLIONS OF BOTTLES USED**



PERTUSSIN

PRESCRIBED BY MANY DOCTORS FOR 30 YEARS

(Continued from page 25)

acknowledgment. Just a short space ago—hardly more than a handful of years—I, too, had been pretty much as some of these men before me were. I had been miraculously snatched back to myself, to my mother, to my God. And I was so recovered that it was a dreadful shock to me now, this looking out over a chapel full of men, dull, grey, sodden, hopeless, grim. It was as if I had known what it was going to be like—and had not known at all. I realized that, for one thing, I'd never seen so many down-and-outers gathered in one place before. All gathered there before me together, in a ghostly company. It is one thing to come across one drunk, two, three, even a half dozen, clinging together in a kind of fraternal misery. Or others, not drunk, but who have lost their bearings, got absolutely down on their luck, without any jobs, ashamed to go home and confess defeat. But for me to see row upon row of such men, reaching back as far as the eye could make out—all those faces with the same, dread look—nearly four hundred of them.

I looked down at the Bible, spread open on the lectern before me. It was open to the sixth chapter of Matthew, and somehow the words of the 31st verse leaped right up out of the page at me. "Therefore, take no thought, saying 'What shall we eat? Or what shall we drink? Or wherewithal shall we be clothed?' And I looked out over the rows upon rows of ashen faces and I thought, 'But wherewithal shall these men be clothed?'

Well, I thought a great many other things that Sunday when I stood up to preach for the first time in the Bowery Mission. But after all, what *Christian Herald* people expect is that the five years have had results. And so I want to tell you a little about the results, and the steps by which we brought them about.

My first step was to make a complete survey of the Mission building itself. I daresay no building ever had such a complete going over—really it was like a doctor's X ray examination. I wanted to get into my mind the space at our disposal. I could see without half looking that the building wasn't going to be any too big. It didn't take me long to find out we could use one twice the size, if we had it!

In the basement there was space, hitherto used only for the cooking and service of meals, and food storage. I measured and found out that by knocking out some partitions, and using given space for two or three purposes instead of merely one, I could make room enough for cots so that several score more men than formerly could be accommodated for a night's sleep.

Then we set to and cleaned the place up. What a cleaning it got! Some of you good women who fancy yourselves as housekeepers never saw anything like the cleaning we gave that old building, under the shadow of the El. We did some painting and kalsomining, and got more cots and set them up; we got blankets and pillows, and pretty soon the basement was ready for use.

One of the upper floors, too, had been used for storage space. We cleared that out, to make more permanent dormitory

space, for the thought came to me that, with economic conditions as they were, we must be prepared for more and more men coming to us who would stay longer than a night or two.

I worked hard all day Monday taking account of stock, making plans, talking with workmen, making out budgets, figuring how much work would cost, and how much we had to spend. That evening, at the 7 o'clock service, about twenty-five or thirty men came forward when I gave the altar call. You may say that should have been a source of encouragement to me, who was new in that place. In a way it was. In a way it wasn't. For I could see that most if not all of those men were taking what is known, in the parlance of the Street, a "nose dive." That is, they were answering the altar call because they thought there was "something in it" for them.

I didn't waste any time. I let these men know that we were going to give them the things they needed, insofar as our resources allowed us, at the gateway to the Road back *regardless* of confessions made or not made at the altar. I must admit that, almost at once, we began to have fewer confessions. But at least the air was cleared of a lot of cheap dodging around.

I decided we would have to make our building stretch somehow so that the dormitories would house at least 300 men. We must have blankets, mattresses and pillows for that many. A cursory view of the Bowery as it was five years ago told me that we would, unhappily enough, be able to count on at least that number every night if we had a place to put them. And if we were going to have blankets and pillows and towels, and clean shirts for the men, there would be laundry to be done. We had no money to send the laundry out. We must have equipment in the Mission with which to do the laundry; and equipment for fumigation.

It was my theory from the beginning that you can't expect a man to think much of himself, or to have any ambition, if he knows that he looks like a bum. What is the alternative? Fix it so he need not look like one! That meant giving the men a chance to shave, and keep otherwise clean, keep their hair trimmed, and their clothes clean and mended. So we fixed up equipment in that department, too. In one year alone, we have furnished the men of the Bowery the materials for more than 35,000 shaves, and the facilities for mending 9,113 sets of clothes, the repairing of more than 5,000 pairs of shoes, made it possible for more than 4,000 men to have their hair cut. So you see that we went after these aspects of our job in a wholesale way.

And yet we never let it be supposed that we were merely setting up a hotel on the Bowery for bums, laying no obligation on them to think of their own rehabilitation. So we proposed to find, if we could, a job for every man who came to us, who was able to work; and to do so within thirty days. For thirty days he could, if he needed to, stay with us, but the thirty days must be used reasonably to find a job; the end of thirty days, at most, his place in the dormitory must be available to someone else. For we felt we must establish some kind of control over the length of time a man, physically able

to work, could remain with us.

In one year alone we found jobs for more than 10,000 men. It would be very hard for me to convey to you what such a wholesale finding of jobs for men has meant in these times. We had to face competition thrice as keen as it would have been in ordinary times. We had to expect prejudice against men who had been on the Bowery, and we had to present, in our boys, a good deal more to offer, in favor of giving them employment, than would have been expected of any placement agency located elsewhere than on the Bowery. But our employment figures are, I believe, a vindication of my theory that it is part of our logical mission work to take care of our men in body as well as in soul. We could never have placed a tenth of the men we have in jobs unless we had taken care of their appearance first—made them neat, clean, given them back a semblance of their pre-existing appearance. To this end we have had, in the course of a single year, to give away as many as 11,879 pieces of clothing, but we consider it all to the good—for it has made the difference between our boys' making good impressions and poor ones—and when they've been on the Bowery for as much as a night or two, they need every advantage they can get!

How often we say "By their fruits shall ye know them." And surely that applies to any account of stewardship from the Bowery Mission. The fruits of our labors are many and varied. If I were to tell you a tenth of the incidents that leap into my mind without half thinking, it would take much more than the amount of space here available. But I'd like to tell you just one at least, for it may help to give you a picture in explicit human terms of the goals we are genuinely striving for.

I went to Baltimore to speak, of a Thursday evening. While waiting for the hour of my meeting, I decided to take a walk around the city. I paused at a corner where a pitch man was selling his tricks to the crowd. Suddenly I felt someone pull at the back of my coat. In a street crowd such as that, one never knows. . . . I turned quickly, and my eye met the eye of a fine-looking young fellow, one whom I didn't think I'd ever seen before. Almost automatically my hand traveled to my back pocket, to find out if my wallet was still there! The young fellow began to laugh. "No, it's all right, Doc," he exclaimed. "Once you'd have had good reason when I was around to find out if your pocket had been picked, but no more. And by the way, I don't think you remember me."

I had to own up that I didn't. And then he refreshed my memory. Four years earlier he had come to the Bowery in desperate circumstances. His was a dreadful errand. He had a grievance against his brother—was convinced the brother had "done him," in the settlement of their mother's estate, and he had sworn to kill that brother on sight. The estate was not of great value, but he had brooded on the idea of having been cheated and mistreated, and he was roaming the world, looking for his brother, that he might "pay him back."

I don't think I ever talked with a man
(Turn to next page)



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(Continued from page 51)



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with more black hatred in his heart. But little by little I pieced the story together—and found out that the fault was not with the brother—who had actually treated him well—but with himself. He had been a drunkard, a burden to his family all his adult life, and his habits of life, the physical and mental straits into which he had got himself had warped his judgment so that he was convinced this great wrong had been done him.

Well, he had lingered with us a while. We prayed with him, and tried to help him rearrange his inner feelings, especially with respect to his brother. The outcome of it all was that when the time came for him to leave us, he left with a new heart, and a Christian attitude toward life.

And he told me, standing there on the street corner by the pitchman's stand, that he was not only on his own, and doing well in business, but that he had made it his business to seek out eight others in Baltimore whom he had encountered first at the Bowery Mission. They had organized what they called a Bowery Mission Club, and constituted themselves a little unofficial but earnest and enthusiastic group to help others whom they found in distress such as they had once themselves known.

Perhaps the outstanding development in the work of the Mission during the past five years has been the radio broadcasting. Our broadcasts came about in the first place more or less by accident. One day a representative of one of the New York city broadcasting stations came down on the Bowery looking for a Mission, but he didn't know very much about the geography of the Bowery and he didn't find the one he originally intended to visit, but he did find ours! From our point of view you can say he found the right one!

At any rate, he was very much impressed with what he saw there, and shortly he opened negotiations which eventually led to what local *Christian Herald* readers now know as our weekly broadcasts. To my mind, the importance of the broadcasts is the fact that whereas *Christian Herald* readers know all about the Mission, the circulation of the magazine in and around metropolitan New York is necessarily small compared to the population and the radio is therefore a means of introducing the Mission work to literally millions of people. And I cannot begin to say what putting some of the boys on the air each Sunday, in order that they might appeal for jobs for which they were specifically fitted, has done, in the way of handling our Labor department problems. It is very seldom indeed that we don't get at least one or two effective responses to the appeal of any of our boys on the air for work.

Then I began to think of the different types of men I saw coming into the Mission, and I saw that there were two large groups. The young ones, and the old. And I thought, "but these youngsters—they have no business here, in this terrible street. We must get them off it." And that led to our plan to send at least one youngster a day to his home. We have done that. We have returned on an average of at least one boy to his home,

every day since I took up the job at the Mission. That means a minimum of 1,825 boys, who might have got caught and lost in the undertow of the Street, now extricated and back in their homes where they belong. Once in a while we get a letter from a mother, "Johnny's gone again; please be on the lookout for him, and let me know—oh please let me know, the minute you see or hear of him!" But mostly one experience has been enough, and if we get any letters they say "Johnny's getting along just fine. He's got a job now, and I don't believe he'll ever leave home again. And we shall always pray for the Mission—for it gave us back our boy!"

But after we clean the men up—well, there's no use cleaning a pig and then putting him back in a dirty pen again. So it seemed to us that we must do something about cleaning up the Bowery itself. In this we have been greatly assisted by local authorities, the police, and the City administration. Things are a lot better on the Bowery now, though they are still pretty bad. It is a slow process.

Well, that brings us to our hopes and aspirations for the coming years, now that we have, to a certain extent, found our bearings in relation to the problem of these times.

We hope some day to have an additional building, which will allow us to segregate the young men who, for one reason or another, must continue with us for a time and who should, most emphatically, be separated from the old, seasoned, largely unregenerate ranks of the old timers—the cynics and chroniclers.

We have only to look at the way our prayers in the past five years have been answered, to be certain that, somehow, somewhere, there is the means to give us this added facility. We know it is right for us to extend the work of the Mission in this way, and we believe that we shall find the resources with which to do it.

Our second ambition for the years ahead concerns a home, with a capacity of perhaps twenty-five or thirty men, somewhere out in the country, where we can maintain men who, if they can be got away from an environment of saloons and evil companions, can be got back on their feet. The only way I know how to stop a man's drinking, is to break the pipe line. It is pretty hard to break the pipe lines on the Bowery. They are corroded and old, but they still function. And we believe that, among all those who come to us, there are always a few who could be permanently set to rights if we could only get them away, clear away, from the forces that have set the seal on their gradual failure.

In five years over 500,000 men have been fed, clothed and housed at the Bowery Mission. Over 50,000 have been placed in jobs. So far as I am concerned, I believe that whatever I have done in all this could not possibly have been done if I had not known, from personal experience, what it is to be out of work because I was not fit to hold a job, and what it was to be drunk for weeks at a time. In other circumstances I might have been ashamed of the possession of such understanding but the privilege of putting my experience to practical use has made me glad that I have had it.

(Continued from page 31)

"That's right, then!" he exclaimed. "If my generation had been taught English like they teach now in the schools, there'd have been no Great War."

"Yes," I looked at the wife, "we plain people are all alike in the things in want, peace and good chances for our children."

"Yes! Yes! and friendship," she added catching my hand in hers. She did not let go and we finished the conversation patting each others hands. She was a darling.

We drank the lemonade, we exchanged addresses, they all saw us off and we left feeling as if there was something true and real in this gesture of hospitality. It remains with one even more vividly than the charm of the Black Forest.

When we got home to Brixham we retained the conviction that somehow, we liked and understood the German people. And then came Munich. Now I want to go on record as saying that I think anyone who says Mr. Chamberlain let the democracies down at Munich absolutely fails to understand the history of Czechoslovakia. I am with Mr. Chamberlain every step of the way he took. And I felt that he spoke truth when he said he'd achieved peace for our time with Germany. I began to have faith again in



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political decency—and then came the Nazi decrees against the Jews.

You can't understand Hitler's attitude toward the Jews unless you have read his book, "My Struggle." I have read it. So I know that the only way to change this attitude would be to destroy the political theory on which the Nazi party lives and has its being. This is no mere financial expedient, this exiling of Jewry. This is fundamental to the existence of Hitler philosophy. So we must wash out any idea that by using power politics in return we can "reform" the Hitler regime. We can only look at it as if we were looking at someone we have admired committing a crime for which he will eventually be hung; and do all that we can to succor the victims of the crime, knowing, as history proves, that no regime built in inhumanity can survive.

I do not believe that all the German people endorse what is being done to the Jews. But they are permitting it to be done and for this, God, eventually, will demand an explanation and expiation. I do not know that the Jews themselves have been wholly blameless of having a share in bringing about the economic horror that obtained in Germany before Hitler took over. But I do believe that human goodness is as inherent in Germany as it is in England and America and that eventually it will come into its own.

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QUESTIONS I AM ASKED

By E. M. Conover, Director

Interdenominational Bureau of Architecture

DURING the past year, hundreds of letters have been read by the Interdenominational Bureau of Architecture, asking for all sorts of suggestions and advice. From these inquiries, the following seem to be most frequently asked:

1. Why are so many churches moving the pulpit to one side of the platform and placing the communion table or altar at the center and changing the "choir stand" so that the singers cannot face the audience?

This is indeed a very noticeable change in all Protestant denominations in America. It is an indication of the rapidly increasing interest in worship itself. It is a movement to change the "auditorium" or "meeting-house" into a sanctuary. Churches of denominations that are most insistent upon strictly Protestant usage are included in this movement.

The communion table or altar is placed at the center, in order to provide at the principle focal point of the room, a symbol reminding us of God. Instead of a speakers' stand, a real pulpit is constructed and placed in a special setting, so that it is used only for the ministry of preaching, which has the place of highest importance in the Protestant service of worship. The choir members face toward the center, for they are not there for concert purposes, but to lead with their voices in the ministry of music. Then, too, they do not offer a competitive feature for attention during the service or sermon. A lectern is placed at the side of the chancel opposite the pulpit to give a special setting to the ministry of reading the Holy Scriptures.

2. Can churches with the corner pulpit arrangement be transformed into more churchly sanctuaries?

Practically any church building can be greatly improved. Corner pulpit platforms have been transformed, and even though it is more difficult to secure a churchly atmosphere in a square room with the pulpit in the corner than in a rectangular room, the decided improvement possible is well worth while.

3. How can the Akron style Sunday School building be remodeled for today's needs?

By the Akron style building, we understand one with a corner pulpit in the church, folding doors between the church and Sunday School building, a gallery around the Sunday School building with a large opening at the middle up to the high ceiling. Two suggested plans are possible, first and preferably, take out the entire inner construction except supporting members and rebuild inside of the building a complete new floor, so that instead of the one main floor and gallery, there will be two complete floors divided into departments, class rooms, chapel, parlors, etc., as needed.

The second method is simply to floor over the open space, so that there is a completely separate second floor at the gallery level. Detailed suggestions to apply to each case will be forwarded upon receipt of a description of the building at the Christian Herald Church Building Bureau or the Interdenominational Bureau of Architecture, 297-4th Ave., N. Y.

(Continued from page 15)

over. Nobody guessed that he was a Soviet spy—Lenin's man in the West.

After commencement we lost track of him, until one day the chief-of-staff of All Nations mentioned his name. Dimitry was working in the church; it wasn't until he joined All Nations that he cut loose from Lenin, and confessed who he was. He went a step further; he went the second mile in a manner that sent the chills up and down our spines when we heard of it.

In the Church of All Nations was another Russian—an ex-Cossack officer, driven into exile by Lenin's revolution. There they were together, the Cossack and the spy; no two people on earth could hate each other more than they did. They wouldn't even sit down in the same room when first they met.

But six months afterwards in that church there was a union communion service. Behind the communion rail, helping to serve the bread and wine, was the Cossack; down the aisle to kneel at the rail came Dimitry, and from the hand of the Russian soldier to the hand of the Cossack-hater passed the cup of Christian fellowship, the symbolic blood, shed for both.

There are hundreds of men and women in this country anxious to tell what All Nations has meant to them. And there are hundreds of other churches doing a similar job, making a frontal attack on the problems of class and race, bringing together in Christian sympathy men and women who previously had been as far apart, religiously, as the poles. On a recent Sunday afternoon, the American-born son of a Russian father and a German mother married an Irish girl in an Italian Protestant church!

There are mission churches which do not attempt to take in more than one nationality; churches, in other words, with specialized services for Italians only, or Portuguese, or Swedes, or Poles. They are necessary; the man without a country is a man without a church; next to his own family, the immigrant misses his church most. He finds himself in a Babel of religious tongues, none of which he understands. He longs for a chance to worship in his own language, in his own way. One of the home mission jobs is to see that he gets that chance.

Take, for instance, the Czechs in the United States. They have sixty-three newspapers and magazines published in their own language, with a circulation of 472,551. In Chicago 1,300 Czech children are enrolled in Czech language schools. Is there any good reason why they should not be enrolled in a Czech Sunday School, too? Or in a Czech church?

There are Czech churches, home-mission-sponsored, from New Jersey to Nebraska. Typical of them is the church in the coal fields of Pennsylvania, at Pecksville. The first missionary to Pecksville found a tiny group of people gathered together in a carpenter shop. They struggled along for two years in that shop; they built a small chapel, next a real church. Services were held for old and young in the native Czech tongue. As the youngsters began to grow and to insist that they were Americans and not

Czechs, a service in English was provided. Thus old and young were held in the church, the older enjoying their native-language services, the younger being carried over a difficult transition period and moved gradually into one of the 100 per cent English-speaking churches. Otherwise, they might have been lost. In that ability to save youth lies the strength of the foreign-speaking churches in America.

It was Hendrik Hudson who named Staten Island but it was an Italian, Giovanni di Verrazano, who saw it first in 1508, a full century before the *Half Moon* sailed up the bay. Today there are 18,000 Italians on Staten Island. They will tell you, if you visit them, that the great Garibaldi was once a macaroni manufacturer there during his exile. And they will tell you about Sante Buzzalini, the Italian preacher who started with nothing and built an Italian church that has become very widely known.

Buzzalini was born in Italy and converted in a little home mission church in Colorado; he arrived on Staten Island with a young bride, a brand new "Reverend" before his name, and an itch to do something for his people. He visited. He asked questions. He found out that barely ten per cent of the Italians on the Island went to church. He had no money, no church. What of it?

He held his first service and preached to an audience of two—his young bride and another Italian woman. Next day Mrs. Buzzalini organized a sewing group for girls, and a class in Italian grammar for boys and girls. Her preacher-husband was on the street and in the homes of his people morning, noon and night. The next service he held, in the basement of a friendly American church, was larger. Soon the congregations were so large that the basement wouldn't hold them.

The people scraped together their pennies out of pitifully small salaries; with home missionary aid they built, first a little wooden chapel, then, in the very midst of the depression, a church of blue granite and brick, complete from Sunday School rooms to modern kitchen. It is already overcrowded. Services are held in Italian and in English. A library in the church provides the young people with good reading; they flock in to any number of club meetings and Epworth League services. The Buzzalinis are counselors and advisors to Protestant Italian Staten Island.

We tell you the story for two good reasons. One is to show you that Young Italy in America is anxious to help itself. This church was built with the aid of no millionaire; there aren't any Italian millionaires on Staten Island. It was built with pennies, nickels, dimes saved out of thin pay envelopes. It was also built because a sympathetic home mission board cared enough to help pay the preacher's salary in the hardest days, when he was getting started.

Sometimes we find an agency that started in one church and then grew until it included several. Such is the Young People's Interracial Fellowship, which started under Quaker auspices, or, more properly, under the Committee on Race Relations of the Society of Friends. Back in 1931 a group of young church people gathered at Pendle Hill, near Philadelphia,

(Turn to next page)

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George W. Noble, Publisher, Dept. 95, Moon Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

(Continued from page 55)

to discuss the race problem. They found that one out of every ten of our citizens is a Negro, contributing to our history, civic life, literature, music and religion—but discriminated against in housing, education, industry, hospitals and even in churches. They resolved to do something about that.

Two by two, one Negro and one white, they go into the churches, schools, clubs and colleges of six states. They stage one-act plays dealing with race prejudice, put up exhibits of Negro achievements, and hold mass meetings; they have a debating team and a publicity group working through the newspapers. They hear of unfair practices or discrimination in a theater or a store; two by two, they go to that theater or store to learn the facts. Sometimes, while testing the law, they found themselves under arrest. They learn that a bill is up in Washington on some phase of the problem; to Washington they go, to fight for or against it.

The Fellowship has grown much since '31; today it is an interdenominational group of two hundred young people representing more than thirty churches and ten denominations. It has its own Fellowship Church in Philadelphia, with a white and a Negro minister; it is a fraternity of Christians, a living proof that there is no color line in Christ. The members have paid for their convictions. Some of them find disagreement or opposition to their efforts in their own families. Some have lost their jobs.

Agree or not with their method, we must all admire their courage. You never get anywhere just talking about a problem. Thinking must become action. There is action here.

The canker of human loneliness is the curse of the city. The easiest place to feel completely friendless and alone is at the heart of a seething metropolis. Against that, the Christian Friendliness Department of one of our Home Mission Boards, works three hundred and sixty-five days in the year.

How many women have volunteered to help in this work of Christian Friendliness I have no way of knowing. Their name is legion. They work in tenements, apartment houses, public parks, factories—wherever a lonesome face is to be found. A Friendliness visitor describes a typical day:

"My first call is on a fine young Italian mother. She speaks almost no English, so she couldn't understand the doctor's orders about food and clothes. . . . She says, 'My face smiles but my heart cries.' She wishes she were back in Italy. . . .

"Second call is on an Armenian wife. Two days ago she received a hard, cold telegram from Beirut: 'Your brother died last night.' She had been saving her money to go and see that brother, but now. . . . She doesn't need food nor clothes nor money, but someone to talk to. We talked for two hours. . . .

"A Greek is alone, and it is Christmas time. She would like to go to church, but there is no one for her to go with. We went together to Riverside Church. Her heels struck the pavement joyfully when we came out; she kept saying 'Beautiful! Beautiful!'

"A country woman's family was sup-

ported by her work in a cannery; now the factory is shut down, and they face a winter of want. I found her a new job, a church to go to; she says she has something to live for now. . . ."

Usually the workers seek out homes where English is not spoken, but inevitably they come across an American family; the father has lost his job, his savings and his nerve; the children once lived in a better neighborhood and wore nicer clothes. Their home is a little less ugly after the visit of the Friendliness missionary.

City charity societies, good as they are, all too often arrive after the blow has fallen, after hunger or sickness have taken command. The Friendliness visitor gets there ahead of time.

Thousands of city mothers must work. They trudge out early in the morning, leaving their children to—what? Ask the Juvenile Court. Ask the South Chicago Neighborhood House, where they have a nursery and a kindergarten and a good big assortment of children's clubs, and a waiting list.

In that House a colored tot once listened to a playmate singing "Pennies From Heaven." He protested: "Pennies don't come from heaven. They comes from jobs my pa ain't got." His mother had to go to work when pa's steel mill shut down. Mother brought him every morning on her way to work and called for him at night. He was lucky to get in, for there were seventy-five others waiting to be admitted. He came from a needy, crime-infested section of the city. From 8:30 to 4:30 every day he was out of that environment, playing in a clean nursery with blocks or a piece of modeling clay or paper and scissors, developing talents that might have died had he been left to spend the days on the street, or in the gutter.

There are hundreds of such missionary nurseries and kindergartens in as many cities. One denomination alone has sixty-three "Christian Centers," boasting of activity for everyone from three to eighty. There is no age limit in home missions. . . .

Thirty years ago down-town Woodland Avenue Presbyterian Church in Cleveland had one of the largest congregations and Sunday Schools in Ohio; this congregation moved away and the neighborhood became first Slavic, then Hungarian, then Jewish and now it is Negro. Woodland Avenue Church became Woodland Center, ministering to every group as it came. Last year the Center helped 125,000 Negroes of all ages and conditions; it furnished relief, education, social case-work—and a platform for free speech in a troubled community. In one month the American Legion, the Communist Party and the Scottsboro Action Committee all met in the building.

An institutional church went to work in Los Angeles in the section that provided the greatest number of boys and girls per thousand to the Juvenile Court and the penal institutions of California. Within five years there had been a two per cent increase in the child population and a sixty per cent drop in juvenile delinquency. Within half a mile of the institution there had been an eighty-three per cent drop!

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(Continued from page 27)

of the hour and the day and of all save only her son that was dead.

When her grief had calmed somewhat, the old woman felt the rumbling of her empty stomach for in her fright she had not even had her morning bowl of tea. But while she was here she would look first at the hidden man before returning to her hut. Feet sinking in the deep mud, head thrust fearfully forward in foreboding for what she would find, Mei Ling entered the rushes and saw a man lying there, a man very still and motionless, lying upon his face. One arm bent awkwardly beside his body and had a dark stain of blood upon its threadbare khaki sleeve. And the other arm reached out impotently, weakly, for the yellow water of the creek.

"My son, it is my son!"

Mei Ling felt her old heart bound within her and she stumbled forward to kneel beside the quiet body.

But she saw it was not her son though the face was very like. And as Mei Ling looked more closely, she saw that the man was of the Monkey People who had brought death and sorrow from over the sea. But her heart beat with pity for the man who lay in her arms, for his young beardless face was haggard and his lips were cracked with thirst and his unseeing eyes were full of suffering. And Mei Ling thought to herself, "He looks like my son when the spotted fever was upon him." She said to herself, "He is very like my son."

She considered what she must do. She could not leave him here for the flies to torment and the sun to burn. She must take him to her hut. So with all the strength of her old arms, summoning all the vigor of her peasant heritage, bending under the weight, she lifted the man upon her back and, tottering under the load, made her way homewards. It was a long and hard journey and Mei Ling thought many times that she could not finish it. Once she fell and the man with her and once he spoke in words she could not understand.

Finally the hut was reached and Mei Ling laid her burden down, placing the man on the low, hard pallet which had been her son's. With care she took the blood-stained jacket from his body, her eyes anguished and wide when she saw the ugly gaping cut. She washed the blood from the arm and bound it tight with a poultice of garlic and healing herbs. She heated boiling water on her little charcoal stove and put tea leaves in and gave it to the man to drink. Then she drank a little tea herself and sat down by the bed, to watch and wait.

This man, she thought to herself, is surely one of the Monkey soldiers. He has their face and his clothes are such as I have heard they wear and he speaks a queer, foreign tongue. He is very young and wounded and lost—surely, his mother will be grieving. Strange how he is like my son! I can heal his wound—but suppose the magistrate should find him here—or talebearers carry the news! They might kill him and maybe slay me too. Still I am lonely here and far from the village and the war will come to an end.

So thinking, Mei Ling hastily rose to

(Turn to next page)

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Motoring THRU BRITAIN

The response to last summer's motor tour through the British Isles was so great that many members applying for reservations could not be accommodated. For 1939 we have prepared three identical trips, sailing from New York on June 9, July 7 and July 29, to completely cover the historic and picturesque countryside of England, Scotland, and Wales. Visits to many quaint out-of-the-way places are made possible by our use of de luxe motor coaches instead of trains. Each trip requires 38 days from New York back to New York. The rates are as low as \$535.



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James W. Boring, Christian Herald Cruise Director
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(Continued from page 57)

her feet and went to the door to look out. But she saw nothing, save only the yellow dog scratching his fleas and the thin, black sow wallowing in the mud.

Coming back to the man, awkwardly and with much effort she began the task she had set herself. For she had made a decision. Only once before had Mei Ling to think for herself in all the winters and summers of her life. And that was when her husband had died and she had decided to live alone by herself with her strapping son. Custom decreed that she should live with the family of her husband's brother but she would have none of it. On this land she had lived with her man at her side and on this land she would die with her son beside her . . . but her son had died first and far away.

But Mei Ling did not think of the past. She busied herself with the present and taking off the wounded man's clothing. Trousers and drawers and shoes and all else she removed, gently as she knew how. Then she dressed him in her son's clothes, the other trousers which he had not been wearing when they marched him away. The old woman considered what to do with the clothes she had taken off—hide them or burn them? It was a shame and a wicked waste to burn good cloth but should the magistrate come to search . . . ! Mei Ling took the clothes into her muddy yard and presently a small spiral of smoke blew away on the southward wind from a little heap of gray ashes.

When she returned to the bed, the man's eyes had come to life. They were looking at her with wonder and apprehension. He spoke and she knew he had asked who she was though the words were but monkey-jabbering and meaningless.

"Mei Ling is my name," she replied. "Hao ba hao—how are you?"

He shook his head in bewilderment but he saw she intended no ill and he was weary as he had never been before and so he closed his eyes. Many images passed through his mind as he lay there, his weariness flowing through his legs, images of the days that had passed since his conscription in Honjo across the sea . . .

The drums had rolled in Honjo and when he had brought his vegetables to market, he saw the proclamation posted. He, Kami Chujo, peasant of the prefecture of Akita, must go to war. What, had he not served his army service two years since? That did not matter, he must go to war. It was the Emperor's command. That settled it but it was hard leaving the small farm in the shadow of Mt. Moriyoshi, the small farm where he stood in the morning and saw the sunrise over the snow peak of the mountain. And then the fighting in the Other Country across the sea! Surely a fox in disguise had made such a misery . . . long marches on muddy roads and soaked skins, cold, scanty food and not even a bed of straw. And then the fighting! It was not like they had said . . . there were no bands playing nor any parades . . . no, not even any medals. But bullets that whizzed through the air and sank deep into the bodies of his friends with a soft plu-uh, and those terrible two-handed swords that cut like razors and whistled through the air like demons. Those two-handed swords

that came at night and cut his arm . . .

The man stirred restlessly in his sleep and the old woman looked at him anxiously.

But why should he have cared? He had never known the heart's darkness, kokoro no yami, the love of a mother for her child. All had been dismal in his childhood for he had been a foundling. Never had he visited the Shinto shrine hidden among the evergreen oaks, sheltering the spirits of his ancestors, for ancestors he had none. Never had he burned incense for the souls of the departed. But he had had his farm!

Mei Ling gazed at the dreaming man—he is like, very like my son, she thought.

And then the sword cut on his arm. All the dread and the terror had descended upon him and he had fled into the night, toward the southwest, to the sheep and the monkey, fleeing blindly, seeking the mountains. Through the rocks and pines he had made his way, through the snow and the darkness. Pain had bitten into his arm and he did not care whether he lost his way—if indeed he had any. Night and the darkness had passed and through the morning haze low and white on the mountain, he had seen the little farm and the hut and had come to the creek where there was water to drink . . .

He opened his eyes to see the old woman with her lined face, wrinkled like a dried lichee nut. He looked at her graying hair and tired old eyes and Mei Ling leaned forward and smiled at him, her toothless gums moving in the old rhyme,

The roads are muddy and forsaken,
Despite the rain you came to me.
Go and look at the footprints on the
path
If you do not believe me.

The sleep and the hot tea had given fresh strength to his vigorous young body. He tried to sit up and thank this old woman who had been so kind. Perhaps he could stay with her a little while and help her with her planting. It would mean death to return to his little farm under the snowy mountain . . . and how would he get there?

Mei Ling smiled happily as she saw him try to sit up. She pushed him back on the bed gently . . . he must rest. Those words he spoke—they were queer-sounding but he was thanking her; did not her old heart understand? He was strong, he would get well and then . . .

Mei Ling's old eyes were wise and she rocked back and forth in contentment, keeping time to the rhythm of the words,

Life is complete with children at
your feet.
If land is sterile,
To make it fertile
A young calf will surely help a lot.

The old woman suddenly stirred from her dreams. He must be hungry—and she sat here nodding! She set about soaking the rice, glancing now and then at the man on the bed who smiled back at her shyly.

Mei Ling's heart leaped within her. She sang quietly to herself, rejoicing,

Life is complete with children at
your feet . . .
A young calf will surely help a lot.

(Continued from page 20)

think, with all the athletics I do, I would be taller and have a better posture—”

Soon he is an earnest member of the Debating Club. “I delivered my oration on The Big Fight Against Tuberculosis. Although I had the best material, my delivery was the worst. It was a mistake to say ‘spit’—but I didn’t know the polite word. The coach said I had a fine conversational manner, but was too slow. The reason I grind away at this debating is in hopes of removing my handicap—”

He won his next debate, in spite of errors. “You see, my colleague said I was much too slow; so I tried to hurry in my rebuttal—and did I make it lousy! I mean, terrible. My Mother says it’s no news to her that I’m slow!”

He wrote me all about his pals, especially Joe, of whose habits he did not approve. I suggested that he might do a little missionary work and persuade his friend to come to Sunday school. Back came the reply, “This Joe is a Canadian, not an Eskimo—can you convert a Canadian?” I assured him that you could.

He set to with a will, and all last winter I received occasional bulletins on Joe’s



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spiritual progress. Last month Hefty informed me briefly: “Joe was baptized Sunday. Now he has no alibi for not joining the church.”

In order to get the necessary additional credits to enable him to enter medical school, after graduating from High School, he took a summer course at Wayne University. “You know how much I hated composition?” he wrote in a recent letter. “Well, I’ve been getting them perfect. Only two in the class made one hundred per cent—I was one of them! I read a lot now, give oral reports of all I read—and like it!”

Hefty is not given to gracious words. But last Christmas he strove manfully to set down on paper his gratitude for the part *Christian Herald* has played in his life. “When I get to be a great doctor,” he wrote, “I shall be able to tell it better. The more I feel now, the less I can say. But, believe it or not, there are tears in my eyes—”

That, for Hefty, going on seventeen, is literature!

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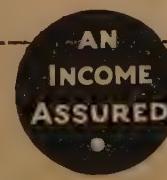
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STAMPS...

Animals in Stamps

By Winthrop Adams

First For 1939

SO MANY letters have come to us asking, "Why don't you put out a list of wild animals in stamps?" that we have been just plain forced to get out the list. It is now complete, mimeographed and waiting for your order. The price is the same as for the religious list—ten cents. Order soon. We have promised the new Christian Herald Stamp Club first chance at the list; so if you are *not* in the Club, get your name in immediately.

This is one of the most interesting lists we have worked on, to date. It included only wild animals; no horses, cows, chickens or cats. You will find it a fascinating specialty, and on the whole much cheaper than the religious issues.

Specialty Sheets

Many of our collector-friends have been writing in asking where they might buy loose-leaf albums for these specialized collections. They are hard to find. Most collectors buy Daisy sheets (any good dealer sells them) and arrange their own pages. These can be arranged in either a snap binder or a ring binder, like the average student's notebook. This department is planning to issue a series of these sheets, one at a time, in the very near future. The first sheet will probably be a page for "Crosses In Stamps." Watch for it. It will be sold at cost.

Stamp Paper

One of the bugbears for beginners in stamps is "paper:" they are bewildered by the differences between woven, laid, granite, pellure, chalky, quadrille, silk, hard, manila—and all the rest of them.

To help them, Andrew Huska, of 2803 Jackson Street, Philadelphia, has given us a book on the subject: "The Stamp Collector's Guide of Paper Used for Postage Stamps." The illustrations in Mr. Huska's book are either actual stamps or stamp-sized squares made of the actual paper described. It is an invaluable book for the collector's shelf.

Air Mails

To our desk this week, for review, came a copy of Sanabria's new Standard Catalogue of Air Post Stamps. We mentioned this book, casually, a month ago; now we want to suggest that no air-mail collector should be without it. It contains 661 pages of the finest air-post information to be had anywhere. The illustrations are perfect; the prices are more than reasonable; it includes innumerable varieties, perforation scarcities, shades, etc., which we have found listed in no other catalogue. Nicolas Sanabria is located at 17 East 42nd Street, New York City. The catalogue is priced at \$2.00, cloth edition.

A single three-cent stamp, issued in commemoration of the Golden Gate International Exposition, appears as the first U. S. stamp for 1939. It was put on sale on February 18th. You can get it at your local Post Office, or from the Philatelic Agency at Washington.

While we are at it, let us remind you that the Philatelic Agency, Washington, D. C., is the place for you to secure the best copies of current U. S. stamps. The government has set up this Agency for the especial benefit of collectors; here you can order singles, blocks or sheets at *face value* and be sure of good, well-centred copies. Write them for a free list of the stamps they have on sale. The list changes from time to time.

New Issues

Among the new issues we noted: A French stamp (65 centimes) continuing the series which includes the recent Curie stamp . . . a new Dutch Indies charity set . . . Peru has a series of commemoratives for the Pan-American Congress (a beautiful set). . . One from Russia, celebrating the founding of the Young Communist League. . . A 1939 Red Cross set from Estonia. . . A new miniature sheet from Japan, issued for the benefit of the Nikko National Park. . .

Question-Box

E. B. K., Illinois: Can I purchase the stamps on your Religious List through you? Answer: See note above, about the new sheet for Crosses in Stamps. We cannot handle orders for all these stamps; that would take all our time. Get them from a reliable dealer. We note that Metro Stamp Company, 100 West 57th Street, N. Y. C., has these stamps at greatly reduced prices.

S. L. S., Kansas: I have an International Album with 170 U. S. stamps, 1565 Foreign ones. Where can I sell them? Ans.: This has been answered before. Try your nearest stamp dealer, or Scott, 2 West 47th St., N. Y. C. The dealer you mention is O.K.

A. R. T., Conn.: Why do some people save blocks of stamps? Are they harder to get? Ans.: No; they are as easy to get as single stamps, but they are worth more. Four stamps in a good block are worth more than four singles; and they make a very attractive album. A great variety of unique combinations are also possible.

K. H., Florida: What is a surcharge? Ans.: A surcharge is an overprint changing the value or character of the stamp. See the famous German inflation issues for a good example.

W. D., N. J.: Are provisional stamps worth anything? Ans.: Worth a lot. These are temporary issues put out for emergency reasons. Guard them with your life!

CURRENT BOOKS

By
Albert Linn Lawson

THE spring flood of new books is on. It is impossible to review them all—even to mention them all would more than fill my space. The best this reviewer can do is to select—carefully—a few which seem most likely to appeal to our readers. There are three "must" books on my list—new novels by Bess Streeter Aldrich, Lloyd Douglas, and our own Honoré Morrow.

Mrs. Aldrich's novel has its setting in the field she has made her own—the pioneer West. The scene of *Song of Years* (Appleton-Century, \$2.50) is laid in Iowa, during the decade just before and during the Civil War. Wayne Lockwood is a stalwart young man who takes up some of Iowa's fertile acres where he builds his home. He finds already established there old Jeremiah Martin, shrewd, stern pioneer of the type that forged a new civilization in the Middle West. Jeremiah has two sons, and—more important to Lockwood—seven daughters, gay, pretty and wholesome. You can guess the result—Mrs. Aldrich does not write mysteries; Wayne vows he will not marry—but when were such masculine vows ever kept? The story is not startling or dramatic, but it is interesting and pleasant, and fully up to Mrs. Aldrich's high standard. She has caught the very atmosphere of the pioneer West, the West of the prairies which she loves and where she has lived all her life. I am sure many of you will read and enjoy this, her latest book.

In *Disputed Passage* (Houghton Mifflin, \$2.50), Lloyd Douglas has, it seems to me, at last reached his full adult stature as a novelist. He has never been one of my favorites; that may be my fault, for his *Magnificent Obsession* ranked high in the list of the "Twenty Best Books" chosen by thousands of readers in a national contest, and he is always a sure-fire best seller. But to my taste he has marred his previous work by confusing novel with sermon. We have a paralyzed Dean, delivering long moral homilies from a wheel chair, or a super-housemaid managing a disrupted family and bringing them all safely through their trials. *Disputed Passage* has none of these. It is a clear, graphic picture of human lives and conflicts, as a novel should be; and its moral lesson is all the stronger for being implied instead of preached. The theme is one that has been used several times of late. A young medical student comes into conflict with an irascible, eccentric, but able anatomist, Dr. Forrester. Forrester takes an almost sadistic delight in ridiculing and discomfiting his most promising student, John Beaven. But Beaven is unusually able to take care of himself, and though Forrester causes him to squirm in torture many times, the younger man generally gives almost as good as he takes. Of course he meets a girl—but skilfully the author has made the meeting natural and convincing, so that we accept it without question. The girl is steeped in the wisdom and philosophy of the East, and her counsel helps Beaven over many a "Disputed Passage." Of course Forrester does his utmost to

(Turn to next page)

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I am praying to our Heavenly Father to bless your efforts and to shower His blessings upon you and His great Army of Christian Soldiers.

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break up the resultant attachment, and the rest of the book deals chiefly with his diabolical interference—and his quite satisfactory failure.

To my mind this is Lloyd Douglas' best book—by far his best. When you read it I think you will agree with me.

Mrs. Morrow's book, *Demon Daughter* (Wm. Morrow & Co., \$2.50,) is not really a novel, but rather a sort of biography of her daughter Felicia, about whom she has often written in her *Christian Herald* articles. The book is the outcome of several conversations between Mrs. Morrow and Felicia, in which it was decided that Felicia's life-story should be published. Both participated in the authorship, although the mother did all the actual writing. One ingenious feature of the book is its dual viewpoint; the mother relates some important incident from hers, then the daughter's is given, as she saw it. So, gradually, we begin to understand Felicia, and see her side of the question, as well as the mother's side. This makes an unusual and absorbing story, all the more real because it is all true. Here were two very human people who lived in different worlds—the adult world, and the child's. Felicia is an adopted daughter, was six when she came to the Morrows. Perhaps had she been a real daughter she and her mother might have understood each other better. But chiefly they did not understand each other because they could not; the wall of totally different personalities separated them, almost hopelessly. How the mother strove to put herself in the child's place; how the stubborn, talented, remarkably strong-willed little girl came, very slowly, and with many a conflict and many a heartache for both, to understand her mother, to attain, eventually, genuine love and happiness, and to become the most devoted and obedient of young wives; and how the mother, almost as slowly, came to "get" her daughter's point of view, makes a dramatic biography. The father, the sister, the brother, and at least one of the negro servants, also play important roles. And we get a perfect picture of life in beautiful Gramercy Park, New York City, and of the summer home in Connecticut. Mrs. Morrow's genius for description needs no comment—you are surely familiar with it from reading her page in *Christian Herald*. Couple this with her love for her two homes, and you can imagine how beautiful are some of the passages in the book. The whole is written in the simple, logical, intelligent style which Honoré Morrow has perfected. Some of the scenes, when the girl was small and unadjusted, seem quite unmoral and would perhaps shock us if they stood alone. But this is not a story to be taken piecemeal, but as a whole. Read with that in mind, the result is quite entrancing. A most unusual, striking book, high on the month's "must" list.

Religious Books

In the religious field, one of the month's leaders is *Reality in Fellowship*, by W. Bertrand Stevens, Episcopal Bishop of Los Angeles. It is published by Harper & Brothers, and the price is \$1.25. This is the fifth in a series of Lenten books sponsored by the Episcopal Church. Previous volumes have been written by several ministers conjointly. This year, however, Rev. Henry St. George Tucker, Presiding Bishop, decided to have the whole book prepared by one person; Bishop Stevens un-

dertook the task, and the present volume is the highly satisfactory result.

The book consists of a series of Meditations, one for each day of Lent. The whole is based upon the pronouncements of the Oxford and Edinburgh Conferences of 1937. Each day's Meditation has three parts—a quotation from one of these pronouncements, then a discussion of the day's subject by Bishop Stevens, then a closing prayer. For example, the selection for the first Thursday in Lent opens with this quotation from the proceedings of the Edinburgh Conference: "The Kingdom of God realizes itself now in a veiled form, until its full manifestation, when God shall be all in all." Next follows a discussion of truth and reality by Bishop Stevens; then the closing prayer. To me this seems the best of many books especially for Lenten reading.

Another important event in the religious book field is the appearance of *Evangelism for the World Today*, edited by Dr. John R. Mott. This is a symposium, in which 125 leaders of Christian work and thought give their views on the various phases of Evangelism, which, it is stated, is to be the central theme of the coming World Christian Conference to be held at Madras, India. Such is the importance of this book that I am holding it for more extended review next month by a man better fitted to give it adequate review than I am. It is published by Harper & Brothers.

An event worthy of special notice is the appearance of the new Victory Edition of *The Book of Life* (published by John Rudin, Chicago, and sold only by subscription). This monumental work, in eight volumes, has been published some time, but came to my attention only lately. Many works have appeared during the past few years whose purpose is to induce more people to read the Bible, and those who have been reading it to read it more. But *The Book of Life* seems to me much the best of them all—the most interesting and comprehensive, and the best arranged. The foreword says: "The aim of the editors of *The Book of Life* is to get the Bible read—to help people to read it and to understand it, to appreciate it and enjoy it." The eight volumes completely and satisfactorily fulfill that avowed purpose. Children, their parents and their grandparents will all find it a never-failing source of pleasure and benefit. I highly recommend it.

Except Ye Repent, by Dr. Harry A. Ironside (American Tract Society, \$1.50) is the book which was awarded the \$1000 prize by the Society for the best religious book in its recent contest. Dr. Ironside is pastor of the Moody Memorial Church, in Chicago. He is also in great demand for sermons and lectures elsewhere, and is therefore a very busy man. This book, he says, was written mostly on trains or busses, on scraps of paper, whenever he could snatch a few minutes. Yet the judges of the contest were unanimous in awarding him the prize. Dr. Ironside is a firm believer in a revival of old-fashioned Bible preaching, which calls on men everywhere to repent. "Not written for literary critics, or for theological quibbles, but for earnest people who desire to know the will of God and do it." This is a thoroughly sound religious book; it should appeal especially to older people who are weary of sensationalism and extreme modernism.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS FOR MARCH

Stanley B. Vandersall, D. D.

MARCH 5

Peter Preaches to Gentiles

ACTS 10:1-48

(Printed Lesson, Acts 10:30-48)

WHEN the Christian Church was about fifteen years old, having been established in spite of persecution among Jews and proselytes, the time was ripe for the definite announcement of the inclusion of Gentile believers. How should this come about? The tenth chapter of Acts points out that it was by one of the apostles (the one most likely to be a successful champion of an unpopular idea,) by a devout Roman military leader, by the use of an angel and a vision, by an inspired and positive speech, and by the gift of the Holy Spirit.

1. *The preparation of Cornelius.* The Roman centurion Cornelius (leader of a part of the Roman military force in Caesarea,) was a man of importance, being favorably known to the whole Jewish nation; besides this, he was a devout man, and one who feared God. The God-fearing adherents to the Jewish faith "were not proselytes, but only accepted the creed of the One True God, made various compliances with Jewish customs, and were admitted to a place in the synagogue." (Westminster Commentary.) Cornelius was a man of prayer, and while he was praying he was visited by an angel of God. The sole message of the angel was that Cornelius should send an embassy to Joppa to find a man named Simon Peter.

2. *The preparation of Peter.* Peter was by birth, nature, and training a Jew. He knew all the barriers that separated Jews from Gentiles. The Jews had a definite covenant with God; the Gentiles were outside the promise. Besides, they were unclean because they did not observe the strict Jewish laws regarding the use of meats. To break over these prejudices and commitments Peter needed a strong revelation from God. And he had it. While he was on the housetop in prayer, a strange vision came to him, a vision of all kinds of animals, clean and unclean, mingled together, and a voice commanding him to slay and eat.

3. *The meeting of Peter and Cornelius.* The strange arrival of the embassy from Caesarea provided Peter the chance to respond to their request. He, too, obeyed without questioning, for he sensed a crisis. Taking six brethren with him as witnesses, in due time he arrived at Caesarea, where Cornelius was awaiting him, and a company of people with him.

4. *Peter casts his lot with the Gentiles.* In his momentous reply, which is the printed lesson before us, Peter laid hold of an ancient doctrine that God is no respecter of persons. If his own vision, which fitted so strangely with that of Cornelius, had any meaning it was this, that in the sight of God men were not to be classed as clean or unclean because of race or birth. Purity is a matter of heart, not of language.

(Turn to next page)



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(Continued from page 63)

Jesus gave to those who were made His apostles a new testimony, a fulfillment of the prophetic witness, that "every one that believeth on him shall receive remission of sins."

5. *The Gentiles' Pentecost.* For Peter to have claimed this might have been of no avail. But there came immediate confirmation. Down came the power of the Holy Spirit, touching Jew and Gentile alike. Peter and his Jewish friends from Joppa; Cornelius and his Roman friends from Caesarea—all spoke out in praise of God. In a burst of faith and blessing, Peter proposed that all the Gentiles who believed and had received the Holy Ghost should be baptized. This was the climax of the whole affair, and has been looked on ever since as the beginning of the wider influence of the Christian Church.

Questions for Class Discussion

1. What characteristics did Cornelius have that enabled him to respond so willingly to a strange command?

2. What would have happened if either Peter or Cornelius had been indifferent to God's leading?

MARCH 12

Peter Delivered from Prison

ACTS 12:5-17

THE first seventeen verses of the twelfth chapter of Acts provide a strong test for any reader's faith in the credibility of the Scripture. If one is inclined to doubt, to depend on some display of reasonable narrative, he finds in this story not a few, but many seemingly extravagant and impossible statements. On the other hand, if one is inclined to faith, and to attribute all power to God, this incident is aglow with demonstrations of spiritual triumph over a material situation.

The release of Peter from prison was necessary to hold together a none-too-strong band of Christians in a day of persecution. But it likewise has a great place—a necessary place—in the believer's experience today. If God could not deliver Peter as the account states, then He cannot do for us what our needs demand today. If He did not do as is here described, then we must hold at arm's length any of the New Testament story, for this is a passage that is extremely well authenticated.

We are able to fix an exact date. Peter's deliverance from prison, in the time of Herod Agrippa, occurred just before that ruler's death which is accurately fixed at 44 A.D. By this time, less than fifteen years after the crucifixion of Jesus, the church had grown rather accustomed to persecution, and Peter's departure from Jerusalem marked the final exit of the twelve from that center.

It was Herod Agrippa I, grandson of King Herod the Great, who now sought to gain favor with the Jews by striking a few dastardly blows against the Christians. The king's bloody hands fell on Peter.

The utmost precautions were taken to guard Peter well. He was confined in the inmost ward, and four times every twenty-four hours the guard of four soldiers was renewed. Of these four soldiers, two were

in the cell itself, with Peter chained between them with wrist-chains. The other two were stationed at the inner and outer doors.

The details of the deliverance—the waking, the chains, the dressing, the inner and outer watch, the iron gate, the street—all point to the fact that Peter himself, as the only eye-witness, must have been the source of Luke's narrative. His own conclusion, "Now I know that the Lord hath sent His angel to deliver me out of Herod's hand," ought to be convincing to every reader.

Some time during the night Peter made his way to the house of Mary, the mother of Mark. She was a widow and of some importance in the church. Her house was large enough to be a gathering-place for the faithful, and she had means enough to have a portress, or door-maid. Peter hoped (did he also expect?) that he would find some devout friends assembled there.

We should not be too strong in our criticism of Rhoda and the company assembled in prayer. The presence of Peter at the gate seemed too good to be true. Besides, their natural tendency, more than ours would be, was to say, "It must be his spirit." They seemed not to be made positive until Peter beckoned with his hand, and in a moment began to speak to them. The story which he told must have been substantially as we have it now.

Questions for Class Discussion

1. From a human standpoint, why was Peter's deliverance necessary?

2. Were the Christians right in praying for their leader's escape?

3. How definite and specific should the prayers of the church be today?

4. How does this narrative help you?

MARCH 19

Peter Exhorts to Christian Living

I PETER 3:8-18

IT TAKES a Christian to teach another how to be a Christian, for there is much to the Christian life that cannot be put down on paper or spoken with the lips. But if we are to depend on transmitted exhortations, who better than Peter could lay down the details? Who could more nearly interpret the spirit of the Lord Jesus and declare to others the things that had been told to him by divine lips?

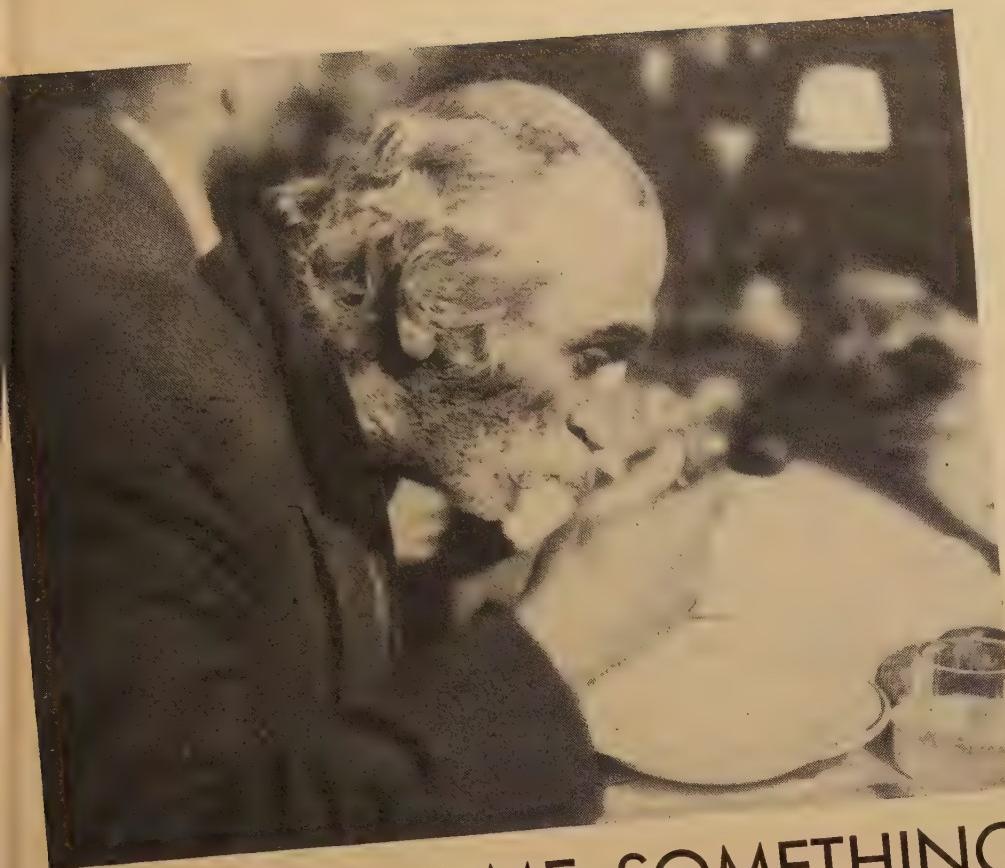
Every phase of human experience was somewhere encompassed in the apostle's long life. Here he lists no less than twelve separate injunctions, and most of them are positive. Verses 10-12 are based on a beautiful passage from Psalm 34:12-16, which in itself is a fit guide for everyone who wishes to live the good life. The quotation is not given word for word from the original, but follows the Septuagint translation.

These are the qualities listed in the verses of the lesson. Each student should find the word or words referred to, and should ask himself, "If I were making the list, would I put that in?"

1. *Be like-minded*, that is, of one mind, harmonious, not magnifying differences but similarities.

2. *Be compassionate*, sympathizing with other persons who have sorrows. Is the

(Turn to page 66)



SO THAT WE NEED TURN NO DESERVING MAN AWAY, ON THE BITTER COLD NIGHTS, THE CHAPEL IS TURNED INTO A DORMITORY—EVERY BENCH SERVING AS A BED; THE DINING HALL IS FITTED OUT WITH FOLDING COTS.

PLEASE GIVE ME SOMETHING TO EAT?

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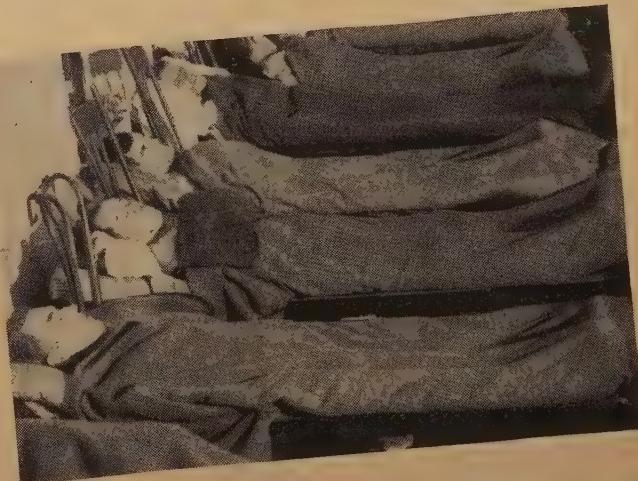
Far into the late hours of the night Charles St. John walks the streets of the Bowery—how many he has saved from death he will never tell. It's down the dark alleys of a vicious street that the unwary are lured and stripped of their clothes—then left to die. It is only because of extreme poverty or a criminal record that a man roams the Bowery. Because of fellow love and understanding St. John roams the Bowery while you and I sleep.

The Bowery Mission is all things to the man out of a job and homeless: its Chapel is his church—the church for the shabby; its reading and writing room the place where, after walking the streets looking for work, he can relax and still be in touch with the possible job; there is no need for the homeless man to be dirty and unshaven, for the Mission makes it possible for him to keep clean; through the thoughtfulness of *Christian Herald* readers he may replace his shabby, torn clothes with clean, well-mended ones.



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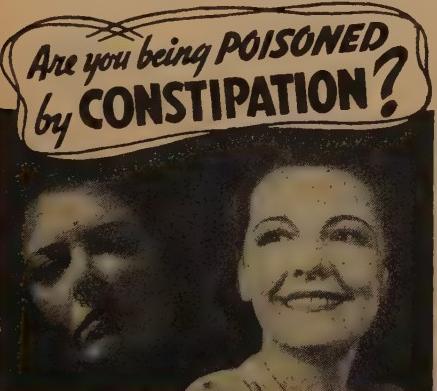
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NATURE'S HERBS CORRECTLY COMBINED

(Continued from page 64)

art of "bearing one another's burden" forgotten in the rush of present living?

3. *Be loving as brethren*, as though you wished the world to know that there is a kinship among Christian believers.

4. *Be tender-hearted*, "a word used here to describe the emotional temper which shows itself in pity and affection" (Plumtre, *St. Peter and St. Jude*).

5. *Be humble-minded*, sometimes rendered *courteous*, but having a meaning corresponding to the *humility* so often enjoined in the Gospels.

6. *Do not retaliate* when someone wrongs you, either in deed (evil for evil) or in word (railing for railing). This part of the Christian gospel has not yet been learned except by a few.

7. *Let blessing go forth from your life*. Let those who know you even casually be reminded that to gain your friendship is to gain help for themselves.

8. *Hold back the tongue* so that it does no harm. More good is done by the tongue, and at the same time more harm, than by any other member.

9. *Turn from evil, and do good*. This clause is summary, embracing all the rest. It ought to be universal, but it is not, that Christians be no participants in evil and that they naturally do good.

10. *Seek peace, and pursue it*. "From all sorts of causes men are prone to fall apart, to break the oneness; and peace is able to hold them fast. Hence the diligence in seeking it, the earnestness of the pursuit that it may not elude us." (Lumby, *The Epistles of Peter*.)

11. *Meet opposition, and be not afraid*. There have always been enemies to every good person and to every good cause. But in the name of Christ opposition may become a source of power.

12. *Sanctify in your hearts Christ as Lord*, which means (according to Plumtre), "Count His name as holy above all other names, His fear as the only fear which men ought to cherish, and therefore as the safeguard against all undue fear of men." We say, "Put Christ in first place in your life."

Questions for Class Discussion

1. If you were asked to describe the Christian life, would you follow this pattern?

2. Can you describe the Christian life in terms of people you know?

3. Which of these points could be omitted?

MARCH 26

Peter Interprets Christ's Sufferings

I PETER 1:17-23; 2:20-25

THE best preparation for teaching this lesson will begin with a slow and careful reading of the entire epistle, consisting of slightly more than a hundred verses. A strong impression will be gained that the persons to whom the letter is addressed—Christians dwelling in portions of what is now known as Asia Minor—were being subjected to a severe and widespread persecution.

"They were accused of being evil-doers, preaching revolutionary doctrines. The

very name of Christian then, as afterwards under Pliny's regime, exposed them to odium and outrage. . . . When a wave of fanatic hatred directed against the name of Christian was flowing wellnigh over the length and breadth of the Empire, rulers in the provinces were but too likely to follow the example which Nero had set them in the capital." (Plumtre, *Commentary on 1 and 2 Peter*.)

Under such circumstances, what sort of message should a Christian leader write?

1. Do not forget that you are called to holiness, and 2. that God is the Judge of your life.
3. Your release from your former sins was accomplished not by the payment of a price in money, but by the willing gift of Christ.
4. All this is in God's plan of salvation, Christ paying a great price;
5. and your lives should manifest appreciation by widespread love toward your brethren.
6. In your present suffering your strength should be the example of Christ; He endured much for you.
7. Take care that you suffer innocently, as did He, and that you do not bring guilt upon yourselves by sinful resistance.

From the seven points outlined above, the Scripture emphases may be brought out. In addition the following practical applications may be made:

1. For the Christian there is never any vacation from right living. Extenuating circumstances come often; one never gets entirely away from the temptation to do as others do, "just for once." Weariness, appetite, friends continually invite to sinfulness, but the only life that is holy is that which is wholly committed to righteous acts.

2. Two ageless, unchanging aspects of God's relationship to man are apparent: He is a loving, urging Father, and He is a just, impartial Judge.

3. Redemption is a twentieth-century necessity; it did not pass out with our fathers. Immunity from punishment for sin can no more be purchased now than at any time in the past. "Precious blood, even the blood of Christ" is in the vocabulary as well as in the heart of every Christian.

4. The severest agent in bringing suffering is truth. When men abuse us wrongly, when we are innocent, as Christians "we can take it." But when they bring punishment on us justly, when we are guilty of sin, patient endurance is no virtue.

5. There are hardships to endure which do not come as a result of personal sin. Our present-day world is full of them. Innocent children are hungry; willing adults would toil for the necessities of life could they find the way; tyranny, self-interest, and war bring millions of weakened bodies, wrecked lives, and immeasurable waste of what human beings need. The Christian can endure these hardships, too, in the spirit of his suffering Saviour.

Properly to understand the several expressions in 2:20-25 the student should read over Isaiah 53:1-9, making comparison between the two passages.

Questions for Class Discussion

1. Why does our God of mercy allow so much unmerited suffering in His world?

2. How does Christ's suffering before His persecutors help you when the going is hard?

(Continued from page 44)

SUNDAY, MARCH 12

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF SUFFERING.
READ EPHESIANS 3:13-16.

THIS is a strange but true thought, that Paul's sufferings are our glory, not his. It is true of all suffering. The agony of the Cross did not glorify Jesus. He was already the Son of God, and could not be made more. But the Cross glorifies us in a most profound way.

The Christian suffers in order that men may come to know Christ, for nothing brings men to God so much as martyrdom. Think of the influence which Martin Niemoeller has today and will have increasingly for centuries to come. Would you be a Christian today if it was not for the heroic example of that host of witnesses who have carried the Christian message forward for 2,000 years? Then remember that when God asks you to do something which is unpleasant, it is not something to boast about as a good deed, but rather to do it willingly because through your suffering someone may be helped.

By Thy Cross and passion, Lord, teach us to endure hardness in order that we may bring others to Thee. Amen.

MONDAY, MARCH 13

THE ABOUNDING LOVE OF GOD.
READ EPHESIANS 3:17-21.

IN THESE verses St. Paul enlarges upon the love of God. His language contains the ecstatic quality of a lover speaking of his beloved. And why not? That is the heart of the Christian life. So often we live as though religion was a duty, moreover a burdensome duty which is hard to bear. But if the love of Christ is in our hearts we shall not be bored. For that love is the greatest affection under heaven.

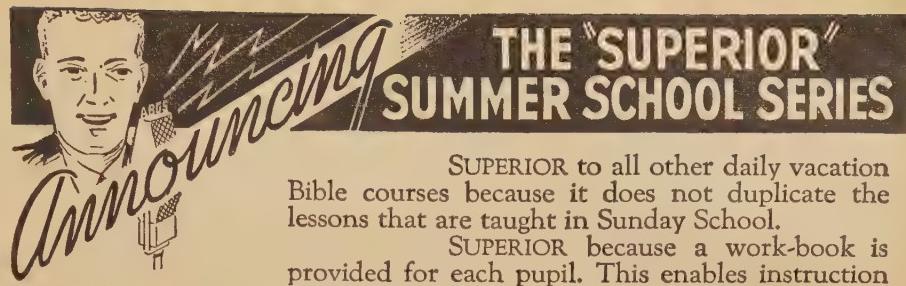
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*O love, that wilt not let me go
I rest my weary soul in Thee.
I give Thee back the life I owe,
That in Thine ocean depths its glow
May richer, fuller be.*

TUESDAY, MARCH 14

THE QUALITIES OF CHRISTIAN CHARACTER.
READ EPHESIANS 4:1-2.

THIS chapter returns to the main argument of the letter. Chapter I answers (Turn to next page)

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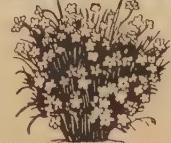
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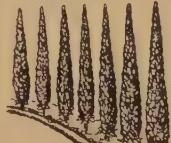
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PREVENTIVE spraying should begin with the first growth of spring.

SEEDS may be started indoors now, but, except for sweet peas, do not plant outside until the weather is settled and the soil is warm.

LILY BULBS may be planted as soon as the soil is dried out enough to work. Be sure the spot selected is well drained and prepared to at least 18 inches below the bulbs.

CLEAN UP perennial borers as soon as the weather is settled. Watch carefully for self-sown seedlings, transplanting them to the nursery to grow on.

ROSES must be pruned severely if quality bloom is desired. Feed them liberally also.

FEED your lawn with a good high-test complete plant food. Most lawns suffer from starvation and lack of moisture.

(Continued from page 67)

the question, why are we alive? This chapter is a picture of what the new man in Christ is to be.

The Christian man is unified in personality. The worldly person is a dual personality, and finds himself divided. In Romans, Paul cries, "The things I would, I do not, and those things I would not, them I do." Such a person is moved by many impulses, some good and others bad. Thus his personality is like a battlefield. He is always fighting with himself. But the Christian is motivated by love only and is, therefore, unified and at peace.

Love breeds many qualities in our character. For all the other qualities are parts of love. Joy is love's happiness; peace is love's disposition; long-suffering is love's way of behaving; gentleness is love's manners; faithfulness is love's loyalty; meekness is love's common sense ("it does not get puffed up with conceit"); and temperance is love's self-control. These are the qualities of a Christian character.

Teach us to be Christians, O Lord, not just in what we profess, but in the kind of men and women we are. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 15

CHRISTIAN UNION.

READ EPHESIANS 4:4-6.

THESE verses introduce the great question of Christian union. Paul did not know, of course, that the church would be so divided as today. Yet he would give us sound advice in bringing the parts together. I think he would suggest:

1. If we are to unite the churches today, it must be because of a spiritual union among us, as children of "one God and Father of us all." Otherwise union of organization will make very little difference.

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2. It must be the result of Christ's command in our hearts requiring us for love's sake to be in truth one family. A union brought about because it will be easier to support the church financially is not real Christian union.

3. Union of the churches must come, but only in love and travail. Have you ever realized the sinfulness of the divisions? We are preaching love of God but are practicing a love that is not strong enough to make us one family.

O Christ, Who died for us all, help us to see the sinfulness of our denominationalism, and to strive with all our power to reunite Thy great family. Amen.

THURSDAY, MARCH 16

APART FROM THE CHURCH.
READ EPHESIANS 4:7-16.

ALL of us have some work to do for God. Some have brilliant natures and can do many things. Others may have only one strong quality but that is their gift and can use it for God's work. So no one should feel that "there is no place for me."

But you are not doing this work just for your own satisfaction, nor even for the conversion of non-Christians. Primarily we work for Christ in order to strengthen and educate other Christian people—that through our united efforts we might all gain the stature of men and women perfected in Christ. Here again is Paul's thought that we are a body, and help each other to salvation.

For people who try to be Christians all by themselves may do many good things but they lack steadiness, and jump about from one "ism" to another. They need that balance which comes from being in the main stream of Christian truth. This is one big reason why Paul believes that being a good member of the church is essential to being a true Christian.

Help us to use the gifts Thou hast given us, O Lord, not to please ourselves, but to bring Thy Kingdom nearer to its perfect establishment in the earth. Amen.

FRIDAY, MARCH 17

THE WORLDLY MAN.
READ EPHESIANS 4:17-20.

WHAT is a worldly man like? We talk a great deal about him—here the apostle draws a picture of him.

1. He is without understanding, and walks in the vanity of his own mind. This means that he controls his own life. He may not be wicked, in fact may be a very decent citizen, but he recognizes no greater intelligence than his own. The religious man cries, "The heavens declare the glory of God"; the worldly man only sees himself in the world, to live his life as he thinks best.

2. He is sensual. This does not mean being immoral. A sensual man is one who lives for his own pleasure. He has no higher aim in life than to make himself and those he cares for comfortable. He satisfies his senses.

(Turn to next page)



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(Continued from page 69)

3. He is greedy, which means that he is self-interested. Everything rotates around himself.

These characteristics are very common in the people around us. But "ye have not learned Christ to be like that." Because we are His, these things must not be in our lives.

Help us, O God, never to imitate the patterns of the world, but always to seek to follow the example of Jesus our Lord. Amen.

SATURDAY, MARCH 18

THE CHRISTIAN.

READ EPHESIANS 4:21-24.

BECAUSE we are Christ's, we must be different. "If any man is in Christ, he is a new creature." I knew a missionary who had been in Africa for fifteen years. He came back home, but after eight years, returned to the mission field. He was tired of our superficial Christianity. "Out there," he said, "I can see a drunken, immoral savage turned into a saint in three months."

How true it is that we live our Christianity on a monotonously flat plane. Is your life much better than twelve months ago? Many of us, of course, don't start with the sins of the savage, but that does not mean we have less distance to go. We must go further than he can. We must not be satisfied only to be good—we must press on to "true holiness."

Consider your life. Do people see Jesus in you? It is not enough that they see a good man or woman—they can find that anywhere. But does your life show forth Christ?

We open our hearts to Thee, dear Lord. Make them the home of Thy Spirit and make us channels of Thy love to all around us. Amen.

SUNDAY, MARCH 19

FAULTS TO AVOID.

READ EPHESIANS 4:25-31.

HERE are some of the common faults which so often spoil our example. As you read them, ask—do I do this?

Lying. Not just an outright falsehood, but anything which is not true. So often we speak evil, which is only half true, and it hurts those of whom we speak.

Anger. I know two grand people, man and wife. They are both high-spirited, and many a time angry words are spoken to each other. But they made a rule always to kiss and make up before going to bed. Do you "let the sun go down on your wrath?"

Stealing. Here it means getting something for nothing. Thus it does not refer solely to robbing, but to gambling and every other way by which you get something without honest effort.

Corrupt conversation literally means rotten or decaying conversation. There are words, phrases, stories and conversations which are not fit for Christian lips.

Give us grace to think and do only such things as are right. Amen.

MONDAY, MARCH 20

FAULTS TO AVOID AND WHY.

READ EPHESIANS 4:25-32.

WHY should we avoid these faults? Paul answers in the same verses.

25. We should speak truth, because we are a family. The members of a family do not speak gossip about their relatives. On the contrary they protect them by rejecting the gossip or by silence. Then we are not being a brother or sister if we listen to and carry on malicious tales about our neighbors.

28. Work and earn money, so that you can help the needy. The New Testament never condemns money, but teaches that the possession of it is a stewardship from God to be used for the benefit of those in need. If we used our money that way there would be no Communist menace.

30. Be kind and forgive one another. Here Paul turns the Lord's Prayer around. In the prayer we say, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive." But Paul says you forgive because God has forgiven you. And is he not right? We have sinned so often against God, yet He has forgiven us.

Dear Lord, Who hast covered all my sins, help me to blot out with forgiveness the wrongs and hurts which people do to me. And, above all things, help me to make the heart of my Father happy because of my life. Amen.

TUESDAY, MARCH 21

A GRAVE SIN.

READ EPHESIANS 5:1-4.

THE First Century is similar to the Twentieth in that sexuality was one of its great sins. Christianity was born in an age of license. Time after time the New Testament warns against the sins of sexuality, and states in most dogmatic fashion that "they which do such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God." (Galatians 5:21.)

Today we are faced with the same problem. It is impossible to deny the breakdown of morality. The future of the Christian ideals of marriage and of personal character depend upon our willingness to refuse any compromise with the love standards of so many around us. But more than that, we must prove to the world the rightness of our principles by the beauty and joyfulness of our lives and homes.

O God, give us the strength fearlessly to contend with evil and to show forth Thy righteousness in all that we do and think and say. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 22

THE JUDGMENT.

READ EPHESIANS 5:5-7.

THERE are many good people who cannot understand the sternness of God. Some, because they fancy God cannot (Turn to page 72)

Is This Why You Aren't Making More Money?

Are you so busy worrying about a little Money—that your mind is too fagged-out to make BIG Money?

IS YOUR earning ability crippled by constant worry over even enough to live on? Are you held down by a nagging fear that next week, or next month, the thin trickle of dollars you do manage to earn may be cut off entirely?

If that is the kind of blind alley in which you (like so many capable men) are now struggling—then there is a definite way out of your problem!

The Money Principle

First, however, you must realize the absolute fact, the basic fact, that no man can rise into the bigger-money brackets until he THINKS in terms of bigger money. Not that you can magically wish a fortune into existence; only a child, of course, would even dream of that. But you can TURN YOUR MIND toward far bigger earnings—AND GET THEM!

It is not a question of greater education, or of mental genius. It is simply a matter of knowing how to harness your thoughts and ideas directly to *The Money Principle*—instead of letting them roll around uselessly, like a squirrel in a cage.

How Over 500 American Men Have Made Their Fortunes

Every man who has started life poor, and then made himself rich, has used—either deliberately or by second nature—the THIRTEEN SPECIFIC STEPS that lead to fortune. These 13 steps are harnessed to The Money Principle. They are not mental tricks, nor are they any such copy-book nonsense as "sticking at it," "strive and succeed," and so on!

Over a period of 25 years these 13 steps to riches have been discovered, pinned down definitely, and at last explained by Napoleon Hill—himself a nationally famed counsellor to American statesmen and industrialists. As a personal friend, Hill was able to go directly to the biggest men in the country—to analyze over 500 of the men who had MADE fortunes.

One of the first was Henry Ford. Hill got to know him and his methods well indeed. (In fact, Mr. Hill's first automobile was delivered to him by Mr. Ford, who drove it around the block and showed him how to run it.) He personally analyzed not only Ford, but over 500 other money masters—Edison, Wrigley, Eastman, to name only a few—most of whom once had been poor.

Never before had such a search been made! Here was a man, already important in his own field, devoting a career to studying the leaders in every industry—getting out of them, bit by bit and inkling by inkling, the actual way in which the AVERAGE MAN gets rich! It was a gigantic task—but at last he extracted their REAL SECRETS. Not just the shiny, misleading generalities about work and money and success that appear in ordinary newspaper interviews, or "dressed-up" life stories! But the actual principles that had already helped make fortunes!

And when he finally was ready to boil down and compare those millionaires' ideas of money-making—eliminating theories, luck, booms and depressions—he found that what they had used to reach success were THE 13 STEPS TO RICHES!

The 13 Steps to Riches

What is even more important to you—Napoleon Hill has now put his priceless findings, his 13 discoveries, and the PROOF that they WORK into an amazing new book, "THINK AND GROW RICH" tells clearly, in language so plain that every man and woman can understand its full message, the 13 specific steps to riches YOU can easily start to take the minute you begin reading the book. Regardless of what business field or profession you are in, or may enter in the future, this astonishing book gives you the actual, identical steps that have led to thousands—yes, millions of dollars for other men and women who had NO MORE TO START WITH THAN YOU HAVE AT THIS VERY MOMENT!

Space does not permit quoting more than a few of the letters that readers of "THINK AND GROW RICH" have already written. From Dayton, Ohio, M.L.P. writes: "Thank God for a man like Mr. Hill to write such a book." R.M.J., of Oakland, Cal., says: "Daily it is bringing me closer to

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How to induce others to cooperate with you in business and social relationships.

that which I want and must possess." H.C.P. of Davenport, Iowa, reports: "My production and income were tripled the first month."

This book is not a story, though it is filled with fascinating examples. It is not a textbook, though it gives you definite instructions and step-by-step plans. This book is a FORCE which automatically banishes self-consciousness—lifts you above the "small-money" level—opens your mind to a surge of new ideas, new ability, new courage—shows you where and how to get the money you need and want—and starts you at once toward the money goal you have set.

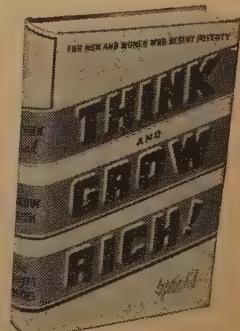
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FREEZONE

(Continued from page 70)

be stern, feel that they can do wrong at times. But Paul warns us to be careful of that dangerous idea. If you knew that a ship was going to be overcome with disaster, you would perhaps go down to the dock and try to stop the passengers from traveling on it. But, if they persisted in embarking and laughed at you for your fears, you would not join them on the ship.

So do not be misled by the foolish ideas that are so prevalent today. Never forget that God judges all men and He is just as well as merciful. Then you will see clearly that doing what is right is not only a good policy—but also a wise one.

Teach us, O Lord, always to think and do those things that are right, that at all times we shall be ready to give account of ourselves before Thy judgment. Amen.

THURSDAY, MARCH 23

GROWING CHRISTIANS.
READ EPHESIANS 5:8-10.

SOME people think they are perfect. If only they could see themselves as others see them—even more, if they could see themselves in God's eyes—they would realize how sadly mistaken they are. We are not perfect, any of us. But we are called to grow in character just as we grow in physical stature. Paul urges us to "prove what is acceptable to the Lord." We all make mistakes, even when we are sincerely trying to do what is right. But if we learn and do not repeat the fault God will help us to become strong in righteousness. We might call ourselves scientists in a spiritual laboratory. By proving what is right, and avoiding the things we have discovered to be wrong, we shall learn what is God's Will for our lives. A mistake we make in ignorance is not a sin—it only becomes sin when we deliberately persist in doing it.

Help us to know what is acceptable unto Thee and to profit by our mistakes to that our failings which we do in ignorance may not be repeated as deliberate wrongdoing. Amen.

FRIDAY, MARCH 24

SHOW THE BETTER WAY.
READ EPHESIANS 5:11-13.

SOME people are so keen to denounce things that are evil that they almost repel us from the right. Their attitude almost finds delight in having something to criticize. But the Apostle here urges us to oppose wrong by showing the right. In other words, it is not enough to denounce—we must show a better way.

The prophet Malachi is an excellent illustration. He lived in a time of gross immorality. Malachi wanted to save his people from their sin but, instead of calling down fire from heaven and threatening them with grim penalties, he married and with his wife set up a home life which was filled with the presence of God. And it was so much more beau-

tiful and happier than the insecure pleasure-motivated homes around that people saw the difference and came to Malachi to learn how they might make their homes as worthwhile as his. If we would only reprove what is wrong, not by criticism and harsh judgment, but by demonstrating the true way of living we would be really helping the cause of God's kingdom.

Keep us, O Lord, from the danger of being Pharisees who spend their time in denouncing other people's wrongs. Help us to be Christians who reprove by showing the better way of Christ. Amen.

SATURDAY, MARCH 25

HAPPY CHRISTIANS.
READ EPHESIANS 5:14-21.

I REMEMBER an old retired clergyman who used to conduct services occasionally in the church where I was brought up. He must have been well over eighty, and wore a long beard. We children called him Santa Claus. One Sunday morning he preached a sermon upon his earlier days and said, "When I was a boy we got up at six in the morning, and came to church to sing 'Awake, my soul, and with the sun, Thy daily stage of duty run,' but nowadays you wander into church at eleven o'clock and moan 'Thou knowest, Lord, the weariness and sorrow, Of the sad heart that comes to Thee for rest.' His words have always remained with me.

Friends, how we need to "awake" and "give thanks." The Christian is a happy person, for God is with him. How much more ready people would be to come to Christ if only we lived thankfully.

Give us grateful hearts, O Lord, so that others may find in us a joyful quality which will make them desire to know Christ for themselves. Amen.

SUNDAY, MARCH 26

NOT BY INSPIRATION.
READ EPHESIANS 5:21—6:9.

WE WOULD not agree with all of Paul's ideas set forth here—e. g. we do not accept slavery as right under any circumstances, nor do we hold to the conception that woman is inferior to man. St. Paul was a man of the First Century while we live nearly 2,000 years later. And naturally, the world has changed in many ways.

But the Apostle does make two points with which we heartily agree. 1. All social relationships must be built on a moral and spiritual foundation. Marriage, parents and their children, employers and employees can only be rightly bound together by the principles of right and truth. 2. There is no situation which makes it impossible for a man to be a Christian; slavery is contrary to God's Will, yet a man can be a slave and still be a Christian. No matter what our life is, or where it is situated, rich or poor, happy or burdensome, we can fulfill our Lord's Will right where we are.

Keep us steadfast, O Lord, that we who cannot do anything that is good without Thee, may by Thee be enabled to live according to Thy Will. Amen.

MONDAY, MARCH 27

THE POWER OF EVIL.
READ EPHESIANS 6:10-13.

WE NEED to realize how terribly strong is the power of evil. It blinds men's souls, drives them to madness of passion, and makes them do things they don't want to do. The study of modern psychology has made us realize afresh that evil is a force of tremendous danger, against which we must be adequately prepared and continually on guard.

Verse 13 gives a picture of a dawn attack. Through the mists of early morning the enemy evil comes upon us suddenly. We fight and ours is the victory. Temptation retreats. But even then you must remain on guard; otherwise he may return and break down your resistance. "Having done all, you must continue to stand alert and ready. And the way to fight evil is to 'put on the whole armor of God.'

O God, we desire to be wholly Thine. Clothe us with all of Thy spirit and keep us strong in the evil day. Amen.

TUESDAY, MARCH 28

THE ARMOR OF GOD.
READ EPHESIANS 6:10-15.

THE loins are the base of the body. Our feet may be on the ground, but it is the loins which make for steadiness and security of position. Let your character be solidly built in the truth, and you will be able to face temptations because you are steady and can discern between what is right and what is wrong.

There are two weapons of defence, the helmet which covers the head, and the breastplate which safeguards the heart. Now, to resist evil, we must have our hearts protected with continual goodness. The Devil finds work for idle hands. If we are busy doing things for God, we have no time to listen to temptation.

The evil which attacks the head is the skepticism of unbelief. Where doubt reigns you cannot resist evil because you cannot decide what is right. But notice, that skepticism will not be overthrown by argument but by salvation, which is the knowledge of God in our hearts. If we have that knowledge no doubt can destroy our faith.

Defend us, O Lord, with Thy Holy Spirit and grant that we may continue Thine forever until we come unto Thy everlasting kingdom. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 29

THE ARMOR OF GOD.
READ EPHESIANS 6:16-17.

PRIMITIVE peoples, including our own Indian tribes, shot fiery darts, i.e., darts covered with an inflammable material which started fires wherever they (Turn to page 74)

"Stop Poisoning Your Body With FOOD"



Warns John X. Loughran, Ph.D., Lecturer, Author, Noted Radio Health Commentator,

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Learn to EAT!

If you suffer from some common ailment, you may be poisoning your system every time you eat a meal! John X. Loughran, noted Food Authority, shows in his new booklet that "What you EAT is what you ARE." He says, "Good health is impossible if you violate the Laws of Nature. Your food can either improve your condition or make it worse. It's up to YOU!" Learn these amazing new facts. Stop suicidal living habits and get back on the road to health. Find out which foods act as poisons—which as medicines. Thousands have already regained their health this common-sense way when drugs and everything else failed. You owe it to yourself to at least investigate.

FREE HEALTH BOOK

Do you know which foods have amazing curative powers? Which help rheumatism, sleeplessness, indigestion? Which make common ailments worse? Find out these facts for yourself and get rid of the CAUSE of so many ailments. If you have been groping in the dark, or if you have tried many remedies without success, then decide NOW, once and for all, to get to the real ROOT of your trouble. John X. Loughran's FREE BOOK may point your way to a healthier, happier life. This illustrated 16-page booklet is FREE and will be mailed to you on request. Send for it today.



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Mrs. I. R. P. (Va.)

"Work does not tire me, as previously. When the day is over I have now a healthy fatigue that makes for complete relaxation and I am not wound up tight now with nervous tension."

J. E. S. (Mich.)

"I had been in poor health for a number of years, the last three years almost an invalid from colitis and attendant ills. Now I am beginning to feel like a new woman and everybody tells me how well I look."

Mrs. R. E. S. (Calif.)

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(Continued from page 73)

lodged. These are here used as an illustration of temptation which often comes to us unexpectedly and starts a fire of desire in our hearts. But the Christian must be on the watch for temptation's coming and meet it before it gets a real start. And he meets it with "the shield of faith."

Along with his shield the warrior of ancient times carried a sword which was his attacking weapon. Note that we do not overthrow evil with our own righteousness but with the Word of God. This is our sword. We cannot destroy all the evil in the world with our own efforts, but in Christ's strength all the powers of evil can be vanquished.

Give me power, O Father, not only to stand firm in the evil day, but also to be Thy soldier, ready to fight for the establishment of Thy righteous kingdom.

THURSDAY, MARCH 30

CONTINUOUS PRAYER.
READ EPHESIANS 6:18.

THERE is one last thing we must have in order to be true soldiers of Christ; it is continuous communication with headquarters. For we are soldiers of God, and He will plan His campaign. That is why we need to "pray without ceasing."

This does not mean remaining on our knees all day and every day. Rather, it is to so live that no barrier ever comes between us and God, so that He can guide us at any time He desires. In a fog the ships on the ocean are in constant communication with the other steamers in their vicinity. They may not be continually speaking over the wireless, but their wireless instruments are always open to receive messages. That is what Paul means. Keep your spiritual wireless continually tuned in to the Father.

Help us to listen for Thy voice whatever we are doing, and wherever we are.

FRIDAY, MARCH 31

CONCLUSION.
READ EPHESIANS 6:19-24.

IN THIS month's meditation we have hurried through a magnificent letter. We have only skimmed the surface—but here St. Paul has asked four great questions and answered them.

What are we alive for? To be the children of God, that is God's reason for creating us.

What is our life? It is the fellowship of Christian men and women, which is the Church.

What is our character? We are new men in Christ, made in His image, to grow daily more like Him.

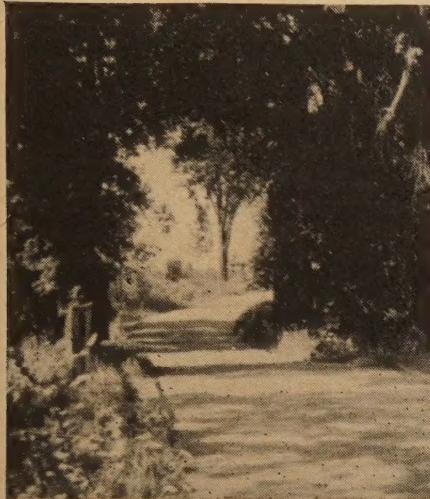
What is our equipment? The whole armor of God.

Then friends, let us dedicate ourselves to Him again.

Take my life, O God, and use it for Thy purposes, until Thou shalt call me to the greater service of eternity.

Just Between Ourselves

WHERE READERS AND EDITORS MEET TO EXCHANGE IDEAS AND TALK OVER THEIR PROBLEMS



LITTLE ROADS

There's something about a country lane
That takes your memory back again.
Back to the place where the air is sweet
And the earth feels soft beneath your feet.

The great highways must be broad and straight,
But the lane that runs to a creaking gate
Meanders and twists through its shaded way
And leads you into Yesterday.

Sarah Snelling

We dedicate this little picture and poem to our many city readers, among whom the editor of this page is included, who still long for the irresistible charm of the country.—Editor.

Character Building

Editor, Christian Herald

Dear Sir:

I am subscribing to *Christian Herald* for two years. What a wonderful investment in life and character building material to make for our son, John, and daughters, Margaret and Elizabeth. We are always so eager to read each issue. How like a beacon it seems in a world that heeds not the admonition of the Master.

Yours very sincerely,
Walter W. Mayer

One such letter as this compensates us for dozens of knocks. It also keeps us constantly aware of our deep responsibility. We hope that *Christian Herald* may always be an investment in "life and character building."—Editor.



Clean Comics

Editor, Christian Herald

Dear Sir:

I want to thank you for the attractive manner in which you presented the article concerning "Telling Tommy" in the December issue of *Christian Herald*.

I have received many letters from all over the United States regarding the article and have answered all of them. I would like to wake up newspaper readers to the fact that they can have good clean comics in their papers if they demand them.

Watching a bunch of neighborhood boys playing gangsters from my studio window has made me realize the responsibilities of a newspaper syndicate artist in the thinking habits of boys and girls. I am in favor of good clean comics and feel that many of the modern detective newspaper strips do much harm.

Sincerely yours,
Paul Pim

Whatever we may think about the quality of comics in general, we believe with Mr. Pim that they form one of the most potent of influences on the children of our day.—Editor.

Defend Nebraska

Editor, Christian Herald

Dear Sir:

Welcome Mr. David M. Cory of Brooklyn to come visit Nebraska and observe for himself that the "tax-busting" Frank G. Arnold is no myth; nor is the record of his accomplishments any naive eulogy of Nebraska!

We pay as we go. We owe no debt, we have no income tax, no sales tax, no luxury tax. Property taxes are only normal, and we buy school books with them, rather than pay interest!

Perhaps the day will come when we can loan Frank Arnold to New York, and that will make Mr. Cory happier.

Sincerely,
Earl Coryell

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Christian Herald will pay \$5.00 for what we believe to be the best letter of not over 200 words, received before April 1st, 1939, on the subject, "What quality I enjoy most in my best friend."

In addition, we will pay \$1.00 each for all letters on this subject which we publish in *Christian Herald*.

No employee of *Christian Herald* or member of an employee's family is eligible to enter this contest.

Address Contest Editor, *Christian Herald*, 419 Fourth Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

We have another letter, from Mr. Arnold himself, stating that the only candidate for governor who backed the ideas expressed in the Survey Graphic article mentioned in Mr. Cory's letter, ran third in the recent election.—Editor.

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Editor, Christian Herald

Dear Sir:

As you wish to attract young people to your magazine I think my letter will be of interest to you.

I have been a minister 30 years. The local paper ran a voting contest during the holidays to decide on Council Grove's most useful citizen. You will note the result in the enclosed clipping. My thought in sending you this item is that a person of very limited ability can make his work count if he puts all of himself into it.

Sincerely yours,
Ray Lessig

Editor, Christian Herald

Dear Sir:

I'd like to see a page (or section) devoted entirely to youth, not just for youth, but by youth.

Don't you think youth might listen to youth before they would to some "old fogey" who knows nothing of what I have to face?

Sincerely yours,
C. L. Hiatt

These two letters bring up an interesting point, and we'd like to hear from our readers on this "old fogey" business. Have young people anything vital and interesting to say to other young people? Or will they listen more readily to the voice of experience? We are asking this question seriously.—Editor.

Our February cover was a reproduction of "King David," painted by Peter Paul Rubens. A beautiful Seemann print of the painting, made in Germany, may be obtained by sending fifty cents to Rudolph Lesch, Inc., 225 Fifth Ave., New York City.

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NEXT MONTH

Are We Afraid of Easter

by Winifred Kirkland



Congo Pageant

by Dr. W. E. Davis

The thrilling, heart-warming story of missionary life in the African Congo.



What Price the Doctor!

by C. Ward Crampton M. D.

In China doctors are paid while patients are well—not while they are sick. In America the controversy is raging over the question of whether doctors should be paid by the patient or the state. This is a subject we all should know more about. Dr. Crampton tells us.



Rural Youth Goes to Town

by Hayden Hall

A fascinating story of the 4H Club—a splendid organization of farm boys and girls devoted to the development of fine citizens.



Brighten the Corner

by Karl Detzer

The story of Homer Rodeheaver and the Easter Sunrise Services which he has conducted 'round the world. An article that stirs and moves you.

After All!

NONSENSE DESERVES ITS PLACE IN THE SUN



Compulsory

"So you desire to become my son-in-law?"

"No, I don't. But if I marry your daughter, I don't see how I can get out of it."

—Columns.

Qualified

Editor: "I only accept work from authors with well-known names."

Author: "Fine. My name's Jones."

—Exchange.

Easily Explained

Wifey: "Here's a riddle. What makes my life so miserable?"

Hubby: "You've got me."

Wifey: "That's right!"

—The Keel.

Eye to Business

Teacher: "Who was the nation's greatest inventor?"

Willie Wise: "Edison. He thought out the phonograph and the radio, so people would sit up all night and use his electric light bulbs."

—Pathfinder.

Surprise

"I'm buying a washing machine for my wife as a birthday present."

"That will be a surprise, eh?"

"Yes, quite! She's expecting a new car."

—Pathfinder.

Perfectly Simple

She: "Why do editors return your manuscripts?"

He: "I have no idea."

She: "Ah! That explains it."

—Exchange.

Ambiguous

Norwegian Film Star: "I was offered \$15,000 to remain in America."

Critic: "Oh? By Norway or America?"

—Montreal Star.

Ain't it de Truf? . . .

Mandy was being trained in her duties as a maid. First day she answered the telephone she brought no message . . . but explained:

"Twant nobdy, jes a man says, 'It's a long distance from New York,' and I says, 'Yessir, it sho is!'"

—The Keel.

Nocturnal

Willie says if we breathe oxygen in the daytime, why not breathe nitrogen at night?

—Exchange.

A Family Secret

Medico: "Ask the accident victim what his name is, so we can notify his family."

Nurse (a few minutes later): "He says his family knows his name."

—Kablegrams.

Not Pat?

"Does this package belong to you? The name is obliterated."

"No, that isn't my package. My name is O'Brien."

—Yellow Jacket.

Message from the Dead

The postman on a country route called Jim out and handed him a black-edged envelope.

"Looks like somebody died," he said.

"Y-yes," answered Jim in a worried tone. "It's my brother Joe. I recognize his handwriting."

—Kablegrams.

Remarkable

A vicar in an Oxford parish declared in a sermon that "Adam was a man of such superhuman intelligence that when the animals were brought to him he called them by their correct names the very first time he saw them!"

—Churchman.

Some Difference

Teacher: "What is the difference between the words 'result' and 'consequence'?"

Bright Girl: "Results are what you expect, and consequences are what you get."

—Exchange.

Surprise . . .

Recently a would-be chicken fancier had some difficulty with her flock and wrote the following letter to the Department of Agriculture:

"Something is wrong with my chickens. Every morning when I come out I find two or three lying on the ground cold and stiff with their feet in the air. Can you tell me what is the matter?"

After a little while she received the following letter from the Department:

"Dear Madam: Your chickens are dead."

—Kablegrams.